

THE ADVENTURES
OF A
TRAVELING PREACHER

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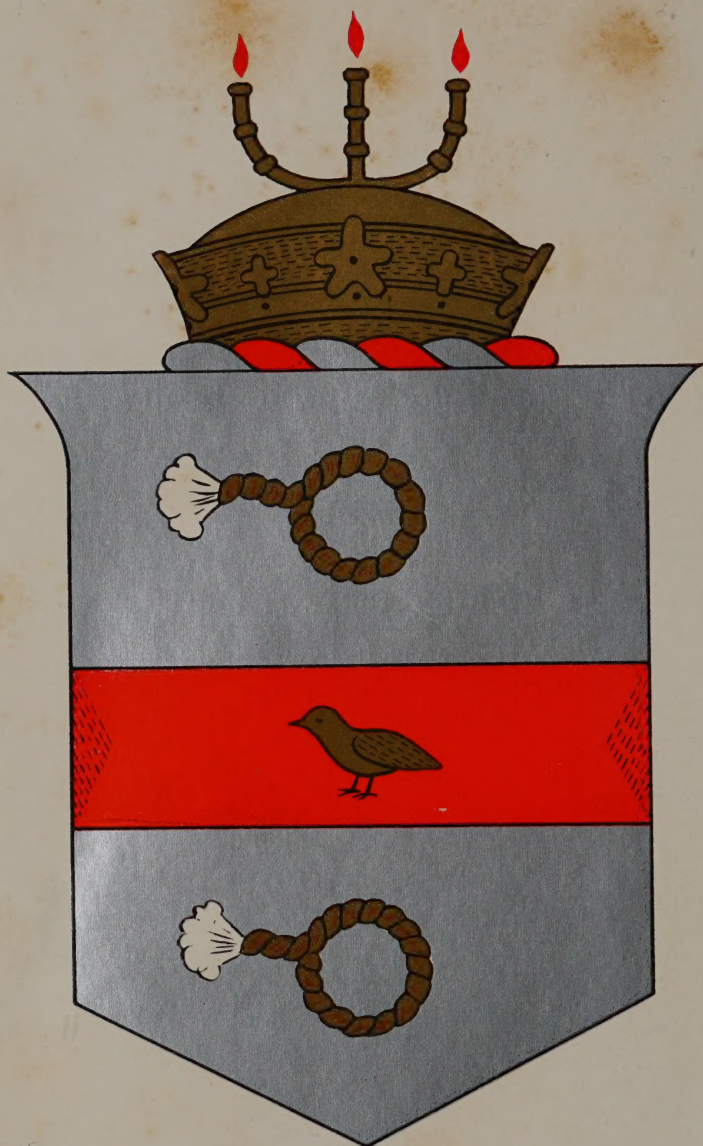


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To Mrs J W Bommer
With best wishes
Frederick E. Hand Lesto

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1952



Leete

ADVENTURES of a TRAVELING PREACHER

A Manifold Autobiography

By

FREDERICK DeLAND LEETE

BISHOP OF THE METHODIST CHURCH

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DEDICATION

To my beloved companion of more than sixty years,
who shares my deep affection for our numerous
descendants and for so many congenial friends.

Ms. - non-scientific, Dec. 1900, in 8-8-74

CONTENTS

	Page
FOREWORD	13
 I. BIRTH, ANCESTRY AND YOUTH	
Fixing the Date of My Birth	15
Meeting Desirable People, Especially My Mother	15
A Puritan—First American Leete Ancestor	17
An Adventure Into the Western Wilderness	20
Conversion of a Young Pioneer	21
From Saddle-Bags to Pulpits	23
A Pastoral and Personal Evangelist	26
My Own Life Story Begins	29
A Subject of Correction	30
A Youthful Dirt Farmer	33
Beginning a Christian Life	34
Creative Revivals	36
Great Victory and Disaster	38
Lean and Hungry Years	39
A Preacher's Horse Race	41
To the Centennial Exposition and Florida	42
An Interlude in the "Old Palmetto State"	43
Up South on the St. John's	45
A Cabin in the Woods	46
Pioneer Life in Florida	47
Negroes and Ku Klux	48
Founders of a Town	50
Boyhood and First School	52
Earthquake and Forest Fire	53
 II. EDUCATION AND CALL TO PREACH	
Returning North for School	56
A Variety of High Schools	57
Carrying a Nozzle and Wielding the Birch	58
Syracuse University and "Ancients of the College"	59
Dynamic Personalities	60
College Life in the Eighties	64
Friends and Friendships	67
Among Student Reformers	70
The Chief Success of My College Career	71
Adventures with Baptist Laymen	74

CONTENTS

	Page
Called to Preach	75
Essaying the Pulpit	76
A "Called" Ministry	78
III. A PASTOR'S EXPERIENCES	
That Splendid Privilege—the Pastorate	82
A Visit from a Merchant Philanthropist	84
Marriage and Parenthood	85
Meeting Great Men	88
A Pastor of Mill People	91
A Threat to My Life	92
Life Among Working People	94
The Brotherhood of St. Paul	96
Memorable Characters	98
Called to a Debt-Cursed and Secular Church	102
An Eccentric Welcome	104
How to Cure a Sick Church	105
Escaping Financial Death	107
People Worth Knowing	109
A Marvelous Woman	112
Old Friends Beckon	115
Facing Two Impossibles	116
A Revival in a College Church	118
Dynamic Contacts	120
Thumbs Down to a Pulpit Committee	124
Old Central	125
A Remarkable Recollection	128
Democracy with Style	129
Organizing for Permanence	130
Fighting Moral Evils	132
Casting Out a Demon	134
A Revival Episode	136
A Mammoth Anniversary Celebration	139
Results of Organized Continuous Evangelism	142
Extension and Personnel	143
Notable Experiences	148
Friends in the Distance	151
Closing Pastoral Service	152
IV. EPISCOPAL ADMINISTRATION TWENTY-FOUR YEARS	
Only Once a Delegate to General Conference	153
The Fun's All Over Now!	155

CONTENTS

	Page
A Punitive Assignment	158
Cold Water Warmly Received	161
Unsought Honors	163
Two Quadrenniums of Missionary Work	164
Mountaineer Critics	166
Adventures with Colored Conferences	168
Problems and Characters	169
An Architect and Other Discoveries	171
Healing the Great Rent in Methodism	174
The Leader of Methodist Unification	176
Episodes in the Work of Unification	177
The Blue and the Gray	179
The Message of Marietta	180
General Superintendency	180
Representing Southern Incidents	181
Camp Activities During World War I	183
Final Events in the Camps and in Atlanta	184
We Become Hoosiers	186
Organization of a Newly Created Area	188
Limitations and Tasks of Methodist Bishops	190
Making a Four Fold Program	191
Building with Brick or Without	193
A Miracle in Church Development	194
A Church Lifting Victory	197
Gary Methodist Church and Judge Gary	199
Bringing Churches Together	203
Wrestling with Institutional Financing	204
State Universities and Wesley Foundations	206
The Ku-Klux War	210
Hoosier Methodism Comes of Age	212
A Host of Dedications	213
Preservation of a Methodist Shrine	215
Fatalities Among Our Leaders	216
Committee and Personal Consultations	218
Meeting a Labor Lion in His Den	219
Honoring a Missionary Hero	220
The Coming Generation	221
The Land of Corn and Cattle	225
A Man-Killing Task	227
The Great Gumbo	228
Pulpit Committees, Wise and Otherwise	230
Working on Local Church Problems	232
Relocation and Merging of Properties	235

CONTENTS

	Page
Episcopal Activities and Anniversaries	236
Cash, Cash; Where Is the Cash?	237
A Fragrant Memory	239
Doctoring Hospitals	240
Denominational Boards and Commissions	241
A World of Wonders—New and Old	243
Honoring a Great Oregon Pioneer—Jason Lee	244
Yellowstone Park and the Bad Lands	245
Bishops' Tour of Evangelism	247
Meeting Able Women of Methodism	249
Epoch-Making Convocations	251
The Most Thrilling Ecumenical Conference	252
Diverse Doings in Omaha Area	255
Retirement After Fifty Years' Work	257

V. TRAVELS AND PERILS AT HOME AND ABROAD

Travel Adventures in the Homeland	260
Vanity—a Stanza	261
Journeying on the Heights	262
Many Mountains	264
Trying to be a Mountaineer	266
American Rivers, Lakes and Bays	267
Beauty Spots and Historic Scenes	270
On the Big Waters	272
A Visit to the Virgin Islands	275
Europe the Next Adventure	276
Italy in the Old Days	277
The Grand Circle in Europe	279
World War I Battlefields, Ecumenical Conference, English Cathedrals	281
A Gathering of World Methodism	283
The Near East Calls Us	285
The Glory that Was Rome	287
The Land of the Pharaohs	288
Palestine at Last!	290
Easter in Jerusalem!	292
Syria and the Oldest of Cities	294
Beware the Levant!	296
Constantinople, Athens, Venice	297
Anniversary of the Delphic Oracle	299
Touring European Centers	300
A Commission to Ireland	301
Belting the Globe	303

CONTENTS

	Page
Emperor Hirohito in His Ancient Glory	306
Japan to Korea and Manchuria	308
China, the Philippines, Straits Settlements, Burma	310
Heathen Hinduism and Self-Torture	312
Burma: Rangoon and Pegu	314
Inscrutable and Irresistible India	315
Non-Resistance and Murders	316
The Superlative Taj Mahall	318
India's "Uncle Sham"	320
Ceylon, Indian Ocean and Red Sea	322
A Glimpse of King Fuad	323
A Climb to the Haunts of the Galilee Man	324
A Daring Approach to the Moslem Center and the Grand Mufti	325
Varied Personalities in the Holy Land	327
Here and There and the Voyage Home	329
Memories of Jesus	331
Perils on Sea and Land	333
In the Midst of a Mob in Italy	335
A Narrow Escape from Shipwreck	335
Driving Through a Flood	337
An American Menace—the Reckless Driver	338
Preaching in Strange Places	340
Sermons on the Seas	342
More Sermons on the Seas	344
Most Memorable Preaching Adventures	345
In Gethsemane	347

VI. VENTURES WITH THE PEN

Entering the Field of Authorship	349
Books Widely Circulated	353
Various Publishers	354
A Study in Biblical Greek	356
Family History and Methodist Bishops	357
General Publications	358

VII. PERSONAL CONTACTS AND THE SUPREME QUEST

The Supreme Quest	381
Spiritual Guidance	384
A Miracle of Grace	386

CONTENTS

	Page
Retrieving a Failure	386
A Moralist Finds Truth and Life	388
Uniting a Family	390
Reestablishing Church Relations	392
From Darkness to Light	397
VIII. ADVENTUROUS RETIREMENT AND REVIEW	
A Change of Activities	400
Anniversary Events	403
Great Grands	408
Collecting Materials for Methodist History	408
Looking Back and Forth	410
IX. APPENDIX	
Appendix A (The Leete Coat of Arms)	427
Appendix B (Biographical Data)	428
Appendix C (Dedications in Indianapolis Area)	431
Appendix D (Omaha Area Anniversaries)	431
Appendix E (Church Papers and Magazine Writings)	432
Appendix F (A Library of Methodist History, Incorporated)	433
I. Episcopal Books and Papers	434
II. British and Foreign Collection	435
III. American Methodist Biography and History	437
IV. Discipline and Law Books	438
Special Items and Contributions	439
X. INDEX	
	443

ILLUSTRATIONS

Leete Crusader Coat of Arms	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Governor Leete's Residence, Guilford, Connecticut-Saybrook Band	18
Grave and Monument of William Leete, Center Churchyard, Hartford	18
Records of the Governor and Signature with Seal	18
Families of Reverend Menzo Smith and Frederick DeLand Leete	28
College Friends and Classmates	69
The Fuller-Fearon Families	72
Letter of the Reverend M. S. Leete	80
Places of Christian Activity	120
Letter of Will Levington Comfort	138
Parishioners of Five Pastoral Appointments	145
Letter of Governor Chase Osborn, Michigan	157
Some DeLand and Leete Representatives	170
Letter of Governor Nathaniel E. Harris, Georgia	179
Co-Workers in Special Fields	199
Letter of Secretary George K. Leet, United States Steel Corpo- ration	201
Letter of United States Senator, Albert J. Beveridge	207
Some Outstanding Men of Three Areas	219
Nine Grandchildren and an Important Anniversary	224
Memorable College Presidents	238
A Few of Many Episcopal Colleagues	257
Friends and Correspondents in a Wide Field	287
Distinguished Persons Seen and Interviewed in Far Lands	307
Inspiring Church Editors	352
Letter of Sir Josiah Stamp	355
The More Recent Family Marriages	360
James Whitcomb Riley, Quatrain	371
Letter of Reverend John D. Rugh	372

ILLUSTRATIONS

Edwin Markham, Quatrain, "Praise of Poverty"	374
Letter of Booth Tarkington	375
Some of Our Pastors and Assistants	378
Judge Elbert H. Gary's Letter	396
Our Assurance for the Future	408
Resolution of Southern California Superintendents	413
Detroit Conference General Conference Delegates Resolution	420
Leete Family Homes—Their Own	422
Near the End of a Perfect Voyage, and the Beginning of One	425

FOREWORD

This is not an account of an individual. It is a multibiography, a relation of facts about many good people, good friends and good times, with references to others of similar character and importance. Permit me to bring them to you in the hope that they will afford you something of the pleasure they have given me.

"Who's Who" has lately quoted the dictum of Emerson: "There is properly no history; only biography." A leading authority on written documents wrote me that collections of historical remains might well be confined to letters and manuscripts; that books are of less importance to history. My reply, and he promptly acknowledged its force, was that exceptions should be made for biography and autobiography. It has been my good fortune to acquire for the Methodist Historical Library a large number of such publications. These range from tiny pamphlets to imposing volumes. Some of them bear distinguished names. Others represent persons I had never heard of, whose places of residence and relationships have not always been easy to determine. Several, hand-written or typed, have never been printed. All contain specific statements which have sometimes related themselves helpfully, as original source material or confirmatory evidence, to scholarly researches. Is it too much to suppose that this volume, with its many comments on persons and events, may render similar service in some quest for truth? If this occurs, those who have urged its publication will be justified.

The famous Methodist Apostle from Virginia to New England, Jesse Lee, introduced himself to the rather reserved people of my Connecticut and Massachusetts ancestry by saying, as he sought entertainment, "I am a traveling preacher of the Methodist persuasion." So with the writer of this book, who has borrowed the opening words of Lee to represent his narration of journeys and labors. In early times American Methodists were in charge for the most part of local preachers, a few only giving full time and strength to Christian duties. The "traveling ministry" was entered by greater numbers as the Church prospered. My own all-time undertakings followed very soon after a license to preach had been given me. The journeys and

FOREWORD

adventures of my life had begun before that time and, as this volume shows, have continued throughout many years.

Two items I would stress here. I am devoutly thankful for the family and related groups and for a host of others with whom I have been associated closely and helpfully. It is also a cause for gratitude that it has been given to me, with health of body and courageous faith, to devote my strength for so long a period to Christian activities. They have given me at times a delight which anticipates that of the glorious future. How sincerely I wish that I had been a far more "profitable servant." Above all, I do love and joy in the Lord of the field and of the harvest, and my deepest satisfaction is found in the conviction that, unworthy as I am, I may believe with reference to Jesus Christ that "I am His and He is mine."

PART I

BIRTH, ANCESTRY AND YOUTH

FIXING THE DATE OF MY BIRTH

My first adventure was that of advent into this world of joy and sorrow, the exact date of which event it became necessary for me to decide. The truth is that there was a genial discrepancy between the statements made by my mother and my grandmother as to this momentous matter. The latter very positively asserted that I was born on the last day, near midnight, of September. She said that she was there, and she knew. Mother quite as confidently declared that the birth of her first-born child occurred shortly after midnight, on the first day of October. She also claimed that she was there, and that she had first-hand knowledge of the fact. I was there, too, but I said nothing about it at the time. I wept and smiled, and kept my own counsel, until I was older and more influential. Then, at just what time I do not now recall, I declared that I would not be born on the last end of any lunar revolution or arbitrary calendar. It seemed to me that if lunacy did not lie in that direction at least there was priority in beginning a new life and a new month together. Therefore, and so far as I know all the printed records run that way, I was born on the first of October.

MEETING DESIRABLE PEOPLE, ESPECIALLY MY MOTHER

I had no sooner arrived on the earth, in Avon, State of New York, United States of America, October first, 1866, than I began to enter society. I might have been born in the State of Michigan, and this would be the record, had my people lived among the Wolverines six months longer. My father wished to complete his education in the Theological Seminary at Rochester, New York, of which two of my DeLand uncles were trustees, and for that reason we found our associations and friendships among the Knickerbockers, if people living west of Albany may properly be so called.

The first person met by me was my mother, Hannah Amelia DeLand, before her marriage, though she had dropped Hannah

ADVENTURES OF

somewhere, and I never heard the name until much later in life. Father, and all intimates, called her Amelia. She was a New England Tracy on her mother's side, fourth from Lt. Nathaniel of Revolutionary service. Her father Levi DeLand, a farmer sergeant of the War of 1812, was of French Huguenot extraction from one Philip who came to Massachusetts, perhaps with Endicott in 1628 and certainly about his time. Papers in the Essex Institute, Salem, describe him as Philip DeLand, miller, and as he lived in or near "Auld Newberry," where the first mill in this part of the world was located, he was probably connected with that institution. The first generations of DeLands* read their Bibles only in French. My mother had something of the French appearance and vitality. She liked good clothes, even though she had none that were expensive. She enjoyed good food, and knew the value of seasoning, being able to produce delectable nourishment for her household. She wished her surroundings neat and her children well behaved. She was not, however, a disciplinarian, which is also a French trait. Witness the conduct of France during World War II and afterward in her management of the trials of her divided and recriminatory leadership. We laughed at mother's attempts to control our turbulent moods and to punish us for infractions of the rules of the home. We did not let her see this fearlessness of her government, and well we knew her love and loyalty. She would have given her life as she did give her ungrudging toil for her children. They inherited something of her ambition, her untiring zeal, her swift reactions to emotional stimuli and her determination to achieve her purposes, and even her French Colonist appearance. Grandfather DeLand was a tall white-haired man, a real Master Sergeant, stern but with twinkling eyes, perhaps a little remembered by me, whom he affectionately called "Pester." I doubt not that the title was merited. Quite in accordance with his looks, Levi DeLand was a "hard-shell" Baptist, while his quite small companion, well-remembered by me, for she lived much longer than did grandfather, was a New England Congregationalist. Both were loyal. In their mature age they started for church in Fairport, New York, together Sunday mornings, but about half-way up the avenue grand-

* "The DeLand Family in America." Frederick DeLand Leete. 1943. In France, in the Netherlands, and in England this name, as in case of all old families was variously spelled, Des Landes, De la Lande, etc. In this country, it has been Daland, Delan, Deland, and Delande, as well as the more general DeLand.

A TRAVELING PREACHER

mother turned aside to walk a short distance to the "church of God," while grandfather went on alone to his sectarian house of worship.

A PURITAN—FIRST AMERICAN LEETE ANCESTOR

We did not make the intimate acquaintance of father at the very beginning of our existence, of course. He was descended from an adventurer from England, William Leete.* This young man of about twenty-six years was a son of John Leete, and was born in Dodington in 1613, was educated at Cambridge, bred to the law, and became clerk of the court of the Bishop of Ely. He married Anne, daughter of Reverend John Payne, of Southoe. He was the most aggressive spirit of a Norman-English Leete ancestry after the period of the Crusades, into which some of them entered. He became indignant on account of the worldliness of the church and the inconsistencies and injustices of the law, then ecclesiastically administered, and he dared to turn Puritan. This meant the loss of his position and perhaps his future. He joined Pastor Whitfield's company, which sailed for the new world in 1639 in three small vessels. This party founded Guilford Colony in what is now known as the State of Connecticut. A compact between the emigrants was made on ship-board, as in case of the Mayflower Pilgrims, and William was one of the signers. He was one of the six planters who bought from the Sachem Squaw, Shaumpishuh, the land in the fertile plain of Menuncatuck needed for a settlement, midway between Saybrook and New Haven. He also became one of "the seven pillars" of the Guilford Church. An article in the Hartford Courant Magazine, June 5, 1938, by the Reverend Charles L. Briggs, entitled, "He Couldn't Keep Out of Office," added to the above facts that when William Leete arrived he had one, perhaps two children, and that in addition to other items mentioned, he was "secretary and wheelhorse of the Proprietors of the Undistributed Lands of the plantation, extender of it up to some 70,000 acres, and definer of it, attorney for it and magistrate. He was magistrate also in New Haven Plantation—Deputy-Governor, Acting Governor, then Governor of New Haven. Stout and resourceful, defender of New Haven plantation's sovereignty and separateness.

* See "The Family of Leete," crown octavo, Mr. Joseph Leete, English factor and Chevalier of Honor of France; London, 1881, revised 1906. Also, "The Descendants of William Leete," original work by Deacon Edwin L. Leete, and a more complete edition, W. S. Leete, New Haven, 1935. See Appendix A.

ADVENTURES OF

Assistant in the United Colonies of New Haven and Connecticut, then deputy governor. Then, succeeding Winthrop, governor, and so continued till his death at about 70, in 1683." Another account of William Leete describes him as "one of signers, Plantation Covenant on board ship *St. John*, June 1, 1639, one of founders and first clerk, Guilford; proprietor of Leete's Island, Connecticut (still in part possessed by the family), assistant deputy and governor of New Haven Colony; president of Congress of Commissioners, United Colonies of New England; succeeded Winthrop as governor of Connecticut, 1676, dying in office 1683; protector of Goffe and Whalley, judges of Charles I, buried in First Church-yard, Hartford."

Governor Leete was a sturdy character and "had unlimited courage." Lemuel E. Wells in "The History of the Regicides in New England" tells the story of his action when, as Governor of New Haven and a King's official, he stalled off the King's pursuivants of the judges or regicides, Whalley and Goffe. At one time he kept and fed them in his own house in Guilford, in a cellar still shown. When asked by the King's agents if his people were loyal, his reply was, "Yes, but we have tender consciences." The severest test of the governor's mettle was when Major Sir Edmund Andros, governor of New York, proposed to extend authority of the King's commission of 1675 over Connecticut. Leete stood upon the King's written agreement of 1662. When Andros arrived off Saybrook with substantial forces, to claim sovereignty to the Connecticut River, and sent a haughty message and well-uniformed officers to rob the home-spun colonists of their independence, instead of offering to help them against a threatened assault of the Indians, the reply was pointed. The Governor of the United Colonies of New Haven and Connecticut and his council arranged that Captain Bull of Hartford and 63 men were dispatched to Saybrook, whose "Train Band" was also called out. A public proclamation was issued by Governor Leete, commanding Connecticut Colonies "utterly to refuse to attend, countenance, or obey the said Major Edmond Andros. There was added "God Save the King." This Andros expedition failed, and went back home humiliated. "The incident," it has been said, "shows Leete's life-long spirit. He sowed seeds of independence that grew and bloomed apace and bore fruit in the War of Revolution."

William Leete "was a Cromwellian who, in common with the



THE HOME OF WILLIAM LEETE, GOVERNOR OF NEW HAVEN
AND CONNECTICUT
GUILFORD, CONNECTICUT
Used by permission.

CAPTAIN BULL AND THE SAYBROOK TRAIN BAND

A part of the forces called out by Governor Leete to resist the
aggressions of Sir Edmund Andros and maintain the independence of Connecticut.



GRAVE AND MONUMENT OF GOVERNOR WILLIAM LEETE

THE AMERICAN BRANCH

109

"William Leete came to New England with Eaton and Hopkins in 1636. He signed the Plantation Covenant of New Haven Colony, 1st June, 1636, was an Assistant there for fifteen years, from 1643 to 1657, Deputy Governor in 1648, and Governor from 1661 to 1665. On the union of the Colony with Connecticut he was chosen an Assistant, and in 1660 Deputy Governor. On the decease of Winthrop, in 1676, he succeeded him as Governor, and was annually re-elected to that office until his death, in 1683. When the regicides, Goffe and Whalley, sought refuge in New England, in 1660, Leete exerted himself on their protection."—*Editorial note to the Winthrop Papers, Massachusetts Historical Society's Collections, 4th Series, Vol. 7, which contains many of Leete's letters, with a fac-simile of his signature, and a copy of his seal.*

Signature and Seal of
Governor Leete.

Wm Leete



"Leite, Wm., Esq., Gov. Conn. Col., died April 16, 1683." Entry in Note Book of Judge Sewall.—*New Eng. Hist. & Gen. Register*, vol. 8, p. 14.

"Leete (April, 1683). Died, the Hon. Wm. Leete, Govt of Connecticut in his 72 or 73 year of his age. Tho' he was ancient, yet had it pleased God he might have continued many years. His death is an awfull breach espec. at this juncture."—From *Bradstreet's Journal*.

In Treasurer John Talcott's Account Book, preserved in the State Library, Hartford, under date April 18th, 1683, occurs this charge to Connecticut Colony:

"£. 11 paid a bounty for the Great Guns at Gov. Leete's funeral, 1683:07:06."

Governor Leete was interred at the rear of the First Church of Hartford. In the same churchyard, close to where the old tombstone has been re-fixed, the descendants of the present generation of this distinguished Anglo-American have erected a handsome obelisk of granite to his memory.

A TRAVELING PREACHER

Sound plantations in particular, never did accept or become reconciled to the Restoration." He became fully attached "to the new world and new way of life and new mind in the making." After a few years of absence from accustomed ways and culture, Whitfield and other leaders of Guilford Colony returned to the old country. "Leete stayed on, faced the discouragement produced by the desertion of these leaders, faced the wilderness, the Indians, the wild beasts, the current privations and crudities." "Religion to him was discipline—a thoroughly sincere man. He was not a good dissembler." No likeness of him appears among those of the Governors of Connecticut, as in case of several of them none has been found, but no other of its executives has left a clearer personal and public record, nor did any other leader contribute more largely to the character and development of his community and state.

William Leete was descended from three Thomas Leetes of Oakington, Cambs, the third of whom, named in the Visitation of 1613, Churchwarden of Oakington and buried there, 12, November, 1616, was the grandfather of the Governor. His seal, which is reproduced on the page with his monument, gives a print of the Leete Arms, which are described in this way:

"Arms of Leete: Argent a fesse gules between two rolls of fuses sable fired proper; a Martlet of the field. Crest: On a ducal coronet an antique lamp or, fired proper:—as shown by the Heralds' Visitations of Cambs, Hunts, and Suffolk."

"The device of a coiled fuse alight upon the Leete Shield, taken in connection with the Knights Crusading de Letes of the Close Rolls, points to the family Arms as having had their origin at the period of the Crusades. The Ducal Coronet anciently denoted command." *

Governor Leete had ten children, most of whom passed away young. Four left descendants. John, first white child born in Guilford, m. Mary Chittenden and had 8 children. Andrew, my ancestor, had 6 children. He was Assistant in Connecticut Colony, and was preserver of the Charter when King James ordered all colonial charters seized. He m. Elizabeth Jordan. William, deputy to the General Court, m. Mary Fenn and had a daughter. Anna m. John Trowbridge and had 2 children.

* Appendix A. gives a more complete description of the "Leete Ancestral Bearings."

ADVENTURES OF

AN ADVENTURE INTO THE WESTERN WILDERNESS

It is said that for ninety years after its founding no member of the Guilford Colony Leetes left the community. My own progenitor after William Leete, 1613–1683, was Andrew, 1643–1702. He was the preserver of the Charter of Connecticut Colony, part of the time in his Guilford home, at the time of the Andros usurpation. He was a member of the General Court which chartered Yale College. From 1677 till his death he was Assistant of Connecticut Colony.

After Andrew Leete came Samuel, 1677–1751; Andrew, 1731–1808, a pioneer of Guysboro-Inavale, Nova Scotia, part of whose property on the banks of Milford-Haven River is said to be still in the family. This second Andrew was a Tory, of course, but the only reason for mentioning this is that the tradition is that in his will he disinherited any child of his who might return to the United States. This is what was done by my next ancestor, Jared, 1773–1844, giving the family a picture of contrasting loyalties, one to monarchical and one to democratic government. Both men suffered as patriots, one by losing his citizenship and homeland, the other by surrendering ties of family relationship and his patrimony. He probably did not find it easy to establish himself financially back in Guilford. The records of several of the above named ancestors have never been carefully looked up by me, but they were prominent in the civic and church life of Guilford.

Alexander, my grandfather, 1797–1870, was one of the first, if not the earliest, who dared to leave the home nest and go westward. It is interesting that about the same time members of my mother's DeLand family went to Michigan, where William Rufus DeLand surveyed the site for the city of Jackson and founded its leading newspaper, the "Citizen."* Alexander Leete, who married Sally Cone of Guilford, daughter of a Revolutionary soldier, went from Guilford to the State of New York, where my father was born in North Chili, May 4, 1834. Grandfather was a yeoman farmer, of course, but what land he owned, or where precisely he lived, seems not now to be known, though a search of old records would doubtless reveal some facts about this. In the early years of the 19th Century western New York was primitive country, with great forests and rough fields tilled

* Vide "The DeLand Family in America," Frederick D. Leete, pp. 123–125.

A TRAVELING PREACHER

by oxen. Houses were small and lacking in the ordinary conveniences not to say comforts of today.

In the minds of many of the more enterprising American pioneers one adventure westward was not the end of their ambitious quest. So it proved with Alexander Leete. It is not certain how many times he moved between Guilford, Connecticut, and Milan, Michigan, and to nearby Azalia where he made his final home. Eight of his ten children were born in the State of New York, three towns being named in an incomplete list of birthplaces. Somewhere, during the years of wandering, he left the Congregational Church of his fathers and became a Methodist and a local preacher. It seems that he did a good deal of Christian work at about the time when the Michigan Conference was just beginning to organize Methodist pioneers for an evangelistic and church building program. Grandfather was nearly at the end of his life when father took me as a very young child to Michigan to visit him and grandmother. No clear memory of either of them was stamped upon my mind, and of course I never heard Alexander Leete preach. A man who had listened to him spoke well to me of his sermons. From all accounts it is evident that he lived the life of a good bread-winner, conducted his affairs with honor, and raised a large family creditably, one of his boys, George, becoming a soldier and one, Menzo, a preacher. After a life so strenuous that it exhausted his powers his mortal frame was laid beside that of the companion of all his adult years in the little Methodist churchyard in Azalia, Michigan.

CONVERSION OF A YOUNG PIONEER

That unique and effective character, my father, Menzo Smith Leete, was seventh in line from Governor William Leete. Strangely enough the sturdy figure and wavy, not curly, auburn hair which was brought from England returned to the family only with the coming of Menzo Leete and then departed again as the result of other strains in the blood until the coming of a great-granddaughter, Marigold W. Leete. The descendant of William Leete who lived and labored in Illinois, Michigan and Florida, also reproduced in a remarkable degree the calm judgment, moral strength and courageous independence of his immigrant ancestor. He too had much of the Puritan about him, hating evil, and contesting as a citizen and pa-

ADVENTURES OF

triotic American the personal, social and political iniquities of his day. Because of this attitude and his attacks upon vice and crime he sometimes suffered, and he was personally endangered more than once because of the anger of law-breakers. As in all instances of such devotion to right the influence of this forceful yet kindly man did much to improve situations which existed in the communities in which he lived. Amid some perils at home, and in his Arab-led tours in Palestine, he always went unarmed. "A man needs a revolver but once in his life," he said, "and then he is better off without one."

Menzo Smith Leete went to the Illinois prairie as a young lad and he worked there as a carpenter, acquiring knowledge and skill which served well in home and church-building enterprises throughout his early ministry. His companions were pretty rough lads, into some of whose sports he entered, but he kept himself from the sins of the dissolute. As to his religious experience a paper exists in his own penmanship which says "The blessed Spirit drew me from early childhood," but he had no personal relationship with Christ, and longed for revival meetings in which to seek Him. When an Illinois church advertised "extra meetings" he went, and he says in his written account, "at the first opportunity I arose, and as well as I could expressed my desire to be saved. A long silence ensued. Was it half an hour or two minutes? Then a young lady arose and expressed her desire, and then another long silence. How cold it was in that warm room! Then a brother mentioned some word about which he had been thinking, and gave us his thoughts.—I suppose he did—they were not for me and I didn't remember them. Then the minister, without a prayer or a word for those who had testified, closed the meeting. I stood until all save the pastor had passed me without a word or a nod, and then I left, fearing he would do the same; and as I passed through the door I said, 'I will never enter this building again.' I never did so until after I was converted, then I reconsidered and went there." How long M. S. Leete remained in Illinois is not indicated, but he began there his Christian life. The record of this spiritual struggle continues: "The next summer I tried to induce another young man to join me in seeking Christ, and succeeded so far as to lead him to join me in prayer, but it went no further with him or with me at that time. One night soon after that experience I went to my room after a hard day's work, and as I entered, the Holy Spirit said within me, 'Don't be in

A TRAVELING PREACHER

a hurry about going to bed; sit down for a while.' I did not know then that it was He said it, but I do now. I seated myself and thought of my past life, my distant friends, etc., until I sighed and said, 'I wish I had one friend who would always be with me, and always be true to me.' Then the Spirit said within me, 'There is such a Friend.' Up to that moment I had not thought of Jesus, but I thought of Him then, and I said, 'If Jesus will be my friend I will seek Him now,' and I went on my knees to pray. For a time I lay and silently praised the Lord, then slept, and awoke in the morning a new man in Christ Jesus. I was converted September 1, 1856. In June 1857 I united with the church in Saline, (later Saginaw) Michigan."

Soon after his conversion Menzo Smith Leete entered the old Ypsilanti Seminary, which was the predecessor of other schools there. A famous Doctor Moore at the head of that early institution helpfully impressed this young man as he did many others. Soon he decided to become a preacher, perhaps by his father's influence in part, despite his own independence of judgment. He was licensed to exhort in 1859, and to preach in the same year. He was received on trial in Detroit Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church September 28, 1859, and was ordained by Bishop Edmond Storer Janes. After he entered Conference, he went on to toil as an able teacher of Christian truth, an evangelistic preacher and a soldier of righteousness for fifty-two years in Michigan, New York and Florida.

FROM SADDLE-BAGS TO PULPITS

The first charge for which M. S. Leete was read off by a bishop was near the Bay City region in the Thumb of Michigan. It was called Tuscola Circuit, and my father, as one of the last of the intrepid race of Methodist Circuit-riders, was associated on it as junior preacher with J. O. Bancroft. His salary at beginning was \$131 for the year. There were seventeen preaching-places:—no churches; but homes, school-houses, barns or in the open. The pulpits were school-desks, boxes, tables and even stumps. The trip, preaching every day, as they followed each other around the circuit, was one of a hundred and forty miles. It was wilderness, forest and swamp land, with small clearings and sparse farm settlements. The junior preacher had no horse, but traveled on foot until someone gave him a steed of sorts. He became in time a genuine horseman and so continued almost to

ADVENTURES OF

the end of his days. He could break a wild colt to gentleness and patch up an old plug into a valuable and useful mount or carriage-horse. He loved his horses, raising and selling one occasionally. They loved him, and would never harm a hair of his head. They became almost as tame as those of my old Chinese friend, the Luther Burbank of Florida, Lue Gim Gong of DeLand. On Tuscola Circuit the itinerants suffered from saddle-sores, poor food, though some was fine, bad accommodations for sleeping and from mosquitoes and big "Pontiacker" flies, which were said to bite small pieces from the hides of horses and cows. Winter was bitter cold. In summer the young preacher once had a bad sun-stroke in a big swamp, where there were few travelers. He might have died there had he not been able by supreme exertion to drag himself into a little shade. He never knew just how long he lay there before some recovery came. His descendants are proud of his record as one of the famous light cavalry of Methodism-*avant-couriers* of religious and national democracy.

The boy preacher, when the War between the States began, though he was a man of peace and hated bloodshed intensely, and despite the fact that his objections to slavery had caused in him no unfriendliness towards the South, thought it his duty to enlist in defense of the Union. He was rejected, however, because an injury to a foot had made it impossible for him to endure either long marches or hard riding on horseback. It is a singular fact that for several generations the oldest son in the Leete family, myself included, seriously cut one of his feet with an axe. Menzo Leete, unable to enter the contest, was forced to content himself by delivering without bitterness loyal sermons and addresses and by following the career of a soldier brother, George. This lad went into the war without Christian confession and experience. Naturally the family had him much in mind, praying both for his safety and his conversion. One night my father asked the prayer-meeting in the church he was serving to make George Leete their special object of prayer, and it was done. This soldier when he next wrote home announced that one night, alone, he had sought and found his Saviour. When the incident was investigated it was found that the time when conviction came to him that he was a lost sinner without Jesus Christ was the exact hour when my father and his people knelt in earnest petitions for his sal-

A TRAVELING PREACHER

vation. This is not the only incident of "remarkable answers to prayer" in our family history.

After his marriage to Amelia DeLand, school teacher at Flushing, Menzo Leete's first appointment was Midland City, Michigan. This now busy and prosperous manufacturing city was then a tiny settlement near the territory occupied by Indians. Our mother told her children about her fears when father was away from home. She said that sometimes, although she had not heard a sound of anyone approaching, she looked around and found that a tall redskin was just above her shoulder. All that anyone of them ever asked for, however, was food. When supplied, he went away with a not unpleasant grunt. Even an Indian could tell that mother was a good cook.

The young pioneer preacher was not yet satisfied with his education and preparation for a ministerial career. His companion had two brothers who were prosperous manufacturers in Fairport, New York, now a suburb of Rochester. Both of them were at one time trustees of Rochester Theological Seminary. Mother was eager to return to the vicinity of her birth and early education. Therefore in 1867 father moved to Rochester and entered the school there, taking a supply job at Avon Springs, as it was then called, now Avon. On assuming the pastorate of Monroe Avenue, which succeeded old Alexander Street Church, Rochester, New York, it was thrilling to me to find in an early membership book of Alexander Street the names of Menzo and Amelia Leete. It is quite probable that the Leete family would never have come into close contact, or perhaps much knowledge, of our mother's DeLand relatives, had we not moved to the State of New York and to the vicinity of Rochester when we did. That would have been a great loss to us. As it came to pass we were close to Fairport where my grandfather, Levi, and my grandmother, Electa Tracy DeLand, spent all the later years of their lives. Many of their children made their homes there. Charles James, wholesale confectioner; Daniel Brown, founder of the DeLand Chemical Works, large manufacturers of saleratus and soda; Eliza Ann Marring; Martha DeLand Terry; Henry Addison, creator of the chief successes of the Chemical Company and founder of DeLand, Florida; Amelia DeLand Leete, our mother. All of these I knew in youth. Other most important children of Levi and Electa DeLand were Maria Adeline

ADVENTURES OF

Stedman, born in the old home, Candor, New York, and living in Owego and the Reverend Joel Levi DeLand, for more than half a century a Baptist preacher and State Secretary in Michigan.

The travels of my boyhood and later life in many parts of the country enabled me to come into contact with numerous members of the DeLand family. Some I have known only by correspondence, instituted quite liberally when I was preparing material for a book, "The DeLand Family in America,"* a well illustrated volume of over four hundred pages. It lists some thousands of people of this name and descendants. Among these are persons of note, most of whom I have seen and with part of them have exchanged visits. Clyde Osmer DeLand, Philadelphia, was a noted painter of American historical subjects. Harold Henry DeLand, Chester, Pennsylvania, enlisted in World War I at 17 years of age and did heroic service. Charles Edmund, Pierre, S. Dakota, was an attorney, who wrote the "Corporation Laws of the Dakotas," "History of Sioux Wars," "Mistrials of Jesus" and other books. Theodore Levi DeLand was in the United States Treasury for forty years and was expert adviser to Theodore Roosevelt in Civil Service. His daughter, Eugenie DeLand Saugstad, Washington teacher and artist, has done notable work in both professions. Paul Stanley Deland, Boston, Managing Editor of the Christian Science Monitor, has been with the paper from the first issue. Ferris Smith, Grand Rapids, son of a former chairman of the Congressional District of Columbia Commission, is a surgeon of both World Wars. He is a plastic specialist and author of famous text books. His mother Alida DeLand Smith, was one of my favorite cousins, a daughter of Uncle Edwin DeLand, merchant of Adrian, Michigan. William Rufus, Major James Speed and General Charles Victor DeLand are great names in Jackson, Michigan, the first named as Founder and surveyor of the city and of its "Gazette" and his sons as soldiers and printers; Charles Victor as a State and national official. Several other members of this family are quite as worthy of mention as are the above named.

A PASTORAL AND PERSONAL EVANGELIST

The most powerful revivals of religion have often been those conducted by local pastors, aided sometimes by brother preachers

* "The DeLand Family in America," Frederick DeLand Leete, Parthenon Press, 1943.

A TRAVELING PREACHER

and by the laymen of their churches. Professional evangelists have been more harmful than helpful, unless employed to aid the regular forces of a community, and not to supersede them.

The best of early preachers, in the second as well as in the first period of American Methodism, were thoroughly evangelical and evangelistic, and therefore they were also social reformers in the highest sense. They sought, in the power and through the aid of the Holy Spirit, to produce new creatures in Christ, capable of right living and conduct. This is the one and only sure hope of a better "social order," to use a modern much misrepresented platitude. Madam Chiang Kai-shek once said justly that we cannot make anything better if we cannot make the people better. William Penn said, "If men be good, government cannot be bad." This is the key to permanent improvement and progress in human affairs.

American Christianity, with all its faults, through its idealism and by the deeds and influence of redeemed men and women, in its earlier days wrought marvels of human betterment and happiness scarcely paralleled elsewhere. We need again in the church the powerful spirit which changed vice into virtue, cleansed local communities and extended its redeeming influence into the life of the state, the nation and the world.

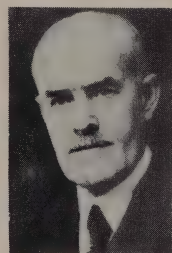
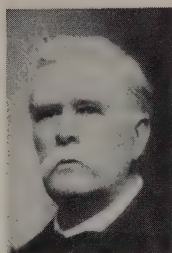
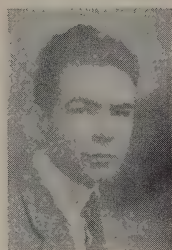
Illustrations of the foresight, planning, persistence, spiritual wisdom and sound psychology of the preachers of yesterday are found in revival accounts of the work of Menzo Smith Leete. The first one is contained in his own penmanship among papers which he left to his family. He says, "During the winter of 1860-1861 (he was then in Michigan) I conducted a series of meetings which continued for three weeks before there was the least sign of success; but I was something like Santa Anna said of General Taylor, 'He don't know enough to know when he is defeated.' I believed, always, that the Lord told me when to commence 'extra meetings,' and I went about it until success was realized. My dependence was upon the Holy Ghost; and with Him to work through His Church and myself, I had no dream of defeat. But to the close of three weeks, in this instance, there was no response on the part of the church. The members attended the meetings, and then spent their time in ridiculing the effort. Outsiders would come also, but they were filled with disgust at the course the members pursued, as some of them told me later.

ADVENTURES OF

“Well, on Sunday morning of the fourth week, after the sermon, I asked all the members to remain for a class-meeting, and they stayed. At that meeting I told them, without any reserve, how they had behaved, that the Lord wanted to save souls, but that they were fighting against God, and that if they did not change to His side I would close the meetings that night, and in the Judgment the blood of souls would be upon their skirts. I then left them and went for an afternoon service in the country. At night I preached as well as I could, invited the people forward, and every member moved. It was the first time I had been able to get any expression of interest from any of them, save one. He would not leave his seat, but if I asked him to pray he would offer a sort of ‘Hark from the tombs a doleful sound.’ But there were prayers offered and confessions made that night which must have caused ‘joy in heaven.’ During that week sixteen who were heads of families were converted, the youngest of whom was, as I remember, at least forty years of age, and then followed a blessed work among the younger people.

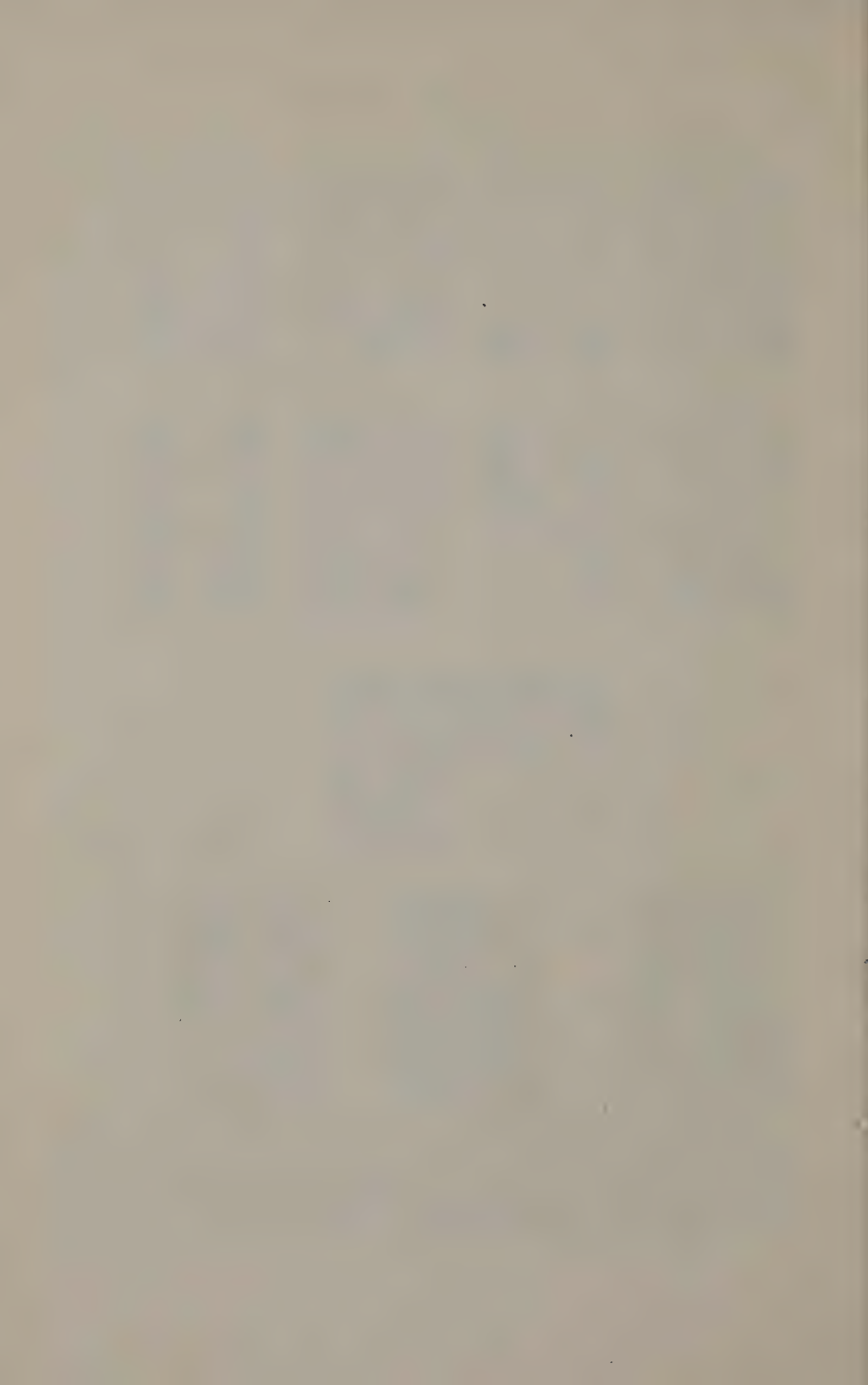
“There was one man there whose wife was a member of the church, but he was an infidel and a drunkard. He told me of a road three miles long, with worm-rail fence, and said he had, he believed, slept off a drunk in every corner of that fence. Well, curiosity brought him to the meetings a few times, and then I went to see him. He was in the house, and as I entered the front door he went through the back door. As I passed out of the back door, he entered the barn. As I entered the barn door he entered the stables, and I followed him past three horses and cornered him in the back stall. And there the Holy Ghost gave him a sermon through me which led him to most blessed conversion within forty-eight hours. The last I knew of him he was a class-leader in that church.”

Concluding this account, penned in his later life, this competent as well as consecrated winner of lives for Christ said, “I never believed in experimenting with God. I never announced a two weeks or three weeks or any other time-limit meeting. I always believed God told me when to commence and when to close a series of efforts. I believed God would reach the people through the truth, and I had no confidence in excitement—that is, wild fire excitement, and I never tried to hide the cross, or pave the way to heaven. Hence I never expected a short or easy job for myself or my people. They tell



THE REVEREND MENZO SMITH AND FREDERICK D. LEETE FAMILIES

Top row: Henry S. Leete; Gertrude M. Leete; Grace Leete Sheffield; John M. Leete. *Second row:* Mrs. Amelia DeLand; Mrs. Frederick DeLand Leete; Reverend Menzo Smith; Frederick DeLand Leete. *Third row:* Ensign Frederick D. Leete, III, Frederick DeLand Leete, Jr., and Frederick D. Leete. *Fourth row:* Mrs. Jean Leete Mullin; Frederick DeLand Leete, Jr.; Mrs. Helen Leete Keefer.



A TRAVELING PREACHER

me things have changed; but have human hearts changed, has sin changed, save in outward manifestations; has truth changed, has the Convincer of sin, of righteousness and of judgment changed? Speaking of a series of meetings in a church one said, 'There hasn't been anything said about sin.' They tell me it is very difficult to get outsiders (They don't say sinners, mark you) to attend meetings, because there is so much else to draw them. Relatively, there are no more worldly attractions than fifty or thirty years ago. I have never known a church with its pastor to get a hunger for souls that could take no denial, and cry to God with 'a faith that laughs at impossibilities' to fail to reach the unsaved."

MY OWN LIFE STORY BEGINS

It will be noted that the title of this book might be applied as appropriately to the career of my father and a great many other Methodist preachers as to that of Jesse Lee and myself. Many "a traveling preacher of the Methodist persuasion," (the title by which the pioneer Methodist missionary from Virginia to New England, introduced himself as he went from door to door) has knocked at the portals and at the heart entrances of people seeking to bring themselves, not only, but their Saviour into the homes and lives of mankind.

We had no near-by relatives when we were very young, but there was an occasional kindly visitor and a call from a physician now and again, for we had most of the children's diseases. Mother had a servant sometimes, but not all the time. I do not recall any unfavorable impressions of any of these persons. They did their part to make existence interesting.

The acts and experiences of one's infancy and early childhood are quite similar in most instances: The little animal eats, sleeps except when he should, utters sounds which doting parents understand and proudly repeat, gets measles, whooping-cough and various other maladies, grows, begins to walk and then to run away. It is a tradition that I did the latter once with a rocking-chair tied to my back, climbed two fences despite impedimenta, and was finally found by a frantic searching party, complacently playing, probably mud pies or something equally distressing, with another *enfant terrible* belonging to a neighbor. A testimonial to the realism of my boyhood is

ADVENTURES OF

too delicious to be suppressed. Just prior to my presidency of the Methodist Conference of Central New York in 1925 the following communication appeared in The Record, Sodus, New York:

“Pultneyville, N. Y.

Editors Record:

Bishop Leete, who will preside at the annual M. E. conference this fall, is a son of the late Rev. M. S. Leete, who was stationed at Sodus more than 55 years ago. I remember the Bishop well, at that time a boy three years old, who could think of more ways to disturb the peace and quiet of the home than any kid I ever knew.

One fall while his father and mother were at Conference the maid came with him to our house to stay, and it was a week that will always be fresh in my memory. Little did I think he would make a Bishop.

One morning after he was dressed up clean he found a tub of water out under the eaves and proceeded to make it lively with chips for boats and he soon looked as if he had been ship-wrecked. The maid came out to look for him and had to change every article of clothing for dry ones.

She told him to keep away from the water or she would put him in head first, but that did not scare him, for when she went back into the house he went at it again. She punished him as she said she would, but it had but little effect, for he was going to be a Bishop and he must be persevering.

My father, the late William S. Vosburg, was delighted with him and said he would make a hustler some day, but I hardly think he thought he would make a Bishop.

So, mothers, do not be discouraged if your boy is full of pep and mischief. He may be just the one the Lord will use to make a Bishop.

Mrs. W. T. Jolley”

A SUBJECT OF CORRECTION

As I became larger, inasmuch as I was the first child in the household, I became a proper object of parental discipline, and believe me, a certain amount of physical training came to me which was well-deserved and ultimately profitable. Tender memories of such episodes still abide with me. Persuasion ultimately came that in many cases (the word is good) the ruler, or switch, is the rule of reason. It is still my considered judgment that it was better for me not just to come up, but to be brought up. None of the children in our household was ever struck in anger. We could never say to father as

A TRAVELING PREACHER

a youngster once did when asked, "Do you know why I am whipping you?" "Yes," was the reply, "You are mad, and you won't get over it till you have licked somebody." We were shown the error of our way until we admitted that we deserved punishment, which followed properly. Once the blow that was struck really did hurt exceedingly. A ruler was given to me. Father put out his own hand, saying that he would take my penalty himself, and bade me strike him. I broke down at this, and the blow did not hurt him much. He may have known the incident of a cure of rebellion in this manner by a great teacher. More likely he sought to illustrate to me what he so often proclaimed, the undeserved grace of God to penitent sinners.

An omen, or was it a symptom, of my ultimate career used to be related by one Albert Dodd, a participant in an incident which occurred when I was just getting too big for a high-chair, to which, perhaps prudentially, I was still confined at meals. This Mr. Dodd, a genial gentleman, was in our home for a time. He stammered, except as a fine singer. As perverse children, boys especially, are apt to do, I copied his stammering rather than his cheeriness, and it required a year or more to break me of it. But that "is another story." This one is about grace at table, the invariable and benign practice in our home. One day my good father called on Mr. Dodd to "ask the blessing." He proceeded to do it and made out fairly well until he came to the end. He began to close, "Faw, faw, faw," but he was mired. All at once, so those present, especially our stuttering friend, used to relate, I seized my plate in both hands, stretched it out towards the source of present bounties and exclaimed "For Christ's sake, Amen, please give me some potato." Naturally, one does not vouch for such a narrative, but the other participant in the affair told it on me, with much glee, twenty years or so later.

One goes to school, and in families like ours to church and Sunday school. "Boys will be boys," they say, and their teachers are often to be pitied. That is unless they "have the knack." One Sunday-school teacher of a truly restless and inventive group had what it takes. Many years later this ingenious and patient man dined at a Methodist General Conference with two of his old-time pupils. All three of us were delegates at Minneapolis, 1912. We had a great reunion, recalling the past and its associations.

ADVENTURES OF

As one would suppose, the habit of family worship was continuously exercised in our household. We were not singers, but father was a good reader and kept us interested, except sometimes when he was going through the Old Testament in course and came to historical chapters of the great length that so often goes with dryness, in the Bible or in the pulpit. Father's public prayers were characterized by mingled thoughtfulness and spontaneity. At the family altar he used quite often certain prized phrases and petitions which we grew to know and respect. We eager youngsters, kneeling before our chairs, did sometimes get restless and wish to get outside and play, but we never disturbed the peace and serenity of the occasion. How many times, looking back upon the worn carpets and chairs, the plain table and coal-stove in the room, have I wished that it were possible again to be in that kneeling circle, listening to the familiar loved voice and looking up together for the daily blessing of our Father in Heaven. A few favorite expressions my father used in family devotions were surreptitiously penned and saved: "We thank Thee, our Father in Heaven, for Thy watchful care over us during the night, and that we have come to the light of another morning with no visible sign of Thy displeasure upon us." "We pray for Thy guidance and blessing in the experiences of this day. Strengthen us in all our purposes to glorify Thee. We pray that we may render Thee service, if there is any service we can render." "Bless Thy Church everywhere, and have mercy on all the people. Bless every cause calculated to honor Thee and work righteousness. Bring to naught the devices of wicked men." There was a catholic and universal spirit in father's petitions. He frequently and impressively asked for divine aid for "all the needy and suffering of the children of men." "Bless our loved ones and do them all manner of spiritual good. Bless all the people, and draw them to seek Thy face and favor."

This may be as good a place as any to protest the attitude of some children of people better than themselves who condemn their forebears for their strictness in training and discipline. Aside from exceptional instances of lack of sympathy with youth and of parental harshness, it seems apparent as a rule that the fault-finders have little justification for their caustic criticisms of a generation whose character and achievements were quite equal to their own. Though

A TRAVELING PREACHER

our own father and mother were members of a communion which in their day frowned upon social worldliness, and though they sought earnestly to keep four mettlesome youngsters in "the straight and narrow way," they were loved by them all, and in the end they permanently influenced their offspring as they did so many others by their moral and spiritual ideals and lives.

A YOUTHFUL DIRT FARMER

When quite young my health was not too good. For several years, even before school closed, father sent me to spend spring and summer on a farm, perhaps three miles from Sodus, New York. It was owned and run by Samuel Norris, known far and near by reason of his kindness of expression and deeds as "Uncle Norris." He was a Methodist Sunday-school superintendent of a tall sturdy frame and an abundance of white hair and beard. He was also a firm Democrat, and he seemed to read E. P. Bailey's *Utica Observer* almost as devoutly as he did his Bible. I never knew a better man except my father. His horses once became startled and ran down the hill in front of the house with a load of grain. At the bottom the road which passed the place required a square turn. As the team made it the rear wheels turned over, spilling the load. Uncle Norris was surrounded by sheaves of wheat, with head and shoulders protruding. He clung to the reins and drew the horses back on their quarters, without a word of perverted theology. If he had uttered anything of the kind it would have been heard by me, standing by chance very near the spot where the incident occurred. We always had reverent grace at table, whoever was present. Summers on the Norris farm seemed happy and short. The lad drew in wholesome air as he ran errands. He did simple jobs about the place and became friendly with horses, cows, calves and even with cute little pigs and chickens. We had guineas and turkeys, birds and old-fashioned flowers, fruit-trees and in the woods blackberry patches, all the delightful bounties of a generous and successful farm. "Auntie" Norris and her life-long maid, Artemisia Fleming, were large and liberal persons, not too careful of the cookie-jar, and better cooks it seems to me, than are found today in costly restaurants. Old Jack must not be forgotten, the biggest, kindest but most dignified of cats. He had his own blue dishes on a ledge near the floor of the kitchen, and he disdained to

ADVENTURES OF

eat out of any others, even when very hungry. A small lad in the country, with all these playmates and a boy friend only half a mile away! Health, happiness, fine counsels and shrewd wisdom in the conversation—what a memory! Before farm days were over I learned to hoe and rake, to drive horses, to swing a scythe or cradle, to bind sheaves, and many other useful tasks, and a life-long goodwill towards farm people was acquired.

BEGINNING A CHRISTIAN LIFE

My first open acceptance and confession of Jesus Christ as my Saviour and Lord occurred in connection with one of the revival meetings which occurred during a pastorate of my father at Jamesville, New York, when I was a boy of twelve. The home in which we children were brought up honored Jesus Christ so sincerely that from my first intelligent days we had always looked upon Him as the bravest, most beautiful and most endearing of personalities. It is not easy for me to understand those who have been brought up in Christian and even ministerial homes who complain of the gloomy, repressive atmosphere from which they suffered and which they were glad to leave. The kind of unattractive and forbidding Christ, or of a sentimental weak Jesus, described by Bruce Barton and others as having been pictured to them in their youth, brings back to recollection nothing in my own experience. We never heard of such a creature, but rather of the strong, courageous Friend of Man, including children, who came from His Father's throne to live with us, to teach, help and save mankind.

The Leete children always went to church, but we did not feel under compulsion about it, as we were interested in father's work and were instructed from our earliest intelligence by his sermons, even when we did not as yet fully understand their meaning. My memory still responds to his clear Scriptural teachings and to the evangelistic appeals of the meeting in which my public stand as a follower of Christ was taken. Several of my schoolmates first yielded to the invitations given. When one of them came and asked me to join them the appeal was more than welcome, for I had a keen sense of disobedience to God and of sin in my heart, and a strong desire to find a Saviour whose blood avails for the transgressor. I deplore the

A TRAVELING PREACHER

smug satisfaction which has no conviction of evil thoughts and ways. Much reading and thinking has not altered my opinion, which has been expressed as to themselves by some of the best and wisest of men, that if one is saved now and hereafter the credit belongs not only to the teachings and example of Christ and to the influences with which He has surrounded us, but supremely to the act on Mt. Calvary when our Saviour gave His life for ours. In many ways the most important event of my youth was when my open surrender was made to the power and guidance of One whom I had learned to love from my first conscious days. The people were singing over and over that night an old hymn whose refrain began, with accent on the opening word,

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“Turn to the Lord and seek salvation!”

One felt almost turned forcibly as the voices of the people struck into that chorus. I for one did turn, and never afterward regretted this act. Moreover, poorly as my Christian faith has sometimes been expressed and faintly as my Lord has been represented by me, it is good to believe that divine, eternal life was born in me with my original commitment to the creative, transforming work of God.

When this series of meetings closed, quite a number of converts desired baptism from my father. He was very broadminded as to forms, and since part of the large group preferred immersion it was decided to take all of them to a reservoir not far from town for this important rite. The three older children of our family were in the company. We entered the water out of doors, and not inside a church. The latter practice finds no illustration in the sacred Scriptures, nor among the deeds of Jesus. My good father, despite the influence of many relatives in immersionist churches, thought sprinkling or pouring as valid as any other mode of baptism. After all, it is the Spirit's influence that counts, and this is not a matter of external treatment. A corked bottle is not cleansed by being put through an ocean of water, and total immersion has no more effect upon a human soul than any other laving, except as the heart is opened to God and to His Spirit. The water used seems to have no other value than that of obedience and a sign of Christian faith and life.

ADVENTURES OF

CREATIVE REVIVALS

Throughout his half century as a preacher and pastor, M. S. Leete regularly conducted "special meetings" on his charges. Probably the only exception was a small town where his two year pastorate, under the limit then, was distracted by the bad reputation of one of his church officials. This man was so related to people of the membership and community that he could not be removed from office, but he was so unpopular in the village that some had instructed their families that in case of death they must not be buried from this church, if the offensive man was still a member there. The half-educated and malicious offender took prominent part in Sunday school where as in other meetings he strove to tear to pieces the minister's sermons. One lovely old lady of means and goodness was about all that held that church together and made its pastorate endurable for any preacher. No religious awakening seemed possible under such conditions.

The revivals of which father was promoter and conductor in his own field were notable for permanent spiritual results. He was by nature calm and undemonstrative, of the English type of dignified rather reserved preachers. Nevertheless remarkable emotional reactions occurred sometimes in his early and even later ministry. There have been so-called "revivals" that did little if any good. No one was profoundly changed in thought or conduct. No converts were made and no Christians were revived. Revivals in the Leete ministry were creative. This was due in part to the splendid humanity of the pastor. He was a real person; full of good humor, in the community as well as in his family and church, and of undoubted piety. He often shared the sports of children. He loved a good joke, and could relate many a merry incident, but never from his lips came a remark that bordered on impurity or irreverence. Fine wrinkles about his eyes indicated optimism and good nature. He approached people in unique and memorable ways. When a Catholic neighbor opened her door to him the first time she was addressed with "How do you do? How do you do? How do you do?" Surprised beyond measure she exclaimed, "What do you mean?" "Well," he said, "When you tell your beads you repeat Hail Mary! over and over. So why shouldn't I repeat my greeting?" He was invited in and the

A TRAVELING PREACHER

result was a pleasant acquaintance and friendship. One day, entering a store where men loitered about he took the largest of the group by the shoulders, saying, "I believe I could throw you." The by-standers came awake at once. "I believe you could, dominie," several said. He looked around and inquired, "Do you all think I could?" Anticipating a tussle, they all replied favorably. "Well, then," said the preacher, "I will not be obliged to do it," and he let the man go. This raised a big laugh, and made a lot of friends.

This preacher was a life-saver. At least once he dived for a man and rescued him from drowning. But he did better work than that. A man staggered into one of his meetings in Homer, New York, so intoxicated that he dropped at once into a chair and began to snore. Nobody but the pastor knew what to do. He exclaimed, "Let us pray!" They did, my memory says several of them. When the prayer was over Loren Stone was awake. He rose to his feet, swaying uncertainly, and said, "F'you'll get me sober, I'll see what I can do." A number of young lads, myself included, banded together to keep him out of the clutches of the saloon-keeping villain and his old associates. He once yielded to my own pressure on his arm, as he was entering the saloon door, and boy that I was, he let me lead him home. A letter from Mr. Stone, written a dozen years after this event says, "Have I forgotten you? Nor could I while sound in mind. If for no other reason, I would hold you in remembrance for the kindly and Christian-like influence which came from your hands at a very critical moment of the history of my life. I refer to your stepping between me and my worst enemy, *the saloon*." Thirteen years after his conversion, I introduced him to some seven hundred men in Utica, New York, to tell the story of his redemption. He did this in a manner that produced a powerful influence for good.

A letter came to me from Bishop Frederick T. Keeney when he learned that this account of my life was being written. His pastoral activities were in the bounds of the Central New York Conference, in which a great part of my father's ministry was accomplished. Among other items, Bishop Keeney wrote, "Your life story will revive pleasant memories—I shall be pleased to see the results. Give a generous place to your father's splendid work. I came to know him better when I was Presiding Elder on the Auburn District. I was in the parsonage home four times a year. His pastorate at Cuyler,

ADVENTURES OF

where many of my relatives live, was greatly enjoyed. They still speak of him with appreciation. The appointment at Keeney's Settlement Church was in the afternoon. On a given Sunday your father was having a better time than usual and discerned, as his sermon reached some length, that the farmers with large dairies were growing uneasy. He stopped abruptly and remarked that he was going to finish his sermon, even if it took longer than usual, and they would have to milk by candle-light. They smiled, and were glad to give him all the time he needed in giving them better sermons than they had been in the habit of having." Those were the days when many preachers were teachers of the souls of men, and felt that the task must be done with thoroughness. Their hearers were often the old great farmers of past years who had minds to think and wished to use them, and who more largely than most others made this country what in its best days it became.

Bishop Keeney, in his letter, also referred to the service which the Reverend M. S. Leete rendered in a city church. He said, "When I was pastor in Penn Yan the memories of your father's wonderful work in the church there was still fresh in the minds of the old families." The bishop's letter to me was dated Dec. 1, 1945.

GREAT VICTORY AND DISASTER

Bishop Keeney's reference to Penn Yan leads to the recollection that after my sermon at First Church, Penn Yan, when the celebration of a hundred years of its history occurred, many persons present told me of the revival conducted there by my father fifty years before. One after another came to me and said, "I joined the Church at the time of the great revival when your father was here," or "I was baptized by your father at the time of the great revival which he conducted here half a century ago." Or simply, "I was present when we had the great revival during your father's ministry." Always, repeatedly, it was the "great" revival whose memory seemed to stir them, and whose story they were eager to relate.

This famous event, like no other before or afterward, made profound changes in the Penn Yan churches and community and also in the experience and outlook of our family. The series of meetings lasted for twelve weeks, during which time my father was unassisted, except by some of his laymen. Great numbers of people, not in ex-

A TRAVELING PREACHER

citement but profoundly moved, knelt at the altars of the Church during those three months. Conversions, baptisms, and accessions to the church ran into large figures. As the facts related to me five decades later abundantly proved, the results of that "season of grace" were not ephemeral but were carried forward in the transformation and permanent devotion of many people. It was a triumph for the cause of Christianity. My father was the one casualty of this victorious campaign. He ought not to have carried alone the burden of leadership, the constant preaching, holding of meetings and pastoral visitation of one of the longest "protracted meetings" on record. When at last it became possible at all to bring the daily services to an end, the pastor went to bed one night apparently well, tho' very weary. He awoke the next morning with his health and hearing gone! What a blow! My good uncle, Henry A. DeLand, stepped in with generosity and sent his brother-in-law abroad for a year. He visited England, Europe and Palestine in 1874-5, and came back a year later with firmly restored physical strength, but with his hearing almost wholly gone, never to be restored.

LEAN AND HUNGRY YEARS

My father took me with him when he consulted a noted specialist in New York City, who examined him as to possible recovery from deafness. The tests were thorough and the report considerate. "I might keep you coming here," he said, "but I prefer to tell you the truth. You have paralysis of the ear drums. Whatever you do, your hearing will never be better." Then he added, "It may console you a little to know that you will never be worse." The outcome was just that. Father could not accept the verdict as final. For years he spent as much as he could spare on nostrums, devices and treatments. We encouraged him to try everything, but it was all to no avail. The best aid to audition he ever found, modern electrical instruments being unknown then, was a hearing tube with a mouth-piece. It was about three feet long. Some people were afraid or disliked to use it. In all the trouble about his deafness father preserved his sense of humor. Certain little churches he served had trouble-making members. This shrewd preacher would say to his family, "It is hard for people to quarrel up a tube." We discovered that his inability to get what people wanted to tell him was not altogether physical. When he did

ADVENTURES OF

not wish to hear, it was next to impossible to overcome his defect. He would merely smile, and his eyes would twinkle as he shook his head. He came to have a reputation for settling quarrels and bringing about peace, due in part to his refusal to become a party to little disputes and jealousies. He remained in the pastorate except for one or two years, nearly a third of a century longer, but was of course obliged to accept churches which no one wanted badly and which were not able to refuse to take a deaf man.

After his break in the excellent church in Penn Yan my father never again received as much as a thousand dollars salary. Generally it was about six to seven hundred dollars, with a tiny poor parsonage, run down and uncomfortable, because of neglect or misuse. He practiced once more his trade as a carpenter, repaired the kitchen, the steps, the barn and other portions of the property, and after cleaning, mending and painting things up he had to move on elsewhere and do it again. He began his ministry under a two year time-limit, and this tenure was not extended beyond a possible three years during his career. It was in the latter period that the attitude of some Methodist churches used to be described graphically thus: the first year, "Come, kitty! The second year, "Poor kitty!" The third year, "Scat!" Later the limit of Methodist pastorates was extended to five years, under which rule my own work began. Then it was removed, with the result that some changes occur more often than before. A number of exceptionally gifted ministers now do have long and useful tenure, over against which it is said that a certain type are "able to wrap themselves so tightly around the table-legs of the more prosperous church members that they are kept in one place until their value to the situation is long past. Their pastorates then do harm instead of good, and bar the line of promotion against better men." The same deplorable situation sometimes attends the manning of endowed churches, whose incomes do not depend solely upon the support of the membership. And in general, it has been my personal observation, extended widely over the country, that with a few notable exceptions long-time pastorates in Methodism, at least, supply the ministry with social, economic or doctrinal extremists, and weaken the moral and spiritual strength of the churches and even of larger groups of the denomination.

A TRAVELING PREACHER

A PREACHER'S HORSE RACE

It was about this time that Reverend M. S. Leete committed one of the acts of harmless humor for which he was so much liked. He was then pastor of a country church not far from a well-known city. He had owned horses almost continuously from the time when as a youth he rode circuit in the Thumb of Michigan. Just prior to the episode now to be related he had bought an old race-horse with sore feet. The animal was not so old or so crippled that the good man was not able to cure and rejuvenate him, and later to sell him at a good profit. One day, driving to the city in his little old-fashioned buggy, he came to a fairground where some jockeys were getting ready for a week of sports soon to come. Seized by one of his sudden fancies the minister drove through the gate and right out on the track. The horsemen saw their chance and decided to have a bit of fun with the countryman. They did not know he was a Methodist preacher, or they might not have been so ready to test his mettle and that of his small, rough-haired steed. "Let's have a race," cried the drivers as they gathered around the visitor with their sulkies. "No, no," was the smiling reply. "You fellows would not want to race with me." They persisted, "Come on, don't be afraid of us. That animal of yours looks as if he could trot." After a time consent was given with apparent reluctance. All repaired to the starting-post, lined up and were off together in a contest none of them ever forgot. At first the racing-men held back their trotters in order to keep the buggy and its elderly driver alongside. This went on about halfway around the track. Then the little horse, which by the way had once held a pretty fair record for speed, began to take interest in what was going on. In the third quarter he passed a driver or two who were rallied jocosely by the other contestants. At the beginning of the final quarter the bantering suddenly ceased as one after another the professionals were vanquished by the queer outfit which had been trailing them. Whips came out as the leaders discovered that the joke was likely to be turned against them. All to no avail. The small but sturdy animal and his smiling guide with a final burst of speed passed the last opponent. Then the preacher turned his rig through the gate and away, and it was some time before they knew who had beaten

ADVENTURES OF

them. Father told the family and a few friends, but never boasted about it.

TO THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION AND FLORIDA

Ours is a traveling family. Not strange, for our father was what used to be called a "Traveling Elder." It has already appeared in this record that my parents journeyed from southeastern Michigan to western New York when I lacked three months of birth.

One of the most thrilling experiences of my very early life was going south to live in Florida. My mother's youngest and favorite brother, Henry Addison DeLand, became enamored of the southernmost Atlantic state through the influence of his brother-in-law, another uncle of mine, Oliver Perry Terry, then in business in Walterboro, South Carolina. Mr. DeLand was one of two brothers who established in Fairport, New York, a plant for the manufacture of salaratus and bicarbonate of soda which at one time produced the largest tonnage of these materials. Mr. DeLand sold his holdings in the company to a son of his brother, Daniel Brown DeLand, the latter having departed, and he invested a fortune which was very large for those days in Florida land and in building the town of DeLand, county-seat of Volusia County. He also originated Stetson University, a school of the denomination to which the founder belonged. My father was asked to move to the settlement and to aid in the building of its institutions, as well as to assist my uncle in the management of his business. For the second time he became a pioneer. We started south from Homer, New York, where father had been pastor, in 1876.

On the way to live in Florida the Leete family made two stops. One was to view the Centennial at Philadelphia! This original of the great American expositions was drawing towards its interesting close when we arrived and stopped to see its wonders. I viewed it with a child's eyes, of course, but they are bright, and impressions they make are lasting. The big Corliss engine in Machinery Hall, the largest building I had ever seen, was a revelation to many adults, as well as to youngsters. The machinery of the Exposition was run by Corliss power. The miniature railway which ran around the exposition grounds received much attention and patronage. I recall the exhibition of fine sewing made by the children of Queen Vic-

A TRAVELING PREACHER

toria, and wondered that such work had been done in a palace. Statuary Hall, some of whose religious exhibits were partly colored, and the wonderful pictures in the art gallery did not fail to produce lasting effects upon my mind. The statue of a chubby boy extracting a thorn from his foot is well remembered. There is a hazy recollection of the telephone exhibit of Alexander Graham Bell, who was neglected by judges until he became immensely popular by means of the visit of a friend he had made through his work for the deaf, the Emperor Dom Pedro of Brazil. I did not see the Emperor, but at the Philadelphia Exposition I had my first sight of a President of the United States, Ulysses Simpson Grant. Many years later, when I saw him depicted in London, England, as a red-faced drunkard, my own remembrance of the stocky, dignified and impressive figure of General Grant proved to me that the representation was a foul slander.

Our days at the great Exhibition of 1876 were all too brief, but we made the most of them, and the education received from the exhibits and experiences of that time were as valuable as some months in school could have been. We hurried through, rather than visited Washington, interested as we youngsters were of course in the nation's capitol with its splendid dome and monuments. Our train carried us through Richmond with all doors and windows shut, and without pause. A yellow-fever epidemic—no rare episode in Southern cities in those days—was in progress. We saw earth-works in the environs of the town and remains of gun-carriages, reminders of the fact that war had visited that beautiful site not many years before.

AN INTERLUDE IN THE "OLD PALMETTO STATE"

While the men of our migrating families went on to prepare the way for our residence in the pine woods of Florida, our family went to the quaint old town of Walterboro, South Carolina, where we lived for a brief time in the home of our relative, Mr. Terry, above mentioned. In Walterboro we children played with others about the "ole swimmin' hole," where some lads were taught the art of taking care of themselves in the water by being thrown in unexpectedly. None of them drowned, so far as we ever heard. In the same neighborhood occurred a laughable incident when a show-off lad in a party of boys and girls climbed smartly up a tree and promptly fell part

ADVENTURES OF

way down. He caught on a broken limb, managed to shake himself loose, but came to earth without a seat to his trousers. As he ran home backwards he was accompanied by bursts of laughter and a chorus of shouts. Memories of the picturesque Walterboro of my boyhood are unforgettable, especially since it was there that we first learned that we were "Yanks." Youngsters did not then hear the characteristic adjective that goes with this appellation. I aver that I had never known our depressing estate until my younger brother and myself, who happened to be dressed alike when in our best, though in gray, not blue, went to the Methodist Sunday-school. Enterprising youths leaned over from behind us and hissed, "Little Yanks in uniform," enforcing the point of the epithet by sticking pins into us. We must have protested, for the affair was discovered, and the next day the very courteous pastor came over to the house and apologized. The incident was not repeated while we were there. The South then did not know, and some of its people are still unaware, that what is called the "Nawth" for the most part does not exist. The northerners of the War Between the States moved west. Immigrants from various foreign lands moved into the upper tier of states and on westward. There was left no consciousness, or only a little under some incitement, of a "northness" similar to the "southness" of a part of the country whose population remained at home and was only slowly affected by infiltration from elsewhere.

My uncle and his partner had a general store, and so did another man of whom boys of the town repeated the doggerel, "Some folks say old —— won't steal, but I caught —— in my cawn-fiel." These stores carried squares of ginger ("gunger") -bread, and the old-time jaw-breaking Jackson-balls. The former were fine, but the latter provided a longer period of delectation. Hard as a rock, they lasted for hours, puffing out one's cheek in a most delicious way.

Many years later a memento of my residence in Walterboro was discovered by the delightful wife of the Mayor of Rome, Georgia. I was being entertained in her home, an event which had been enjoyed previously. She was a native Carolinian. One day she said to me, "Do you know why you became *persona grata* in this family when you first came?" "No," said I. "It was because you spoke of 'Calina,' not 'Car-o-lina.'" I had caught the pronunciation as a boy, and had retained it unconsciously.

A TRAVELING PREACHER

During the stay in "the old Palmetto state," which became quite prolonged, my first bird was shot. He was on the limb of a pine that seemed almost as high as the clouds. Nevertheless, after careful aim, and a kick in the shoulder, down came the target. It may have been, one hopes it was, a quarrelsome blue-jay. Killing birds never much appealed to me, though Florida presented many opportunities for quail-shooting and delicious repasts.

Traveling through Georgia southward the recollection returns of miles of red clay banks along the very poor road-bed. All rail-road tracks below Washington were at that time "streaks of rust," and speed was impossible. We had plenty of time at way-stations. There was no dining-car, and we were therefore delighted when Negro women brought to the train fricasseed chicken, great pieces, delightfully browned and deliciously sweet. Prices were very low, and everything offered was purchased, and needless to say was disposed of with dispatch.

UP SOUTH ON THE ST. JOHN'S

When we arrived in Jacksonville, Florida, then a very small city, as there was no railroad farther south than Palatka, we had to take a steamer on the chief river of the state and go up the stream southward to Beresford, a very old landing-place which never made much stir in the world until boats began to be constructed there during World War II. This Florida stream is one of the few rivers which flow northward. Therefore to go south we went up as we did years later on the Nile in Egypt. The old side-wheel steamers on the St. Johns, the Governor George M. Bird, of the Du Barry Line for example, were more commodious than any boats now on the river. One of the tragedies connected with modern transportation is the loss of the river-travel of other days. The children of our party, after exploring the metropolitan city, (Miami had not yet been born), went aboard the boat for two days of constant novelty and excitement. The steamer traveled as far as Sanford, about 127 miles now by auto, but then by river more like 175 miles. First noted were the big old alligators whose eyes and forehead seemed to float on the surface of the stream or whose armored bodies stretched lazily along the shore. There were great numbers of them, and men on board tested their marksmanship by trying to hit them in the vulnerable spots on their

ADVENTURES OF

heads or under the front legs. If a shot struck one of the pachyderms elsewhere it simply carromed away harmlessly. This wasteful sport continued for some years until thousands of these sources of good leather and other products were destroyed. The sight of a 'gator in the St. Johns is a rarity today. The most destructive animal in the world is the white man, and alligators are but a single example of his wasteful slaughter of wild creatures, as well as of all natural resources. Birds of brilliant plumage, of species largely destroyed years since, were then plentiful, as were flowers of beauty and of rich perfume. What a panorama! with live oaks, cypresses, palmettos and many other trees, some of them hoary with age. The stream had not yet been straightened, and some of the curves were so extreme that the boat almost met itself coming back. Once nearly an entire circle was made with only a few feet of land keeping it from completion. When we landed at Beresford the short haul to the place we were seeking was made by wagon.

A CABIN IN THE WOODS

Our first night on the site of the future City of DeLand was spent in the log house of Captain John Rich, the only pre-citizen in the center of the place. We were given beds on the floor of the attic, as there were too many people in the little home in the clearing to be accommodated with the usual furniture. The next day we moved into a small frame kitchen, the first unit of a house to be erected for us as fast as possible. A few old settlers, "Crackers," or later arrivals who were "Yankees" mostly, were living in the woods a little distance away from the location selected for the community. Mr. DeLand had purchased much of the land, and had induced friends to buy more. Aside from a few tiny clearings, forests of tall southern pine surrounded the place for miles in all directions, with a small lake here and there. Clearings had been begun, and beginnings of a settlement were appearing. Thousands of great logs were burned up, which in some cases in a few more years could have been sold for more than the land that grew them. Simple houses and stores were gradually erected. Mr. DeLand gave the land on which the present county building stands, and most generously aided every church and school building enterprise for many years. He was a Baptist lay-

A TRAVELING PREACHER

man, a long-time Sunday-school Superintendent in his home church, and at one time President of the New York State Sunday-school Association. He had served as a supervisor of Monroe County, New York, and was well fitted by business experience, educational interest and Christian character to be the founder of a city and a Baptist college. In case of Stetson University he erected the first building, gave the first considerable fund for endowment and made the arrangements by which the State of Florida authorized the establishment of the University. These facts in his own hand-writing are in my possession. He was known by me intimately, both during my youth and later in his old age during my pastorate in Rochester, New York, when he had returned to his former home in near-by Fairport. He was often in my Monroe Avenue congregation, and remained for a meal at the parsonage. His only daughter, Helen, long the town librarian at Fairport, was usually with him.

PIONEER LIFE IN FLORIDA

The experiences of a new home in the woods are a constant joy to a young lad. Odors still come to me of pine trees, magnolia blossoms and forest-fires of my early days in DeLand. Years afterward, when my young wife was in a Brooklyn hospital for treatment and I was wandering about the grounds in loneliness, there suddenly came to me on a tiny breeze a scent which thrilled me with remembered as well as immediate delight. I went hunting for that yellow jasmine until it was found and filled my nostrils with fragrance which was so well known in my wanderings in southern fields and thickets. As there was no school at first, and we were too young to do much work, some of us hunted a good deal. My bird-dog and little red gun were prized companions. Really, however, I had not the heart or the skill to do much damage to the plentiful wild life about us. A few meals of quail did find their way to our table, in part at least because of my prowess with the gun. The menfolk got turkeys, possums, rabbits, squirrels, and there were some deer for the better hunters. Fishing was plentiful and quite easy, even for a boy. My mother once shook her apron at a bear, which she took for a wild hog, which was disturbing her chickens, but that was later in another home, which was built for us a few months after our arrival upon the

ADVENTURES OF

exact site later occupied by the College Arms Hotel. This structure was used during World War II as a rest home for service men on furlough, and since has been torn down, perhaps to save taxes.

NEGROES AND KU KLUX

In the State of New York we had seen few Negroes and had practically no experience with them. The new knowledge which came to us from this source began very soon after our coming to Florida. Servants were hired for housework and for out of doors. We had a man named Charlie who was supposed to work about the place and who did so temporarily, when some one of the family was around. Very few of the colored people then could read, but there was a widespread eagerness among them to be taught, though we had as yet no schools. Some few had obtained an old blue-backed spelling-book. In response to Charlie's appeals I tried to teach him the alphabet. He could remember and recognize the second time only one letter, "O." There was something so round and empty about that symbol of intelligence that it impressed him permanently. I presume that Charlie never did learn to read, as a good many of his people were doing. I think that if we had used the more modern word and picture method of teaching it might have been more effective in the duller cases. The later progress of the Negro in attaining education is well known and commendable.

The first thing to do if you are planting a town in place of a forest is to fell trees. Two tiny clearings, supplemented a long way from the center, and over at Blue Lake where Captain Austin lived, by other limited openings in the woods, were too small for the town-site that was desired. A big gang of Negroes were imported from Jacksonville to do necessary preliminary work; undertakings of individuals and of the town, when organized, to come later. These Negro woodsmen were of a better type than we had seen. Most of them were tall and stalwart. They had muscles, and a keen sense of rhythm. Sometimes when quite a company were near each other they would start a kind of chant. As they swung their sharp, gleaming axes, they kept time accurately, their song and the blows they struck making a unique harmony. Once in a while there would be a cry of warning. Then all would look to see whose tree was ready to fall, and they would hurry out of the way of danger as the monster pine swayed,

A TRAVELING PREACHER

then came down with a crash that made the earth tremble. The leader of these choppers had been chorister of a church in the metropolis of the state. He drilled his choppers in singing, and they serenaded us in our home. Under the moonlight, which penetrated the forest and filled the clearing, the voices of these native singers were full of enchantment. They gave us folk songs, still familiar, and they sang some verses which I have never heard elsewhere. Of course I have forgotten most of them, but I recall that one told us that "Taffy was a cawn-fiel' darky, way down by the sycamore tree." A verse of another song contained the sorry lines,

"I would not marry 'Liza Jane,
An' I tell you the reason why;
Her neck so long and stringey, boys,
I's feard she never die."

As the town developed there were some bad Negroes, but invariably some bad whites were mixed up with them. There was a shopman who had colored women visiting his rooms. Negro bootleggers had white customers, and so on. For the greater part we had no clashes between the races, but we had guns and revolvers in our houses, just in case. This fact was well known, so that when some "white trash" tried to pull off a KuKlux party, warning from the good citizens prevented its taking place. There is still in my possession a notice which I removed from the pine tree in DeLand upon which it had been posted. It bears the sketch of a coffin and a skull and cross-bones, and ordered the "niggers" of DeLand, Orange City and Spring Garden to clear out of those places by a certain date or dire results would follow. Word was passed around that the Negroes should stay, and that they would be fully protected. Our people were partly from the North and partly from the South, and all were agreed on this, as they were generally about every other problem which the new community had to settle. We were patriotic, and on special occasions all celebrated together. We had old soldiers, Union and Confederate, and they were on very friendly terms. It remained for other places in much later times and for those who had never been in warfare themselves to fan the flames of strife in peaceable neighborhoods.

ADVENTURES OF

FOUNDERS OF A TOWN

Henry Addison DeLand, "H.A." as he was familiarly called when he became interested in Florida, was an enthusiast in all his undertakings—salesman, manufacturer, politician (not an office-seeker), promoter of education, town-builder, Christian layman, Sunday-school superintendent. He put money and service into every good enterprise about him. He spent his entire fortune in founding DeLand and its college. Mr. John B. Stetson, Mr. DeLand's Baptist friend, made a large contribution to the institution in an emergency. Mr. DeLand's own motion then caused the change of the name from DeLand to Stetson University. He threw his mind and strength into all the worthy undertakings of the settlement. This most zealous man was so certain of the future of Florida and of DeLand that he promised many of those to whom he sold lots and other property that if later they were not satisfied he would take the purchase back. When the big freeze came, which for some years gave the town and other places in Florida a terrible setback, many unjustly claimed fulfilment of the unwise offer made so long before. It is said, and a few persons living recently confirmed this, that the agreement was made good while there was any money with which to pay. The founder of DeLand is an illustration of a man who failed through no fault of his own, yet who succeeded in every leading undertaking. The town, the schools, the university, the churches he established or aided in DeLand, in Fairport, New York and elsewhere are all there and are prosperous. I can see him now in his later days, his long well-kept hair and beard silken snow white. People remarked his presence in any audience, and turned to look after him admiringly on the avenues. His speaking eyes impressed all who met him. Some said that he looked like William Cullen Bryant and others that he resembled Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. During the years before Florida prosperity returned, Mr. DeLand went back to Fairport and took over the little business of the Monroe County Chemical Company. Good judges thought that had he lived and kept his health a little longer he would have made another fortune.

My father, brother-in-law of H. A. DeLand, was another fine-looking figure, tall, well-formed, athletic. As Mr. DeLand spent much of his time north, advertising, soliciting patrons and selling

A TRAVELING PREACHER

orange groves and pine lands, Mr. Leete acted as his local manager. He superintended clearing land, planting fruit trees, building houses and stores. He had much to do with laying out the older part of the town, and named many of the leading streets. As he disliked Main Street as a title for the chief thoroughfare, and as he had a poetical turn, this avenue was called "Woodland Boulevard." Amelia Avenue was named for my mother, Amelia DeLand Leete and Martha Avenue for her sister, Martha DeLand Terry. Reverend M. S. Leete is styled "the pioneer preacher of DeLand" in the inscription which is on his beautiful memorial window in the First Methodist Church of that city. This busy man preached the first sermon, in the open at the heart of the present city, not far from the site of the leading stores. The audience was seated on pine boards laid on blocks around a hollow square. The surroundings were not more exceptional and attractive than was the discourse of a man really able to deliver strong messages. We had new boards to sit on, tall pines for pillars of the temple, blue heavens and clouds for the dome. This sight and the rich tones of the preacher are still with me. Mr. Leete also edited the first paper in the city, "The Volusia County Herald." He ran the printing office and later took over the regular pastorate of one of the churches. My type-setting began in his print-shop, where it became one of my duties to distribute "pied" type. The first editions of the paper, which came into my possession and were donated by request of President Tigert to the library of the University of Florida, were "jerked off" on a Washington press which was a survival of quite early American printing. The first rotary press that came to the establishment was not equipped with rollers or the composition necessary for their use. What a job it was for inexperienced men to make that stuff, to get it to stick, and to make the rolling surface smooth enough to hit the type, even if there was plenty of underlay. This press was not run by machinery but by a big wheel which had to be turned by hand. Only one man in the city, an enormous Negro, was able to make it go very successfully. The revolutions of that wheel and the exertions of the perspiring giant who mastered its movements are one of my permanent visions. The salary father received for his multiform activities was by no means a large one. Mother kept boarders, as did Aunt Martha, to supplement household resources.

ADVENTURES OF

DeLand had some other first settlers. Mr. Oliver P. Terry gave up his business in Walterboro, South Carolina, came to Florida and with my Aunt Martha and their children started the orange groves and hotels of the new town. The present Putnam Inn is on the site of his old home, which became the Putnam House and later the present hotel. The Terry family survives only in the person of a younger daughter, Lillian, Mrs. Frank C. Starr. Mr. J. Y. Parce, a brother of Mrs. DeLand, with his household, came from New York State and joined the colony, taking a prominent part in its affairs. Among other early citizens were the Austins, Mrs. Austin, "Aunt Hetty," becoming for years the historian of the community. The Doctor Lancaster, Captain Rich, Colonel Codrington, Jordan, Banta, and other pioneers, some of whom arrived a little later than the first adventurers, became earnest promoters of the undertakings of the community.

BOYHOOD AND FIRST SCHOOL

The experiences of childhood, as we all know, are more clearly etched upon the memory than are those of last week or last year. Many small items of things seen and done in pioneer DeLand press upon my pen. Snakes are scarce in settled Florida communities these days, but memory brings to view the big rattler in front of the schoolhouse, surrounded at a careful distance by excited children. We had no stones of course, but tried to dispatch the creature with sticks and wooden missiles. Finally someone ran to the printing-office, secured a revolver and ended the fray. Mr. O. P. Terry mounted the skin of the invader, which had nine rattles. The harmless black snake, which was coiled on the schoolhouse steps to give the teacher a scare, was a dead one. Once I almost stepped with bare feet on a spreading adder, but a warning cry from one of the boys behind me fortunately led me to step backward. In those days one could dip little alligators in his hands out of almost any creek or pond. A very old and big one lived in Lake Gertie, just a bit north of the center of town. A fence extended a little way into the water. We boys used to crawl down the fence until the 'gator would come swimming up. Then we scrambled back safely to land, to repeat the process until one party or the other was weary. Once, while swimming in the St. Johns River near DeLand Landing, the steady eyes of a very big pachyderm looked straight into my own in a disconcerting way as I came to the surface

A TRAVELING PREACHER

after a dive. The premises were vacated before he decided what to do next. It was Lake Gertie where my cousin, Marc DeLand Terry, and myself, took a picnic load of youngsters and launched a boat, scow rather, which we had made. We knew little about calking, and the craft disappointed the eager party on the shore by proceeding to fill up and sink as soon as it was in the water. What a drooping group of boys and girls watched this failure to provide water trips for all! However, the wood of the boat being dry, it swelled almost as fast as it leaked. Before long, by bailing pretty constantly, we achieved our object and everybody pronounced the event a success. Later the boat was treated with rags and pitch and became quite seaworthy.

Of course at the beginning there was no educational center in our town. Soon however, Mr. DeLand, with little aid from others, built a schoolhouse on Indiana Avenue, and the era of carefree play for us youngsters came to an end. A teacher came to board with mother at our house, which was later called Parceland, and finally became the College Arms Hotel. Rowena Dean, from Michigan, first school-mistress, and a good instructor, loved literature. One of the most pleasing of memories was that of her reading nights, before the great fireplace of our home, with its big logs and odor of burning pitch-pine, the thrilling tale of David Copperfield. Dickens has ever since made strong appeals to me, and it still seems preferable to reread one of his masterpieces, or those of his contemporary authors, than the best of the thin and sexy novels which now disgrace the name of literature. How deplorable the apology of a Theological Seminary Dean for some of the most salacious modern books, with which no one should sully his mind, or declare that they are valuable "despite their pornographic contents." Saints alive!

EARTHQUAKE AND FOREST FIRE

We had a little of everything during the first years of DeLand, Florida. There was a small earthquake which tipped my brother and me out of bed suddenly in the middle of the night. One side of us seemed to be lifted and the other depressed. Every one of our pretty large household was soon out in the halls and yard, much alarmed and talking all at the same time. Our only loss was a Negro maid who started down the path towards Indiana Avenue on the run, and proof never came to us that she is not going still. After she left mother

ADVENTURES OF

found her bed, dresses, and other places in her room full of stolen silver and linen which she had not yet "toted" away. A big pine stump downtown in front of the schoolhouse had disappeared, and in its place was a sand-hole perhaps twenty or even thirty feet deep. As soon as their fear left them the pupils were sliding down the steep sandy sides of the opening.

A very valuable sorrel horse of our family was nearly ruined by being driven through hot ashes left where logs for a clearing had been burned. This was a small matter compared with one that proved to be dangerous to the lives of all in the little settlement. One day a report came to us that a fierce forest fire was blazing towards us from south of town. It was coming fast, and we had to get ready in a hurry. Our men knew what must be done immediately. They got out their plows and put a belt of earth furrows around the greater part of the place. Pine branches were cut, and all available buckets were filled with water and stationed where they could be quickly used to quench firebrands. Even the youngest of us were drafted to help beat out sparks and running grass fires with pine boughs, brooms and mops. A sheet of flame finally seemed to be driving towards us. When it struck a dead tree or a particularly pitchy one the blaze leaped to the top in a few seconds. As the main body of the fire drew nearer the heat became intense. Sparks and burning brands were driven by the wind to the edges of the plowed ground we were protecting, and sometimes it was necessary to follow them far back of the line and beat and stamp them out. Pails and shovels loaded with sand are almost as good as water in a fight against hot missiles such as were blown over the grass and bushes. As the contest grew more intense we used everything we had in defense of property and perhaps life. Everyone was covered with smoke and pine soot. My eyebrows and hair became badly scorched. Many of us youngsters, too venturesome, had painful burns and bruises. Just as we were about used up, old and young alike, and quite discouraged, the rain of sparks began to cease. The flames were lower and began to die down. Near-by grass-fires stopped, since they had no more fuel. Back-fires had been added to the belt of plowed land and these rolled towards the rushing conflagration and barred its progress. It was due to their interference that we were finally saved. This incident has sometimes been used as an illustration to describe

A TRAVELING PREACHER

the powers and influences which were set in motion against the world's wickedness by Jesus Christ, our Redeemer and the only hope of overcoming the many forms of evil which ravage the earth. Christianity is the greatest fire-fighting force in the moral universe. This explains the saying of Jesus, "I came to cast fire on the earth."

PART II

EDUCATION AND CALL TO PREACH

RETURNING NORTH FOR SCHOOL

In those days one could not go far with the pursuit of education, especially when it came to the higher branches, in DeLand or much of anywhere in Florida. The state was poor, and a succession of bad freezes cut down the citrus trees and vegetables. The big tourist trade and the general development of citrus properties had not yet come. Father decided to return to Central New York, taking his family to the vicinity of good schools. There followed some years of low income, a return to the South for some time and back again at an unfortunate time to get pastoral work, some unemployment when we children helped support the family, then more little salaries throughout the balance of father's fifty-two years in the ministry. He was a most unselfish man, eager to do all he could for his children, but he could not aid us at all when it came to college expenses. Therefore, and there was good in this, we had to help ourselves and to some extent our parents also. Very early in our lives work was at least a part-time duty. Anti-child labor has saved many young lives, but too rigidly applied has corrupted thousands who have become hoodlums or vicious criminals. Self-help develops one's faculties and helps build character. Mutual aid, which we learned was necessary, brought out better traits in the four children. My older sister, Gertrude M., received training in Cortland and Albany Normals and in Syracuse and New York Universities with degrees. She became a most successful and popular teacher, and closed her work after many years, as administrative assistant in the Richmond Hill High School of the New York City system where she is still remembered for very capable service. My brother, Henry S., entered business. He was for a number of years located in Philadelphia as Sales Manager for the Lester Piano Company, and he conducted an establishment of his own in Petersburg, Va., for a longer period, as he had once done in Atlanta. The youngest member of our group, Helen Grace, was of great assistance to her father during her earlier years, especially in

ADVENTURES OF A TRAVELING PREACHER

prayer meetings and social gatherings. She wrote what was taking place, and helped him to keep in touch with affairs. She married a Methodist preacher, Reverend R. K. Sheffield, and passed into the better land two or three days after bringing into the world a son who graduated at Randolph-Macon and is a prominent teacher and lay preacher in Petersburg, Virginia. As he was adopted by our sister Gertrude his name is John M. Leete. The ripe Christian character of Grace Leete Sheffield made a deep impression upon church people during the brief period of her married life. As the oldest of the children, it became my duty to leave home first. From quite an early age it was necessary to look after myself and make my own decisions as to my preparation for life and with reference to its undertakings.

A VARIETY OF HIGH SCHOOLS

Actions and reactions of students in high schools are probably much the same everywhere. Because of residence, or for economic reasons, my preparation for college was made in three institutions, Syracuse High School, Fairport, New York, High School and Homer, New York, Academy, graduating from the latter, which many years since was widely known, in 1883. Regents' examinations gave me little trouble, a few subjects being passed that had not been taken in courses, among them Civil government and Virgil's Eclogues. Syracuse High School gave excellent opportunity for the study of geology, as the work was under Doctor W. A. Brownell, a fine teacher whose life ended in tragedy. Another student named Cameron rambled with me about the hills and dales in the vicinity of Syracuse for many miles, studying the Onondaga limestone and Devonian fossils of many types. We found a trilobite so rare that Professor Brownell gave it our names, *cameroleetus selinurus*. Alas, it was later found that a single specimen was in the British Museum, so we lost the honor of discoverers. "Sketches of Creation" by Alexander Winchell, first chancellor of Syracuse University and later at Ann Arbor interested me, as did various other scientific works. My reading included much of Darwin, Huxley, Tyndale, Wallace, and their successors. Science then looked attractive as a life work, and led me to continue for most of my life to read about as much scientific as theological literature. Drawing did not appeal to me, but a teacher of this subject was annoyed when a final examination in it was passed

ADVENTURES OF

by her indifferent pupil after almost total neglect of class instruction. A very homely teacher of mathematics, really and truly plain, made me like this toilsome discipline and pass well in it, about the only time in my life. Our class in Homer Academy had just eleven boys. We became a football team and played the rest of the school, more or less successfully. Professor Peck, the Principal at Homer for many years, was a dignified and scholarly person, and he was therefore the more upset when at one of his class sessions the students, seated around three sides of the room while he sat back of his desk on the fourth side, suddenly crossed their legs with the right foot extended soles outward. The distressing fact was that each of these pedal extremities presented to the gaze of the teacher a likeness, discernible even to a nearsighted man, as that of the then widely advertised Lydia Pinkham. The study-hour ended in a burst of laughter, in which the good professor was wise enough to join, though he did not do so with the unrestrained merriment of his pupils.

CARRYING A NOZZLE AND WIELDING THE BIRCH

While residing in Homer, New York, where my father was twice pastor, a place was accorded me in the town's volunteer Fire Department as a member of Tioughnioga Hose Company No. 3. In this business the nozzle was carried by me in two large fires. One was in a two-story dwelling, on the roof of which my perch was a chilly one as the strong men who lined the sides of our rather diminutive truck pumped up to me the water to be distributed over the surface of the building. It was possible to save most of the structure. The other large conflagration, which found me still in possession of the business end of the fire-hose, was a brick building in the center of the town. The affair was so threatening that it was necessary to summon aid from Cortland, which had a city fire force. These fighters of flame came fast. My location was in the rear of the structure, directing our pitiful stream on the part of the stores we were able to reach. The Cortland men drew up with a jar in the street outside, unrolled their big hose, the engine being instantly ready for action. The hose company shot a powerful blast of water upward. Alas, the initial aim was too high. The torrent cleared the roof and took my small self amidship, striking me in the chest and covering me from head to foot with water. As it was a bitter February day, this spar-

A TRAVELING PREACHER

ling liquid immediately turned into ice, and if some of the visitors had not rushed me to a well-prepared aid station one youngster would have become a small Mt. Shasta or Fujiyama, as they were when last they were seen by me. No permanent injury resulted, however, and the fire was finally extinguished without as much loss as had been feared.

When my high school course ended it was important to make a little money towards the cost of a college course. Work for a year was found for me, on a milk-wagon as a peddler, on a farm, and in a little country school. The position as teacher was at Carpenterville, New York. Some of my pupils were mere babies, who needed nurses rather than teachers. Older sisters helped a bit with them. Other students—some did study—were several years older than their pedagogue. It became necessary to punish a hulking rascal for disturbing the peace. He proved to be a coward, or he could easily have put me back in my chair. The schoolmaster of the previous year had been pitched out of the window by some of the school's bullies, but this humiliating experience did not come to me, nor did my job end before the term expired. Not much can be said for the ability or results of my instruction of all grades up to and a bit beyond high school entrance. We lived through our time together, learned something or nothing, and my munificent salary was collected. The amount of it is not now recalled, essential as it was at the time.

SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY AND "ANCIENTS OF THE COLLEGE"

My first visit to Syracuse University was with my father, when it had but one building and was approached through the rough bars of a fence. It was still a small institution when our class of 1888 entered the old Hall of Languages. The entire enrollment, including the faculty, was not more than four or five hundred, and the growth had not made the numbers greater than six or seven hundred when we received our degrees. Even more may be said in favor of the small college than many have attested. Perhaps its chief benefit is that of close association with fellow-students and helpful proximity to the great teachers which the institution of lesser size is more apt to furnish to undergraduates than is one of large enrollment. The school was poor in our day—another advantage, frequently, as faculties of modest salaries are often composed for the most part of those

ADVENTURES OF

who are induced to join them for reasons that indicate conscientiousness rather than commercialism. The Syracuse of 1885 contained several men who continuously declined much more lucrative positions in older universities in order to sustain and help build, under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church, a Christian institution. Everyone who taught there was a church-member, a few were preachers. Most of them were connected with the denomination that founded and maintained the school. Several of the younger men went finally to other institutions—L. M. Underwood to Columbia, J. Scott Clark to Northwestern, Charles J. Little to Garrett. Nearly every one of the greatest men stayed on to the end of their years of teaching. It is hard to say which of our instructors was most valuable to the student body. Syracuse University has been exceedingly fortunate in its chancellors. My memory takes in them all except the first, Alexander Winchell, who went to Ann Arbor after a very brief term. Erastus Otis Haven also went to the University of Michigan as President, and later became a Methodist Bishop. Charles N. Sims, James Roscoe Day, Charles Wesley Flint, now a very influential Methodist bishop in Washington, William P. Graham, William P. Tolley, good men all. Our Chancellor Sims was an excellent preacher. He was also a very good money-getter for those days. If he was not a good disciplinarian or a remarkable teacher, it must be remembered that no one possesses all talents. He resumed very successful work in the pastorate in later life, and as stated elsewhere, he twice desired me to succeed him in his churches.

DYNAMIC PERSONALITIES

One of the chief inspirations in life comes from contact with people who are great in themselves, and not merely in their daily labors. We were exposed to a number of such spiritual dynamos, some of whom were truly "Ancients of the College," during the time we "reclined," to use a foreign term for it, in Syracuse University. Most impressive of all to myself and to countless others was a man who never taught me formally, except for a time in a Bible class. James B. Brooks, first Dean of the Syracuse Law College, was probably known and honored by more citizens in the town and by more students in the college than has been any other member of the faculty. There will be more about him in a later paragraph, and too

A TRAVELING PREACHER

much cannot be said of such a man. John Raymond French, Mathematician, was another stalwart. He was the disciplinarian of our day, fearless, never perturbed, always as kind and just as he was severe in dealing with disturbers and pranksters. When he looked at an evil-doer sternly and silently more was said than by any excitable pedagogue. He settled things by calm imperturbability.

Cane-rushes and similar contests, dangerous to limb or life, and containing a mob of a hundred or more heated roisterers, became suddenly lifeless and still as mice when the firm Dean suddenly appeared in the midst without gestures or words of rebuke. Once on a third floor it was my privilege to see men thrown on a stair-railing and about to be pushed or dropped a floor or two by excitement-crazed opponents freed instantly by the opening of a door and the approach of the silent, strong man of our faculty. Everybody knew that the day of judgment had come, and venomous antagonists melted away.

Our professor of modern languages, who has a name to live in scholastic circles, was of another type. Doctor George F. Comfort, proficient in his subjects, was absent-minded and without knowledge of effective teaching methods or discipline. One of his students in German, later a well-known newspaperman in Rochester, was well assured that as he had done little or no work in the subject he was almost certain to fail in coming examinations. What to do? The professor's classroom and office were on the second floor of the old Onondaga limestone Administration Building. The lad secured a key to the only outside door of the modern language suite. One afternoon when the professor was in his office, and not many people were about, the delinquent student locked the one means of egress. When he desired to leave the rooms the teacher found himself shut in, with a key in the outside of the lock. He did not wish his plight to be discovered, and when he saw a member of his class loitering near the building, he called softly to him. "What is the matter, Doctor?" asked the innocent-looking (fact!) culprit. "Some miscreant has locked me in," was the reply. "I will be much obliged to you if you will come up and let me out." A few friends in the secret, myself included, were not surprised at the denouement. When the test came the "miscreant" passed his examination remarkably well.

"Johnny," John J. Brown, was a great chemist and inventor and

ADVENTURES OF

a poor teacher of chemistry. You could get it if you would, but you were not compelled to do so. It was falsely asserted, as I recall, that he passed his pupils by weighing the pencil marks on their examination papers. His jokes—the same ones—came each year in due course, and at the same places. They were anticipated, and were greeted with hilarity, but with no thought of disrespect. For here was the most scientific teacher of the institution, an inventor of note, who would not patent his work, and who had refused the most tempting offers to go elsewhere. Had he left us, we would have sincerely missed his prayers in chapel, which almost or quite invariably closed with the petition that we might all finally come into “the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven.” I have no doubt that there were some of the more audacious students who would have been glad to applaud that oft-repeated sentiment, but they merely smiled to one another covertly, knowing that they were under the watchful eye of Dean French. Doctor Brown was far more than a scientist and scholar—he was a man, a Christian and a friend. He often looked up his students privately, and many a rather wayward youth, when the broad, fatherly face of the big professor looked down at him, and he asked, “How are you getting on?” made him a full confession, received his counsel and blessing, and became a better man. Not a few who reached honorable and useful stations in life looked back to acquaintance with “Johnny” as a saving and molding influence.

The time came when Frank Smalley, to whom later reference will also be made, almost *was* Syracuse University. He had known all the classes and all the professors from the beginning. He had taught what we referred to tenderly as Latin “bjambs” and Roman history to vast numbers. He was prominent in all alumni affairs, and when he became and remained for years the administrative Dean he was the custodian of the history and records of all Syracusans. He deserves to be regarded as one of the most inspiring of teachers.

Wellesley Perry Coddington was one of the preachers on our faculty, and was an effective teacher of Greek and of Janet’s “Moral Philosophy.” He used a system of mnemonics in giving out Greek lessons and began his courses by prescribing a staggering amount of work. This threw the “fear of flunking” into the minds of the careless and indifferent. Only one man in our class, Henry O. Sibley,

A TRAVELING PREACHER

much older than the rest of us and later Librarian of the college, mastered the first assignment given us, and he declared that it took sixty hours to do this.

We had other teachers of note. Charles J. Little was probably the greatest orator we ever had, but occasionally, like all other notables of pulpit and platform, he could fall down. He used exceptional and sometimes awkward gestures. On one occasion when, after lauding the speaker to the skies, a friend was persuaded by me to go to hear him, he produced little save the gestures to make the event memorable. It was once my privilege to be present when he addressed a state-wide meeting in Albany, where he followed distinguished New York City speakers. Those who listened to these men became pretty well wilted, but Doctor Little had spoken but a few minutes when the great audience began to be thrilled. As he continued he swayed the multitude with a veritable tempest of thought, reason and emotion. J. Scott Clark, master of instruction in English, made many his debtors by his warnings against "fine writing and speech" and by his insistence upon an orderly and cumulative plan in the development of a theme.

Our erudite and dignified professors! How well remembered, some for idiosyncrasies, but others because of their power to awaken the mind, inspire to high ideals and to mold character. Associations with part of them came to me twice, when under their instruction and when, some years later, they were under my pastoral care. All departed now! No, all living still, in the memories and life-work of some whom they did not teach in vain. Nothing good is lost. Skilled and faithful instruction has many survivals and outcomes.

After graduation at Syracuse, having been brought up on theology under a masterly father, it seemed to me best to take post-graduate work under specialists in various places rather than to attend Theological Seminary. This decision has not been seriously regretted. Hebrew was studied under a Jewish rabbi. Greek had been ground into me in undergraduate work by Doctor Coddington, but I continued it for years, using excellent textbooks. German was taken by means of the instruction of an Evangelical preacher. The lectures of Professor William H. Mace in American History were very inspiring, as were those of Professor A. C. Flick in the History of the Church. One of the most logical and impressive teachers whose work I enjoyed was

ADVENTURES OF

Doctor Ismar J. Peritz, whose Semitics courses and that in New Testament, with special attention to the Greek text, were thorough and illuminating. These men were friends, and more could be drawn from their resources of learning and experience because of the familiar ways in which they were sought and used in my search for intellectual and personal development. Nearly all my life much time has been given to reading science, with some attendance at scientific meetings, including those of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. It was because of this that my name was proposed for membership in this body, with which my connection has continued for many years. My membership in The National Institute of Social Science was due to the recommendation of the distinguished chemist and medalist, Doctor Thomas H. Norton. An invitation came at about the same time, and was accepted, to become a Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts, London, in the same class as Charles E. Hughes.

COLLEGE LIFE IN THE EIGHTIES

Since ours was a coeducational school a modicum of manners was cultivated. A member of the faculty who had come from a men's institution, made the mistake of telling a student who stumbled in a recitation that a college could furnish an education, but not brains. The response of the class was so sudden and unanimous that the error of the instructor was never repeated. Our classes and fraternities enjoyed social functions of a nature that would seem very simple today. We had athletics, track, baseball and inter-class, but not Varsity football. That was the day of the New York State Intercollegiate Baseball League. Among other teams were Cornell, Union, Hamilton and Columbia. A game which was long remembered was a beating our team took in Ithaca. Cornell officials had hired as umpire a man said to have been a downtown saloon-keeper. He gave the other side seven runs on decisions. The affair was so outrageous that the crowd, mostly Cornellians, booed and jeered their own team. After the game the umpire was spirited away before one or two of our muscular players with blood in their eyes could get at him.

The eighties and nineties were a period quite notable for college humor. One of the neatest events of student comedy took place in the Syracuse chapel. Two bright young men, in later life engaged

A TRAVELING PREACHER

in serious and worthy pursuits, one a teacher and the other a preacher, rigged a mechanical device by which a cartoon could be suddenly suspended over the platform reading-desk. They collaborated with someone in fine arts for the production of an excellent full-length likeness of the Chancellor of the University. The great man had his right foot on the back of a freshman, the broader portion of whose anatomy was presented to the student body and to many of the faculty. The class number of the prostrate person was painted in large figures upon the wide expanse, and his terror-stricken face was turned sidewise and upward towards the form that pinioned him so firmly. This large picture came to its conspicuous position, silently poised just above the head of the President himself, as he closed the morning prayer. It greeted the opening eyes, if indeed they were shut, of the hundreds of observers present, and the caricature caused a most surprising sudden general burst of laughter. The Chancellor stood in amazement before his fellow-worshippers. He alone could not see or imagine what had happened. The excellent drawing and its soundless entry convulsed everyone. Even the impassive, stern face of the mathematical Dean was working a bit, and I am sure I caught a gleam of merriment in his eyes, quickly controlled of course. Those were the days of compulsory chapel attendance, but this affair was no protest against religious exercises. Indeed they were not unpopular, and while the services were sometimes dry and lifeless they were often interesting. On the whole they were perhaps as valuable a part of our instruction as were many of the classes and lectures. The fate of the work of art which was exhibited on the occasion described has not been revealed. The President made a bad mistake. He should have laughed off the incident, and it would have been good sportsmanship to do so. Unfortunately his temper was aroused and he threatened punishment to the guilty but popular performers of this feat. Many hearings before inquisitors failed however to disclose their identities.

The most thrilling college prank connected with Syracuse University during my years there was the burning of the "gym." This was before the school had secured a respectable gymnasium, and the affair was a protest against lack of athletic opportunities and an appeal that something be done about it. Our alleged "gym" was really a large dilapidated barn of ancient origin. Dean Comfort kept an aged

ADVENTURES OF

white horse there at one time. Athletically ambitious students finally took over the old place and bought some equipment for training in connection with track and other activities. The setup became intolerable, however, and as no betterment seemed to be planned by the trustees, certain "lewd fellows of the baser sort," as they were described, but were not, decided to get rid of the old shambles and make it necessary for the University to provide for athletics. It would have been as feasible, but less interesting, to have the bonfire in the daytime, but night was chosen. Members of two college classes were involved, one group to guard approaches while the other did the noble work. The actual firing was done by an upperclassman of sporting proclivities. His name and fame, however, were never revealed, except to a chosen few. Someway, news of what was to happen had spread through the student body. Both men and women, and a few professors were also in the know, as they were seen on the rim of the crowd before anything had occurred. A tiny flame of fire was soon seen in the heart of the old, dry structure. It spread rapidly, and in a little while there was a blaze which was rather more brilliant and spectacular than its creators had bargained for. The antiquated "gym" was just behind the Hall of Languages and not far away. As both buildings were on the crown of the college hill and as below them were far less hindrances to vision than is the case today, the light of the fire as it shone through the college windows looked to people in the city as if the great central pile of the University was burning down. Alarms were turned in to the fire department and immediately nearly if not all the apparatus at its disposal raced up the avenues at top speed, preparing to put up a desperate fight to preserve the institution, which was the pride and hope of Syracuse. When the officials discovered that the actual blaze was confined to a decrepit and almost worthless structure relief was changed to anger and to language almost as hot as the fire. The whole affair was most deplorable, of course, and long and detailed was the official examination of those suspected of being involved in so serious a breach of the peace of gown and town. The perpetrators were never discovered, and, of course, could not be punished. However, out of all the agitation, later came a real gymnasium and athletic field.

The young men and women of my college days knew little or nothing of intemperance or social vices. Most of them proposed to be

A TRAVELING PREACHER

Christians and were church members, not a few of them being connected with local churches. A Directory of University Avenue Church for 1885, sent me recently by Mrs. Deborah Coe Magruder of Syracuse, contains the names of Mrs. Leete, her sister Mary and her mother, Mrs. Sarah H. Fuller. My own name is also in the list as well as those of George H. Maxwell, W. G. Atwell, Mary F. Call and other fellow students and of J. H. Coe, M.D., father of Mrs. Magruder, and his family. The pastor was the able and genial friend of the Coe family and of myself, the Reverend Carlton C. Wilbor, Ph.D., a most effective preacher and friendly administrator. This church is also, as will be stated later, one which it was my good fortune later to have as a delightful pastorate.

Returning to the ethical condition in the college life of our days, it was doubtless true that a few wild spirits sometimes tasted liquor, but there were no drinking parties, and very few undergraduates and practically no faculty members ever touched intoxicants. The same was true of other questionable and immoral practices. It is a common but not very intelligent habit to assert that the restrictions and moral taboos of the small colleges, and of the Church schools especially, are insincere and lead to hypocrisy and later indulgence. A good reply is to appeal to the records. The graduates of these institutions have averaged remarkably well, both for character and achievement. Many of them have become outstanding citizens and leaders in all useful activities. Moreover the contributions made by them to the scholarship, moral standards and idealism of state and private institutions have been highly praised by leaders of the foremost universities.

FRIENDS AND FRIENDSHIPS

The following quatrain came to my attention and memory many years since:

"Wherever in this world I am,
In whatso'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate."

I have always craved friends and am grateful that so many of them have come with the years. It is doubtful if there is any better place in which to form lasting and valuable associations and ties than during

ADVENTURES OF

days in school and college. Those whom we knew in halcyon youth never really grow old to us. We remember them as they were, and not merely as they are. We may not meet them for years, but introductions are unnecessary, and conversation is renewed on the former basis. On the diner of a Florida East Coast train a man rose suddenly from a seat at the other end of the car and almost ran towards me, calling out my college nickname as he came. We had not met for twenty-five years. Frank Marion and I sat down together as two young fellows chatting about our associates and doings. Separation had not destroyed or even dimmed our relationship. Frank made a fortune in business ventures, and became one of the benefactors of the University.

There can be no doubt that our success in various efforts and our careers as a whole are more affected than we know by the influence of long-time acquaintances and of those who have observed us, even from a distance, for many years. Their opinions and deeds enter into our thinking and conduct. Their favorable attitude to our affairs is often a determining factor in the outcome of our labor. A good word from old associates has meant cooperation from others or advancement in the calling and service to which we are committed. This has been true with me, and whatever has been accomplished by me has been due in great part to the favorable judgment, if not actual assistance of influential friends.

One cannot record in a writing of this nature the full list of even the closest comrades of his youth. It would require all of a large volume to name and adequately characterize them. A few of those whom I knew and loved in the long ago, and by whose careers many profited, were not long with us. Dear Jack (John D.) Keefe, a city missionary in New England, was one of these. It became my sad privilege to say the last words beside his open grave, where more recent associates told me an interesting story of his redeeming power over fallen natures. He was *sans reproche* in the opinion of us all. William L. Wallace pledged me for my fraternity. He established and directed a hospital in Syracuse, and he performed a most difficult operation when my companion was in distress. Dr. Wallace said to me, "I waked in the night and asked myself, Can that thing leak? No, I sewed it twice around." Then he added, "If anything wrong happened to your wife I could never forgive myself." Frederick T. Keeney I helped initiate



SOME CLASS AND FRATERNITY FRIENDS AND ASSOCIATES OF THE AUTHOR

Top row: Bishop Frederick T. Keeney; Charles E. Hamilton, pastor and President, Cazenovia Seminary; Bishop Wallace E. Brown. *Second row:* George Holmes Maxwell; Justice Ernest I. Edgecomb; Hon. Levi Snell Chapman; Henry Dana Fearon. *Bottom row:* Noble E. Whitford; Howard L. Rixon; Bishop Ernest Lynn Waldorf.

A TRAVELING PREACHER

into our college fraternity. We were fellow pastors with no thought of jealousy. When votes were coming to me for ecclesiastical office he, a little older and more widely known, put his arm through mine and said, "Old fellow, we are going to put you over." His strong heart made his ministry as pastor, District Superintendent, promoter of benevolences and Bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church a delight to the men of his day. Bishop Wallace E. Brown, a bit younger, was another associate of boyhood and of the years, whose consistent Christian character is well remembered and whose advancement and service we elders encouraged, rejoicing in his achievements. Ernest I. Edgecomb, of my class and group in college, was loyal to school and Church and to his college and fraternity mates. His successful career at the bar and his excellent record as a Supreme Court Justice of the State of New York are among the best Syracuse traditions.

How many names of other loyal fellow-students and associates spring to the tip of one's pen. I must deny myself and mention two of the classmates with whom I have had long and intimate association, George Holmes Maxwell and Levi Snell Chapman. Maxwell made a great fortune in patent law and by the inventions and patent-rights he came to possess. He established the Maxwell Benevolences Fund, of which and of its successor, the North American Holding Corporation, non-profit philanthropies, I have been for many years one of the directors, filing the income tax reports in my places of residence, Atlanta, Indianapolis and Omaha, until this act was no longer required. Levi Snell Chapman, once in the New York State legislature and an attorney of note, was able to save Mr. Maxwell's wealth when he passed away during the depression. Recent very bad investments had to be handled, with the Government and four states asking for taxes so unreasonable that, if not resisted, they would have wiped out the entire estate. Mr. Chapman insisted on the law and the rule of reason. The result was that the School of Citizenship which Mr. Maxwell founded at Syracuse was magnificently housed and sustained, and in addition Syracuse University has profited, and stands to gain more, to the extent of some five million dollars. The North American Holding Corporation, as the Maxwell foundation came to be chartered, has advocated a most valuable ideal for education, namely, intelligent, consecrated Christian citizenship. Mr. Maxwell's other benefactions were connected with Latin-American Missions in South-

ADVENTURES OF

ern California, with Boston University, Clifton Springs Sanitarium, the building of churches, and among other donations a hundred thousand dollars for the pensioning of retired Methodist preachers. Most of these gifts have been guided by the wisdom of Mr. Chapman and of the other directors of North American. Included in this list are Doctor Merle H. Smith, Alfred H. Avery and Frederick M. Davenport. My part in all this business has been mainly to make occasional suggestions and to share in the inspiration and delight of associations formed and of the results of the generosity of an idealistic man.

AMONG STUDENT REFORMERS

My father was an open and vocal foe of the liquor traffic. All through his ministry he denounced the sale of intoxicants as ruinous to humanity. He opposed licenses, aided in restrictions and punishments for saloon illegalities, and made temperance addresses widely. Two or three times his life seemed endangered by these activities. His example was well worthy of emulation.

My college days found me engaged in almost every practice and occupation known to students, including participation in several pranks, not too reprehensible. The varsity baseball club kept me, though a rather poor player, on its active list for three seasons. The Christian Association took a bit of my attention. Perhaps that, or preventive wisdom, induced the faculty to name me as a member of a student government which was set up and tried experimentally for a time. When it seemed to the students that the group was really appointed to catch evil-doers for the faculty to punish the plan had to be abandoned.

One undertaking during my undergraduate course gave me peculiar satisfaction. This was my part in the organization and management of the first Intercollegiate New York State Prohibition Convention, held in Syracuse, May 26 and 27, 1887. Mr. D. Leigh Colvin of the State Prohibition organization and the Syracuse University Prohibition Club approved a call which was sent to the colleges of the state to send delegates from their student temperance bodies. One of the youngest assistant members of the faculty, Professor F. A. Cook, another undergraduate, C. W. Herman, and I assumed financial management and entire responsibility. We hardly had a hundred dollars between us, but we could use Music Hall in the Young Men's

A TRAVELING PREACHER

Christian Association Building, and we hired the Weiting, the best Opera House, for the larger assemblies. We printed handbills, which for lack of funds we had to distribute through the business section ourselves. The bills were not universally popular, as in those days some merchants were very much opposed to temperance agitation. One man, when he picked up the circular from his counter and saw the heading, started threateningly after the distributor. It seemed to me to be desirable to beat him to the door, which was done expeditiously. As with the colored brother, it was not so much going anywhere as coming from some place.

We three paupers employed talent:—Rollo Kirk Bryon, chalk-talker from Lansing, Walter Thomas Mills of Wooster, Ohio, Dr. W. H. Boole of New York and as a crowning feature, Governor John P. St. John of Kansas. The printed program, a copy of which is still in my possession, shows that C. W. Herman and myself were the Syracuse participants. We had plenty of attention from the newspapers of the state, and especially of our own city. A dozen colleges were represented, Cornell, Cortland Normal, Hamilton, Starkey, Union, Columbia and others. Audiences were large, a very great one to hear the Governor. We conspirators would have been "three men in a boat," or more likely in "hock," had the collections been niggardly, which they were not. We were able to pay our speakers handsomely, and to meet every account in full. The meeting more than met our highest expectations, and it made a profound impression, locally and through the state.

THE CHIEF SUCCESS OF MY COLLEGE CAREER

The most remarkable and gratifying achievement of my undergraduate activity has been reserved to the close of the account of this period of my years, namely, seeking a companion for the journey of life. This best of the courses offered in old Syracuse was not at all neglected by me.

We have it on the authority of one of the most noted American institutions of learning that study should be included in the curriculum. Still one may pore over books to some degree and then be like a midwestern lad in an institution in whose interests it was once my privilege to serve. He was asked by an examiner, "Do you know why I flunked you?" "I can't think," was the reply. "Correct," said the

ADVENTURES OF

professor. A coeducational school is a good place to learn to think, and to excellent purpose. Some years after leaving college an unmarried classmate of mine found himself in a commonplace environment. "Look around here," he said, "What one of the girls in this town would I want to marry? When we were in Syracuse there were plenty of fine women. Possibly I might have induced one of them to share my lot. I missed my opportunity."

Coeducational schools are notable for the forming of life-partnerships, begun under their permissive if not fostering influence. My own observation has been that such institutions, especially the smaller ones, bring together men and women of similar backgrounds, personal experiences and ideas of life. Alliances formed between them are likely to hold together more happily than are those of people from unlike spheres of relationship and environment. My own particular case is typical of vast numbers of those who have made permanent acquaintances in college halls. Jeanette Gertrude Fuller first granted me in 1885 the pleasure of becoming acquainted with her. We were then living within a few rods of each other near the corner of Crouse Avenue and Fayette Street in Syracuse and were freshmen in the institution. Ours was a long courtship, lasting nearly six years. We had some college debts which we thought should be discharged before our marriage. After the first debts were paid, the practice of economy led us to make no more of them.

The comrade of my years and myself are both children of ministerial households, tho' Mrs. Leete's father was taken away when she was very young. Rev. Spencer Riland Fuller was descended from Edward Fuller of the *Mayflower* and from soldiers of the American Revolution.* He graduated from Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, and became pastor of prominent Methodist churches, among them the First Churches of Syracuse and Rome, New York, and of Arsenal Street, Watertown, where he passed away. He was once President of Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, Lima, New York. His daughter Jeanette was born in the institution May 20, 1868. The preceptress at that time was Miss Frances Willard, who later became famous in temperance work. Mr. Fuller was a member of the Christian Commission during the War between the States. My Autograph Collection contains his journal of work done at the front. Mrs. Leete's

* See Appendix A.



THE FULLER — FEARON FAMILIES

Top row: Charles Spencer Fuller; Mary Fuller Fearon; Jeanette Fuller Leete. *Center:* The Reverend Spencer Riland Fuller; Mrs. Sarah Horr Fuller. *Below, center:* Henry D. Fearon. See also Syracuse fraternity page. *Right:* the Fearon children; from right to left, Spencer, Gladys, Carol, Robert, Charles, Henry. *Left lower:* Christmas at Oneida, 1951: extreme left, Mrs. Fearon; Doris — Mrs. Charles; Gladys, Charles, Ruby — Mrs. R. H., Robert H.; below, Calvin, Janet, Patricia; extreme top, Robert, Jr.

A TRAVELING PREACHER

mother was also from old American stock, the Horrs, of New York, Massachusetts and Michigan. Mrs. Fuller, left with slender means, reared and sent to Syracuse University her three children. Charles Spencer Fuller was a successful business man who retired and lives in Altadena, California. Mary Fuller married Henry Dana Fearon, a Syracuse classmate, for many years President of Oneida Valley National Bank, Oneida, New York, and at one time President of the School Boards of the State of New York. There were one daughter and five sons. Gladys Fearon, a very attractive and accomplished teacher, has long been connected with the White Plains, New York, High School. Spencer F., a business man, passed away in rather early life. Robert Henry and Charles Fuller Fearon succeeded their father as the leading officers of the bank in Oneida, with a branch now in Hamilton. Carroll Dana is at the head of a Schraft Store in New York City, and Lt. Commander Henry Dana Fearon is a well-known heart specialist in Brooklyn, N. Y. Mrs. Fuller lived most agreeably and helpfully in our home from a few months after our union until she passed away in Atlanta, Georgia, in 1913.

My partner is a member of Gamma Phi Beta, Phi Beta Kappa and Pi Gamma Mu. She was the first bishop's wife elected to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which was done against her protest, and she was for some time a Vice President and member of the National Board of the Woman's Home Missionary Society. As a pastor's wife and teacher of women in Sunday school she was much beloved, and no criticism of her deeds or words ever embarrassed in any way the ministry of her husband, into which she fully entered with intelligent and conscientious devotion. She has been a splendid mother to her three children, two daughters and one son, and the greatest of favorites with her nine grandchildren, five boys and four girls. Even some of our great-grands have begun to ask after their senior "Gram-mudder."

During our married life we have had sickness, accidents, some losses and other trials, including the passing of our parents and of our older daughter. God has led us onward through clouds and sunshine in the path of Christian love and devotion. It was our frequent saying that if we never had a first quarrel there would be no second one. There have been no misunderstandings, and of course therefore no disputes or unkind words, during over sixty years together. We have

ADVENTURES OF

always believed that marriages of the right kind are made in heaven, and that they will have complete consummation and eternal felicity there. Long since I adopted as my own the tribute I once heard given to his companion at a session of Troy Conference by one of its superannuates, "I count this very wife of mine the best of all that's not divine."

ADVENTURES WITH BAPTIST LAYMEN

It has been given to me to know quite intimately members of the Baptist denomination—Hon. L. E. Worden, Hoosick Falls, New York, State Senator and first president of the Hoosick Falls "Y" during my secretaryship there; Professor J. H. Gilmore of Rochester University, author of the famous hymn, "He Leadeth Me," and his son, both members of my own college fraternity and the latter for forty years a missionary in Burma; Professor Walter Rauschenbusch, noted pioneer in social, rather than socialistic, reforms; Hon. Levi S. Chapman, elsewhere mentioned, a creative influence in the Syracuse "Y," the First Baptist Church and the University; Doctor W. W. Keen, author of Keen's Surgery, and many others. Among my Baptist uncles were Hon. Henry Addison DeLand, founder of DeLand, Florida, and of Stetson University, Rev. Joel Levi DeLand, for about half a century a Baptist preacher and State Secretary of Michigan, who on passing away left a request that I conduct his funeral and Judge Daniel B. DeLand, manufacturer of Fairport, New York. These men were all devout, practicing Baptists, as was my grandfather, Sergeant Levi DeLand, of the War of 1812. All the churches have made changes since the time when my partner and I were passed by when communion was celebrated in a large Baptist church. The wife of the preacher was a cousin of mine, and we were seated with her in the pastor's pew. Nevertheless we were omitted when all others about us were served. Selah and Amen! My good Uncle Henry once said in a Methodist prayer service under my leadership, "I hardly know whether I am a Baptist or a Methodist." He knew, however, when he was again outside. He and Uncle Daniel were rock-ribbed Baptists and partners in successful manufacturing, but H.A. was an unyielding Republican and D.B. an unterrified Democrat. They had great homes on opposite sides of Fairport, and were much involved in the Hayes-Tilden election. On the night when it seemed that Til-

A TRAVELING PREACHER

den was President of the United States Uncle Daniel lighted a big bonfire. When it was later declared that Hayes was elected after all the fire was on the other side of town, set off by Uncle Henry. There was no evidence that the two men were made personally unfriendly by their political differences. Their religion and business were bonds that united them with stronger ties than those of political party loyalties.

CALLED TO PREACH

My call to preach the Gospel was brought to me by Baptist laymen. It has been intimated that my father was unable to assist his children to obtain college education. Summers were work times for me, when trips to the country for my health were no longer necessary. My experience as a hired hand on a farm in the David Harum neighborhood of a deacon who knew how to get the worth of his money stands out in my memory as a period of oppression. There was a son of the proprietor to do all the easy jobs and a grandfather to watch me constantly. Then came life in the home of a milk distributor, where one went to bed only to be rolled out again, still nearly asleep, at three to four A.M. to carry on with a long milk route. Bookselling was tried and some Grant's Memoirs were disposed of. It became necessary during my college career to borrow money. The lenders were surprised, doubtless, when they received all of it back in due course. With the end of the junior year funds were wholly lacking, with no prospects. I had done some work in the college Christian Association and in some way my name had come to Mr. George A. Hall, State Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association. Just when I was about to return to the students' *dernier ressort*, book agenting, Mr. Hall looked me up and asked me to become the first secretary of a newly organized association at Hoosick Falls, New York. The Walter A. Wood Mowing and Reaping Machine Company was employing twenty-two hundred men in that place, and some of its officers, led by Treasurer Hial Parsons and various members of the churches wished Christian work for men and boys instituted in the city. The offer was accepted, and Hoosick Falls became my field of labor for a year and a half, my small salary partly supporting the household of my father, then out of work for about a year.

One summer Thursday night, while attending prayer-meeting at

ADVENTURES OF

the Methodist Church, a summons came to me to go to the vestibule to meet some visitors. Two Baptist laymen were there, somewhat known to me. They had discovered that for once all the preachers in town were away on vacation at the same time. They had come to tell me this, and to ask me to preach the next Sunday, morning and evening, to a union congregation at the Baptist Church. This was my call to preach. The men seemed to take it for granted that my response to the emergency would be favorable. They had come to a preacher's son, engaged in Christian work. What could be done? Could this considerable town be allowed to go without Protestant service on the Lord's Day? No one was at all likely to be found to fill the pulpit if the Secretary of the Association would not do so. So! After some thinking, while they talked to each other, my consent was given. In view of the outcome of this decision it might appropriately have been said, "The Lord is in this place, and I knew it not."

ESSAYING THE PULPIT

That is exactly what was done. An essay was composed, indeed two of them. Sermons had been preached in my hearing all my life—good ones, mainly from the lips of my father, but there was no thought on my part to become a preacher, and little attention had been given to the technique of pulpit discourses. Now this! There were two days to prepare, besides doing my regular work. It was necessary to get busy, deciding on texts and writing what would perhaps seem to be sermons. Sunday came. The church was packed, even to the space within the altar-rail. My knees seemed like a pair of clappers as the steps to the preacher's chair were ascended. The introductory service, with its printed directions, was not so hard. One could manage that.

My first text as a preacher was an instance of entirely unconscious humor. It is found in the Book of the Prophet Isaiah, 42: 16, "I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not." The chief illustration of this passage was the speaker. What a comfort to a young preacher is the rest of the verse, "I will lead them in paths they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." Marvelously indeed during sixty-five years of ministry have these generous promises been fulfilled.

My essay of that Sunday morning proved to be entirely too short

A TRAVELING PREACHER

for the time to be occupied. My pace as a reader was in early life very rapid. We went through the opening and responsive services, after which my manuscript lasted perhaps twelve minutes. The clock was in full view, and as the paper gave out it appeared that something more would have to be done. It seemed necessary to walk out from behind the pulpit and begin to preach, since three quarters of an hour remained before Sunday-school time. Thirty minutes passed before the final hymn was announced. I have no idea what was said, and it is probable that no one else has any recollection of it, but the crowd stayed by, and there was another large audience at night. An invitation came to me to preach in a near-by town the next Sunday and on succeeding Sundays in other places, and the opportunity has kept coming ever since. From the first the use of manuscript did not seem to be my appropriate method, and reading in the pulpit has been practiced by me throughout my ministry only on a few special occasions. During the first ten or twenty years my sermons were usually written in full. A sketch was then made, which was memorized, together with a few quotations. Sermon and sketch were kept at home, or were in my pocket when speaking. Writing out my discourses improved their diction. The preparation of a sketch, before or after the sermon itself, gave directness to my thinking, tended towards completeness in the presentation of the theme and helped to make the discussion cumulative towards its end. While my preaching cannot be offered as a model for others it seems to me that the method used has both pedagogical and evangelistic value. Preaching for admiration or reputation never seemed to me to be worth while. My desire was to obtain definite results in the acceptance of Christ and in Christian living. Therefore, after sermons were carefully prepared, it was possible to feel free, under the general guidance of the sketch, to talk to the people, adding or omitting material as impressions came at the time. It has often seemed that parts of my sayings were breathed up to me from the congregation. On some occasions, when something which had never occurred to me before came suddenly into my mind and almost spoke itself, it has not seemed too presumptuous to think that it was given me by One who has been sent to guide us into all truth—the Holy Spirit of God. When one was led to give himself to Christ it has been certain that the power that achieved this end was not of myself, but was of divine origin and effectiveness. A single ex-

ADVENTURES OF

perience of this kind is to be preferred to preaching a hundred sermons that someone pronounces profound or eloquent.

A "CALLED" MINISTRY

It is my belief that Christian ministry is a "calling," not a mere chosen profession. My own choice was not to become a preacher. This decision was quite definite throughout my school-days and until my college course was nearly concluded. Much respect was given by me, not to "the cloth," but to the right type of Christian minister. How could this be otherwise on the part of one who had a preacher father like mine? After his breakdown at the close of the "great revival" in Penn Yan, a man of only forty, abroad for a year of health-seeking, alone in London, he wrote in his diary from which I am now reading "December 1874, 1st, By His grace, and in humble dependence thereon, this day at the feet of Jesus I consecrate my future to His undivided service." This vow he kept when he returned from Europe and Palestine with his physical strength restored, but his hearing permanently gone. During my formative years, as it has been stated elsewhere, he went from one weak church to another, dealing sometimes with small-minded and mean people in the church as well as with rude and wicked men outside. He was not one to despair over his lot, nor did he often refer to the disability which made his "grade" of assignments so low. He did use his breakdown as a basis for an occasional warning to me. From Jamesville, New York, April 20, 1908, he wrote "We were glad of your letter, and to know you are all so well, but a bit sorry you have to work so hard. Don't stretch the bow till it cracks and is useless. Thirty years is a long time to be deaf, blind or prostrated from any cause. It can be managed to some extent, but it is no fun." Of course, in almost every appointment he served, some good Christian spirits surrounded and sustained this man of kind face and honest heart, but the tasks were hard and disappointing until there was a revival of religion, which at length occurred in nearly every pastoral charge. Then things were better, but all the time my mother, whose family were well-to-do, who had been an independent teacher, and who was trained to know the good things of life, was compelled to try to make little, cheap houses look respectable and to feed and clothe her family on scant resources, sometimes almost at the vanishing point. We never starved, but we

A TRAVELING PREACHER

knew well that mother had to deny herself many needed comforts and her children the goods and pleasures she craved for them. Hardship is not bad training for the young, if it is not too hard and long, but it is not easy on refined women, nor does it tend to make a growing boy eager to select the same experiences for himself and whatever household he might have. Therefore the ministry was not my choice; it chose me.

It has always been my belief that the two laymen who came to the prayer-meeting to get me to supply the vacancy made by the absence of the pastors were directed to do so. Preaching and getting the "feel" of it brought the conviction that this was my task and field of usefulness. Conversations with many friends in the ministry have confirmed the belief that by diverse ingenious methods through different *media* God calls his servants. Some do not heed the summons. Some decide to be preachers who have never had a religious awakening and have not been born from above, and of course, they are not divinely chosen to represent Christ. It was always my intention to serve the Lord. That is the reason for my bit of Christian work in father's churches and in college. It was one cause of my acceptance of the invitation to become an Association secretary. When made aware of my duty, other ambitions were laid aside, the struggles of my father's career were ignored, and the business accepted as mine was undertaken vigorously. When the choice of my life work was made known to the young girl who had agreed to become the partner of my affairs, she indicated ready acceptance of the situation, and through the years she became and remained my best hearer and helper, to be relied upon and to be proud of in all associations and relationships.

My father never advised me to become a preacher. He was very much pleased when he learned of my first efforts in the pulpit and of my decision which came quickly afterward. Then he told me what he had never so much as hinted, that before my birth, he had covenanted with God, that if I were a son he would give me to Him, if possible, for His service in the Christian ministry. He had long been praying that my mind would be led in this direction. Without saying anything to me about it, he had sought to bring me into contact with men who might influence me towards their calling. He took me to camp meetings, evangelistic services and Conferences. We had splendid visitors in our home occasionally. These experiences uncon-

ADVENTURES OF

sciously impressed me with the idea that it was good to give one's life to Christ and to His redemptive and inspiring mission among men. Here follow a few words which closed a letter which I received from my great-hearted father during the final days of my life decision.

*if you
enter the ministry, give yourself wholly
to God, & to the work of winning souls.
May God bless you & order your
choice to his own glory. I am very
tired now, & must close.
With deep, earnest love,
Your Father,
Mr. S. Leete.*

My first experience in camp-meetings, above mentioned, was at Haven Grove, near Onondaga Lake, New York. During my earlier ministry I went to Trenton Falls Camp and later to camp-meetings in Illinois, Minnesota, and Wisconsin. The first century of American Methodism profited greatly by the assembling of throngs of people in forest and wilderness who spent some days at times in tents or rude arbors. Later permanent buildings were erected which for a time did not formalize the meetings held. Ardent preaching and impressive and fruitful evangelistic appeals were made to multitudes, many of whom came long distances and lived in much discomfort while they remained at the center where numerous preachers sought to teach them the way of life. This work, regarded even as an educational and civilizing agency, was of very great value to pioneer peoples and primitive settlements. When the camps took on permanent features and became to a great degree recreational, much of their spiritual force was dissipated. They gradually disappeared or became summer resorts, often of a wholesome moral and religious tone. Ocean Grove, New Jersey, and Bay View, in northern Michigan, are types of the modern survivals of what was once a forceful, powerful, and characteristic Methodist movement.

Surviving camp-meetings preserving some of the old-time methods,

A TRAVELING PREACHER

which I have attended and in which it was my good fortune to assist in preaching and in altar work, were held in Brillion, Wisconsin, and in Red Rock, Minnesota. At the later place, on Medicine Lake, about eight miles from St. Paul, Doctor George G. Valentyne and able assistants conducted for years earnest efforts to make converts to Christ and to bring as many of the church-members as possible into the experience of Christian holiness after the early Methodist conception of such an attainment. There can be no doubt that the Red Rock meetings accomplished many gracious results in the lives of preachers, as well as of people of the State generally. The last of several visits made by me to Red Rock was made memorable by the singing of a Negro male quartet from Cleveland, and especially by a farewell song which they gave for me personally. They were splendid singers, the bass performer, the one Methodist in the group, particularly. The selection they rendered in my honor was most grateful to me because of my visits in Palestine and Jerusalem. I can still hear and feel the nostalgic strains of the chorus as it was so harmoniously rendered by men whom I will probably not see again in this world, but whom I hope to see in Paradise.

"I will meet you in the morning,
I will meet you in the morning,
I will greet you in the morning,
Just within the Eastern gate."

PART III

A PASTOR'S EXPERIENCES

THAT SPLENDID PRIVILEGE—THE PASTORATE

My pastorates, five in all, every one on the lines of the New York Central rail system, but in four Conferences of Methodism, came to me mainly through nominations of personal friends, the churches requesting them and the general officials making necessary arrangements. During my early months as an Association secretary in Hoosick Falls, New York, a fraternity mate of mine who was pastor of Dryer Memorial Church, Utica, urged me to take over his work so that he could go to a theological seminary. The Quarterly Conference of Hoosick Falls Church, Doctor C. W. Rowley, pastor, had licensed me as a local preacher. My decision was to remain with the Association, but when the request was renewed a year later it was accepted. The Northern New York Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, soon after my entrance to its territory, made me one of its members.

Dryer Memorial, to which I was appointed in 1888, had then a little wooden church across from the Globe Woolen Mills in West Utica, New York. Its small membership was largely employed in the mills, but there were some retired people, all of modest means. We had one department superintendent, one expert dyer and a number of clever mill hands. We enlarged the church building by a small addition, increased the membership, and had fruitful evangelistic services without help from specialists. The people were loyal and generous. The preacher never asked them for anything but they did what was requested and a little over. \$50 became \$57, \$100 brought \$110, and so on. A few elect spirits were there, Isaac Estes, brought up as a Quaker and owning a wood-shop, was a large, fatherly man with a benign countenance. He was deaf, and sat in front in a chair, slightly at the right of the preacher. His eyes twinkled with delight when something in a sermon appealed to his truly spiritual nature. He had a maiden daughter Hattie, as quiet as a mouse, who was often distressed because people did not respond audibly to some portions

ADVENTURES OF A TRAVELING PREACHER

of the sermons. "Why don't they say Amen?" she would ask, though her query was not much louder than a whisper. My boarding place, before marriage, was the home of John Clowminzer, a heel-burnisher in a fine shoe factory. He was a self-educated German, who had worked hard and owned his house. There was a little library in his home, and he had devoured its contents. The principal books were his Bible, the Methodist Hymnal and a few religious and literary works of olden dates, including Shakespeare. He was a class-leader, trustee, steward and Sunday-school teacher. It was well known that John Clowminzer would do anything to help the Church, including things no one else was willing to undertake. It is my belief that he would have tried to preach if no other preacher could have been secured. He could be promoted without experiencing pride, and when not reelected to some office he was not angered or dismayed. He was thoroughly good and good-natured. His daily labor as a heel-burnisher in a shoe factory was so hard that in church, to the mortification of his wife, he sometimes looked asleep. But he could always tell more about the sermon than could any other hearer. One Welsh listener, named Bennett, had a countenance that could really shine, as if an electric lamp was behind it, but the preacher could not take him for granted. He had to light him. A remarkable little Mrs. Shaw was the mother of the lower grades of our Sunday-school, and no better Christian ministry to child-life came under my observation than was hers, except in some ways that of Margaret Sherman in Little Falls. What a choice people to toil for and love, the Dryers, the Broadbents, the Petherbridges, the Guckemusses and so on. They were great—those millfolk, English, German, Welsh and others—all very American and kind.

We always had a good time in Dryer Memorial Church except once, when a group of radicals from another part of the city decided to take over our prayer and revival meetings. Quite a lot of them would come in and become very active. They sang, testified, prayed and shouted. But they did not shout when our people attempted any part of the service, but only when their own participants spoke or offered prayer. It was reported that they said it was necessary for them to run our meetings. This went on for some time, until finally our folk were silenced, and theirs were victorious. Then my hand was forced. One night the preacher said, as quietly as he cou'd bring

ADVENTURES OF

himself to speak, "We are glad to have friends from outside attend the services of this church, but it is being said that we are not capable of handling them ourselves. This we cannot believe, and we are serving notice that from now on our meetings will be conducted by Dryer Memorial people. We will welcome aid, but not control." The disturbers stopped coming, and the result was a vast improvement in attendance and a splendid spirit.

The Utica Asylum, a very large institution for the insane, was near Dryer Church. Trustees to the number of a dozen or a score were often present with us on Sundays. During my time there, it was never necessary save once to call the institution for help in handling a patient. In that instance someone asked a woman her name. The question was the sixty-four dollar one. She said, "It is Mrs. X, but they say it is Mrs. Y.," so we had an exhibition of Mrs. Z., but the affair did not last long, as prompt assistance was sent to us.

My college course in Syracuse was completed during the early part of my pastorate in Utica by commuting the fifty-two miles there each week on Monday morning and returning for Friday night prayer-meeting, Saturday calling and Sunday preaching. This plan worked out quite well, and it enabled me to meet one opportunity with signal success. The students at the first recitation Monday morning were apt to be poorly prepared. The teacher of a senior class in Biblical literature often proposed a subject for general discussion, and those called upon to recite were expected by their fellow-students to keep the floor by as lengthy remarks as possible. One Monday the question was right in line with my sermon of the morning before. This discourse, when a question was put to me, was delivered very rapidly. My fluency seemed to be hypnotic, and as the class period was rather brief, when the good doctor recovered from catalepsis the time was gone and the "returned empties" present applauded gleefully.

A VISIT FROM A MERCHANT PHILANTHROPIST

While I was studying one day in my old chair on the rag carpet of my boarding-house room, a caller upon me was announced. He turned out to be Mr. DeWitt C. Hurd, of Hurd and Fitzgerald, wholesale shoe men. He was an Elder of the First Presbyterian Church and President of the Utica Young Men's Christian Association. He was a philanthropist in the truest sense, not merely giving money but his

A TRAVELING PREACHER

time and talent to Christian work. He once waved his arm towards his plant and said to me, "I do this to pay expenses." On another occasion he remarked, "I have only three interests, my home, my Church and the Y.M.C.A." He was an optimist, a loyalist and a constant helper of his fellowmen.

Mr. Hurd's errand to my room was to tell me that after careful consideration the directors of the local Association, whose secretary, Mr. Glen K. Shurtliff, "G.K." all over town, was called to Denver, had voted to ask me to take his place. The salary paid was about twice what I was getting in my little church. This proposal was wholly a surprise. Mr. Shurtliff's father and mine had been fellow pastors, and we were good friends, but there had been no aspiration on my part to succeed him in what was at that time the second best Association in the state. It possessed a beautiful new building, well equipped for service, which burned a good many years later. There were spacious offices, luxuriously furnished parlors with some ten thousand dollars' worth of oil paintings, an excellent modern auditorium seating 700, and on occasions more, and a large gymnasium. A part of the ground floor was rented as stores. There was a debt, but it was not burdensome. The membership of the Association was large, and there was a strong board of directors, including some of the most prominent men of Utica, Mr. Hurd, E. L. Wells, Harvey E. Dingley, Col. Wm. M. Griffith, Edward Curran, Gen. C. W. Darling and others. The pastorate was my real choice, and there was much hesitation in my mind about leaving it. A few days to consider, and to consult the church authorities, especially my Presiding Elder, were asked for. Those with whom I talked told me that the opportunity seemed to be too good to decline, and that Christian service could be done, and Methodism represented as well, in the new position offered me. Therefore it was accepted, and a note from Mr. Shurtliff is still preserved, announcing my unanimous election Dec. 1, 1890.

MARRIAGE AND PARENTHOOD

Our marriage, which occurred during my Young Men's Christian Association service, was celebrated in Syracuse, New York, July 28, 1891. It took place at the home of Mrs. Sarah Horr Fuller, the bride's mother, in that city. The wedding was simple and satisfactory, a large group of relatives, including some from a distance, being present.

ADVENTURES OF

The officiating clergyman was my father, M. S. Leete, and he was aided in the service by one of the bride's uncles, Doctor Elijah Horr, Jr., a prominent pastor of Congregational churches in New England, stationed at the time at Piedmont Church, Worcester, Massachusetts. We were "well and duly" united under the authority of these good men, but father, with a roguish twinkle in his eye, left out the promise to obey which was then a prescribed vow. The omission was variously explained, as being on the basis of experience, or upon judgment as to our future submissiveness. Our wedding trip was down the Hudson River on a steamer and to Ocean Grove, New Jersey, where we bathed in the sea, ate blue-fish, attended some of the Tabernacle Meetings, then very Methodistic and evangelistic, and began to live indeed. On our return to Utica we remained for a few days in my boarding-place and then went to our own rented house on Court Street, not far from Dryer Memorial Church. Our connection with that congregation lasted during the remainder of our residence in Utica.

A little less than two years later came the pangs and fears of becoming parents. Why do we take a mother's painful and often perilous service to humanity so easily for granted? And why, O why do we laugh at the worries and fussy acts of one who endures the anxieties and nervous distresses of a father-to-be? That is the way it is, however, and probably will be to the close of time. We had problems in the coming "out of the everywhere into the here" of Helen DeLand Leete, born with difficulty April 5, 1893. She lived to endure some great trials, but to experience the chief joys our life can furnish to anyone. The painful recollection still remains with me of the first night after the nurse left us. The baby was in a big clothes-basket nearby, and it is doubtful that she as much as stirred during those trying hours that her anxious father was not out at once to see what was the matter. Despite some over-care the child lived, grew to womanhood, received an excellent education in Detroit schools and in Syracuse University, and married a Syracuse alumnus, William Dean Keefer, formerly chief engineer of the National Safety Council and now a Vice-President of Lumberman's Mutual Insurance Company. The wedding ceremony was conducted by Chancellor James R. Day of Syracuse University and myself. Four fine children, two daughters and two sons, mentioned elsewhere, came to the Keefer home, which was successively in Clintonville, Wis., Chicago and for years

A TRAVELING PREACHER

in Winnetka, Illinois. There were many friends and happy days of home life and travel in this country and in Europe, but a germ of *streptococcus viridans* shortened a life that was very precious to her family and to others. She left us from Evanston, Feb. 4, 1939. A poignant fact is the probability that had she lived only a brief time longer new drugs would have been able to conquer her disease. Our faith in Christ and our confidence in His provision for the future of our loved ones was not affected by this great loss, but we have never ceased to sorrow over her departure.

The outstanding features of the Utica Association's work during the three years of my administration as General Secretary are mentioned in resolutions passed by the board of directors when we returned to the pastorate: "While all departments have shown a steady progress, the religious, educational and business departments are worthy of special note. The great men's meetings held Sunday afternoons have been a constant marvel to the Board, and the large number of conversions each year are sufficient proof that a genuine religious work has been done. Starting with almost nothing the educational department has been developed till its influence has reached a large class of men. The business matters of the Association have been systematized, and a regular supporting constituency has been created."

During my three years' service in the Association at Utica our largest hall was often packed to capacity, with a hundred or two in extra space. All through the winters from four to eight hundred men attended each service. After-meetings were held regularly. At one of these three widely different individuals knelt in front for prayers. One was a stalwart railroad engineman, another was a down and nearly out prize-fighter, while the third was a highly trained young lawyer. All confessed the same Lord and Saviour. In these after services my chief assistant shone at the piano and in the attractive song services which began in the parlors as the hall meeting was dismissed. W. Moreton Owen, for many years afterwards a successful Congregational pastor in Connecticut, could make our old Hardman piano send out a ringing challenge, which with the singing tempted men to enter the smaller rooms in droves. There the two secretaries exhorted and appealed to attendants who had not already done so to confess faith in Christ. Mr. Owen was a good deskman, secretary,

ADVENTURES OF

solicitor, host and everything else an associate secretary ought to be. No other on our staff professed to be or was considered his superior in Christian activities. Of course, during my terms as Association Secretary in Hoosick Falls and especially in Utica, I became somewhat acquainted with the leading "Y" men of the country, in addition to George A. Hall and G. K. Shurtliff, already named. Among them were R. R. McBurney, New York, and Richard C. Morse of the International board. Later and for many years I have known Mr. John R. Mott, who is a prominent Methodist layman, as well as a world traveler in work for young men. The life service he has rendered is contained in several large volumes in the Methodist Historical Library. Since this paragraph was written the news of the passing of Reverend W. M. Owen has brought sincere sadness.

MEETING GREAT MEN

A good many prominent persons had become known to me by sight and sometimes by personal acquaintance before my secretaryship in Utica. Among these were Church leaders, educators, editors and others; Ian McLaren (Dr. John Watson), Bishop John P. Newman and Dwight L. Moody, whom Woodrow Wilson declared the greatest personality he ever beheld. A deflating remark by Mr. Moody when I sat on the platform with a group of his helpers in the old Alhambra Rink, Syracuse, where revival meetings were being held, was unforgettable. A sanctimonious speaker in a testimony period rolled up his eyes and said, "My citizenship is in heaven." It happened to be election time, and quick as a flash Moody fitly replied, "Better get it down to earth for the next ninety days, brother!"

The Utica Association in my time, in addition to its big Sunday men's meetings, ran expensive lecture and concert courses during winter months. Famous personalities were often presented, among them General Oliver O. Howard, hero of the Battle of Fair Oaks, where he lost an arm. He gave a stirring Christian address. He was as handsome and soldierly a figure, and as good a churchman, as ever came to us. The Editor of the old New York Witness, George R. Scott, gave witty descriptions of the effects of sin in human lives. He had much to say about the evils of intemperance. Very graphically he described his trials with type-setters. One came back, after some

A TRAVELING PREACHER

days of drinking, with little clothing. He had pawned most of it. His employer took one look at him and exclaimed, "Who skinned you?" He went on to declare that the selling and use of liquor are ruinous to body and soul.

We had as a lecturer in our course one winter the discoverer of the North Pole, Admiral Peary. What a joke it was on him and us that he became snow-bound between Albany and Utica, and missed his afternoon engagement. He spoke at night, but not until he had collected pay for both appearances. Perhaps we never had a more courtly and distinguished visitor than Sir Edwin Arnold, fascinating writer and editor, authority on India and Japan and author of the two book length poems, "The Light of the World" and "The Light of Asia." A humorous incident occurred in my office when I introduced to him a very affected and dressy woman reporter who had asked me to be allowed to interview the great man. She bounced in, beamed and boomed, "Sir, I am delighted to meet the apotheosis of literature." Sir Edwin replied in a refined but rather bored voice, "Madame, there is very little that is divine in literature: very little in it that is divine." This gifted poet, whose beautiful closing verses in "The Light of the World" I have often quoted in addresses and sermons, assumed no lofty attitudes; he was a gracious and charming guest.

The editor of a daily paper in another city of the state was one of the few of our lecturers who made a poor impression. Before coming he sent to the Utica Herald a thick bundle of "puffs" for himself. Editor Cunningham gave the contents a hasty glance, put them back in the envelope, turned it over and wrote the legend, sending it down to the city office, "For the ass editor."

On my invitation and plea one of the most distinguished citizens of Utica, Federal Judge Alfred C. Coxe, nephew of United States Senator Roscoe Conklin, made his first religious address. It was given in our hall to the men of the city. Even my slight association with such men as those named above was in itself a compensation for much labor in arranging and securing lists of speakers, and it was also a liberal education, as was my friendship and association for some years with such Uticans as George E. Dunham, editor of the Utica Press and the brilliant feature writer on the same paper, my good

ADVENTURES OF

friend, the brilliant William "Billy" Schachtel, Edward L. Wells, well-known merchant, Smith Baker, psychologist as well as physician, and numerous others.

While secretary at Utica it became my duty to undertake and to put through the State legislature a general bill to exempt Association buildings in the State of New York from taxation on those portions of the structures which were used wholly for educational, religious and philanthropic purposes. The leaders of both political parties assisted this movement. Two or three Associations in the State, Watertown and probably Twenty-third Street, New York, were exempt by special enactment. One of those who took an active part in our effort was James S. Sherman, Vice President of the United States, a citizen of Utica. He took me with him to Albany, where he introduced me to the Governor. One did not have to stay many minutes in the presence of the latter to note that he was profane and vulgar. However, the objective was attained, and the bill signed.

Among other features of the Utica Association during my years there was an educational program for workingmen. We had a night school with well-attended courses which helped those who took them to become more successful in their occupations. There was also a unique School of the English Bible, with a four-year course and examinations. A sixteen page pamphlet outlines the studies pursued, and a list is given of Bible study books for consultation. The outcome of this form of instruction was apparently profitable, especially to those contemplating some type of Christian service. My relationship to these undertakings as planner and one of the teachers was a close one, and much supervision was also given to our large gymnasium, well supplied with apparatus, and under generously paid directors of classes, for mature business men as well as for young men and boys. One of the chief problems was to obtain a physical instructor who had higher ideals than those of the flesh. We occasionally found in those days of limited sources that "gym" work was in the hands of some kind of "freak." A tour of Eastern Associations, seeking a good physical director, resulted in my finding and hiring a well educated and fine appearing young man. He had been with us but a few days when it was discovered that he was an epileptic, but fortunately he had not had an attack of his disease on the gymnasium floor before we dismissed him.

A TRAVELING PREACHER

A PASTOR OF MILL PEOPLE

Association life and labor were agreeable to me. We were pleasantly housed on Eagle Street, Utica, within walking distance of the Association building, and we were contented, except that the closer personal associations of pastoral life were missed. Our income was better than could be expected from an average church, and there were excellent possibilities of advancement in the Association world. One day, some weeks before the session of Northern New York Methodist Conference, the Presiding Elder on the adjoining Herkimer District, Doctor W. F. Markham, came to my office. He said to me, "In case a church can be opened for you at the Conference session will you consider it favorably?" He left the issue to my determination, knowing me pretty well. After a few steps about the floor, thinking over the proposition, my decision was favorable. The thought had previously come to me, if you wish to make money, this is not the job for it; if you wish to save souls, there is no such opportunity here as is given to a preacher in charge of an organization whose chief aim and purpose is supposed to be religious. These thoughts were not placed before my visitor. All that was said to him was, Yes, if it can be brought about, my mind will be moved in that direction. When I went home and told my partner what had been said, no objection whatever was raised. My comrade always accepted readily any decision of mine with respect to a field of service and duty. Nor did she ever express a desire to go to some better place or larger income. Her task as a pastor's wife would be more exacting and difficult than was that required by my Association secretaryship, but she faced the future as one does who is not only willing to serve but competent. She sought no offices in our churches, but preferred the less desirable duties, aided the leaders of the women's work, and was the more influential and popular because she wished no prominence whatever.

It was my lot at Conference to become the unwitting bone of contention between two Superintendents whose relations to each other were not over cordial. One wished me to remain in Utica in a good church, and the other, a very capable administrator whose judgment I always found excellent, desired me to go to Little Falls on Herkimer District. Bishop Daniel A. Goodsell, who was presiding, was a very large and fatherly man. Just before time to read the ap-

ADVENTURES OF

pointments he sent for me. He was starting out for a brief walk, and asked me to go with him. As we went along he told me of the difference of opinion as to my assignment, one member of the Cabinet insisting that I remain under his charge as pastor at South Street Church, Utica, and another, Doctor Markham, urging my appointment on Herkimer District as pastor at Little Falls. Bishop Goodsell said frankly that he was favorable to the Utica appointment, because of my acquaintance in the city. He also remarked that it was a better church, which I knew was then the fact. "But," said the bishop, "I am not certain that I am making the right decision, and so I would like to get your own view as to what ought to be done." My reply was, "Bishop, it is not necessary for me to go to either place. My present position is a good one, and there is no pressure upon me to leave it for anything else. If my coming back to the pastorate will crowd anyone seriously, let things alone as they are." Bishop Goodsell answered, "That is not the case. The Conference needs young and active men. We can take you into the regular work of the ministry, and care for others as well." "Then," was my reply, "My thought about it is this. For some years my residence has been in Utica. South Street Church is well known as a comfortable charge, but also as one that has reached its peak. (A few years later it was merged with another Methodist church.) One could go there, remain five years, and if he did his very best the membership and outlook would be about as they are now. In Little Falls are only two men I have ever met, so far as I know, and there has been no real acquaintance with them. But the place is said to be a mill-town, full of young people who are poorly trained and who are under great temptation. One might not be able to do much for them, but it would be good to have a try at it, if you think that is best." We walked on in silence for quite a little time. Then the good man stopped, turned towards me, and remarked in a tone of finality, "If you feel like that about it, you shall go to Little Falls." I had received my commission outside of Conference. The arrangement was announced publicly a couple of hours later.

A THREAT TO MY LIFE

An insidious enemy made a serious attack upon me not more than two months or so after going to the new field of labor, First Church, Little Falls, New York. None of the people in Utica, save for a few

A TRAVELING PREACHER

officials of the Young Men's Christian Association, had known that there was to be a change in the secretaryship of that institution until they read the news in the city papers. My resignation was so explicit that the directors of the Association acknowledged the situation as in line with my belief that it was my calling of God to labor in the Christian ministry. While the Association was finding another secretary, my general oversight of its work was desired in addition to entry into pastoral duties. But the work in Utica had overtaxed me, and perhaps too much responsibility was assumed in combining the duties of two organizations. Still, it is likely that what happened next was on the way for some months previous to my recent season of exceptional burdens.

Our home was located well up the big hill which lined our side of the Mohawk Valley. It was my duty to preach morning and evening, and after having finished the evening sermon, when walking home, it sometimes became necessary to place my hands on my knees in order to pull myself up the steep ascent which approached our house. Something was wrong, and it seemed best to go to Utica for a careful examination. One of the physicians consulted found a weak spot in the upper part of the chest on my right side. There was practical certainty that a dangerous microbe had assaulted me. Life in the open and fresh air were required if the attacking disease were to be overcome. The generosity of the Official Board still amazes me. All had been strangers but a few weeks before, but they proved to be friends indeed. When my story was told them, with the comment that it seemed wise to go to the Adirondacks and try to regain my strength, they said, "Go, and we will care for the pulpit." "How long?" was my query. The reply was, "Until you are ready to come back." My protest that there should be a limit was disregarded. They would not place restrictions on the arrangement. So we went north, my lady leaving the home in charge of her mother. We went to Remsen, then drove into the woods to a hut on the border of a lake. We had a boat, but spent a great part of our time tramping through the forest, or fishing the streams. We spent day-times in the wilderness, cooked out of doors, but slept inside the hut, except when we went over to Lake Canashegala, if this is the correct spelling, where we slumbered on pine boughs under a shed before an open fire. We could hear the animals about us in the bush, and were wakened by the "charley-

ADVENTURES OF

charley" call of loons. We breathed deeply. Someone had mentioned to me the Howe inhaling tube, then made at Passaic, New Jersey, and to which the famous editor, Doctor J. M. Buckley, attributed his cure from tuberculosis. The instrument proved very helpful. It became my practice afterwards to recommend this aid to good breathing through expanded lungs to people threatened with the dread disease. In one notable case in Syracuse abundant testimony was given years later to a remarkable and lasting recovery attributed to this advice.

One of the officials in the Little Falls Methodist Church, a professional man, was a very frank and almost brutal commentator. When we had been away for a month I called him by telephone from some town. After the business which was necessary was finished he asked, "Do you know what they are saying about you?" "No," was my reply. "What is it?" He replied, "They say you have T.B., and that we will never again see you here." "Well," was my reply, "you tell them that here is the livest dead man they ever saw, and that when good and plenty ready, he is coming back." After three more weeks, in the woods air and in the increasing sunshine of coming summer, we returned for a five year pastorate, then the extent of time possible for a Methodist preacher. A life insurance examination by one of the most conservative companies confirmed my recovery. The thousand dollar ordinary policy then taken as a test is still in effect, paid-up.

LIFE AMONG WORKING PEOPLE

It was a most enjoyable experience to become closely associated with the employees and managers of the knitting and woolen mills, the tannery, the Hansen laboratory and the agricultural implement dealers and others in a town whose population fluctuated with the success or setbacks of its practical industries. A part of the less prosperous people lived across the Mohawk at the foot of the "roll-way," a steep bluff once used by loggers. Conditions in the lower parts of the town were unsanitary, and some of the worst cases of typhoid that are ever found were observed in my visits. A good deal of tubercular trouble was also due to lack of proper housing, food and care. The saloons and cheap shows of the place were constantly pouring evil into the bodies and minds of some of the youth, many of

A TRAVELING PREACHER

whom, however, had better instincts and desires. What to do to raise the general tone? It was then my belief, and the conviction has never departed, that the best cure for ignorance, vice and poverty is the Gospel of Christ. This it was my endeavor to preach without fear or favor, dealing with existing evils, the persons responsible and the victims of bad surroundings and influence. The *Times*, our daily paper, edited by Mr. John Crowley, a good friend and a leading Catholic, of whom more later, always dealt fairly with my public utterances, and sometimes definitely supported and exploited the attempts made by me to improve moral and religious conditions. We held revival services every winter, sometimes with striking and permanent conversions. During one of these meetings there was a Thursday evening when women and children had been asked to remain at home and to urge the men and boys to attend. That night came the bitterest snow storm of the season and we were glad that those we had told to stay away were in a more comfortable state than were perhaps a hundred and fifty men and boys who braved the weather. There occurred quite a break for the altar in this meeting, among those who knelt for prayer being a well-known physician, mentioned elsewhere, perhaps fifty or more years of age.

Some of the converts in Little Falls revivals became and remained for many years consistent Christians. A part of the time the pastor was alone in the conduct of special meetings. Outside speakers, neighboring preachers or evangelists, were sometimes secured to do the preaching, while the pastor visited and conducted altar work. One evangelist proved to be a self-advertiser and a great disappointment. Nevertheless the church, which was very cooperative, and the pastor worked around him without a break, and some valuable results were achieved.

Education and culture were greatly lacking among the young mill-hands of Little Falls. Therefore we instituted a lecture course and night educational classes. Public school teachers sometimes aided us, and we had a school during the winter months whose enrollment went into some hundreds of those whose early advantages had been limited. Commercial arithmetic, algebra, penmanship, grammar, and a foreign language or two were among the subjects taught. The Bible and Christian teaching were largely handled through the Sunday school and in the Epworth Leagues, senior and junior, which at

ADVENTURES OF

the time were flourishing institutions. Our lecture and concert courses were so largely attended that we had to hire the Opera House for them. Ingersoll came once to lecture in the same auditorium, but his hearing, attracted from the whole Mohawk Valley, was hardly more than a tenth as large as any one of the audiences in our series. The talent we secured was excellent, and the financial returns were satisfactory.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF ST. PAUL

The organization of Methodist men known as the Brotherhood of St. Paul was instituted in Little Falls. Special research of mine had covered all Christian men's societies. The results of this study were incorporated in a book about them, mentioned later. A letter once came to me from the head of a Catholic order in Europe, of which the writer was founder. He asked where the material in this volume was obtained, saying that it was largely new to him.

The Brotherhood of St. Paul did evangelistic work and visitation of the sick. Help was given through a mutual aid system to those men of our constituency who became financially embarrassed. Members of our chapter took truck or sleigh loads of men, with a portable organ and song-books, and visited smaller churches and country neighborhoods, inviting good-sized audiences that readily came to hear them, to accept Christ, and urging church-members to become more earnest and active. This form of effort and the fraternal service rendered in our own community not only succeeded in doing what was projected but reacted favorably upon the spirit of Methodist people elsewhere. Churches in near-by towns soon desired Brotherhoods of St. Paul, and in a few months the movement spread to scores of churches. Within two or three years conventions were held, in New York, Michigan and Ohio, and chapters were added in most states of the Union. A small magazine was published, known as *The Brotherhood Standard*, under my editorship.

Among acquaintances made through my Association and Brotherhood activities were some splendid workingmen. In Utica opportunity was given me to meet and know the wonderful "diamond in the rough," Tom Keenan, over fifty years with the Delaware and Lackawanna, forty-seven of which were at the throttle. His early life was that of a booze-fighter, once expelled by the Engineers' Brotherhood

A TRAVELING PREACHER

for intoxication. He was converted in one of the little evangelistic churches that Methodism once had in New York City, and he became an exceedingly active Christian worker and life-saver among railroad men, telling the story of his redemption, and preaching Christ for more than thirty years. His railway Superintendent, Mr. Salisbury, and I were once with him in a restaurant. Before beginning to eat, the engineman looked at his Superintendent meaningly. Mr. Salisbury said, "All right." Tom then said the blessing in a good round voice, and no one present smiled or failed to be impressed, so far as one could see.

Moses Powers ran the engine on No. 29 of the New York Central passenger list during my time in Little Falls. He had joined the Brotherhood of St. Paul somewhere on the line. As his train came into our town rather late, and the engine stopped well past the station, one of my memories is that of calling "Mose" and reaching up to grasp the hand that came to mine in the darkness. Among my recollections is that of an engineer of the Empire State Express who occasionally attended our Little Falls services and a family treasure is a photograph of a relative, James Omar DeLand of Beatrice, Nebraska, who was on an engine of the Burlington for nearly half a century. He is shown standing beside his pet locomotive.

Another organization of Methodist men was formed in the eastern part of the country, largely by the influence of Bishop Thomas B. Neely. It was called the Wesley Brotherhood. While the Brotherhood of St. Paul was older and larger, having received well towards a thousand chapters, both societies continued to add chapters. Denominational pressure for union of these bodies then began to be felt, and rather than have unpleasant competition, on my motion at our national convention at Columbus, Ohio, December, 1906, the two brotherhoods were requested to hold a delegated meeting, which occurred at Buffalo in 1907. A combination was formed there known as the Methodist Brotherhood. An invitation to me to become secretary was declined, since the pastorate seemed preferable to any other official position. An excellent man, Doctor Fayette L. Thompson, was chosen as the first leader of the united body, but before long it became apparent that the force and fire of the St. Paul organization was lacking in the movement. When Doctor Thompson was succeeded by an unfortunate election further declines resulted. The

ADVENTURES OF

latest Discipline of the Methodist Church contains the name of bodies called "Methodist Men" which may be formed "as need may arise." The General Board of Lay Activities "shall have authority to promote and charter local units of Methodist men," says the Discipline. Many who knew the Brotherhood of St. Paul regretted the tendency in Methodism to require uniformity to an extent unknown to Catholic and Anglican bodies. They were convinced that if we who were promoting definite and progressive men's work in Methodism had felt free to go on with our plans until by trial and error the best type of effort had prevailed, the Methodist Church would have permanently possessed a most creditable and efficient society of Christian men.

MEMORABLE CHARACTERS

Little Falls afforded us some associates who are unforgettable. Nearly all of them were in relatively humble occupations. Our own church had only one distinguished citizen, Hon. Titus Sheard, proprietor of a woolen mill which turned out "Sheard's health underwear." Mr. Sheard had once been a member of the New York State Assembly, where he defeated Theodore Roosevelt for the speakership. He was English born, and had come up the Erie Canal as an immigrant, earning his way, as I recall his statement, by painting, or it may have been whitewashing. He was the political boss of Herkimer County, and professed not to like the job. He asked me about it once, remarking that "Politics is a low business, but if I give up this place you know who will get it and what he will do." That much I did know, and I told my parishioner that he would have to use his own conscience and answer to God for his conduct. He was a kind-hearted man, was especially good to humble old women who had known him in the days of his poverty, and there was substantial proof that he treated his employees with honesty and with greater consideration than was shown by many manufacturers in those days. He did not always receive gratitude or even justice from those whose interests he served. He once related to me sadly a story of a winter when business was bad. He kept his employees working at sacrifice on his part, not only of profit but of capital. The first thing they did in the spring when a few orders began to come in was to strike on him. He added that among the ingrates were members of his own

A TRAVELING PREACHER

church. One can never forget a sentence from that conversation which indicated profound good sense. He said, "I learned long since to make my religion a matter between me and my God, and not between me and the people." He was always loyal and generous to the church.

The Burrell Brothers were not Methodists, but were very friendly to our work. They owned dairy machinery patents and distributed their products widely. It was said that someone came along with a seamless bandage for cheese, and offered it to one of the brothers for \$30,000. The price was paid, and some people thought very foolishly, but it was claimed that the entire cost was recovered during the first year of manufacture. "It was sold on a very close margin, but handling large quantities produced good results." Mr. David H. Burrell once gave the young men of our church one of the most sane and helpful lay addresses I ever heard. This good man attended our church when the Presbyterian Church was closed, and one summer when his pastor was on vacation and I was holding forth, he heard a sermon I delivered on home missions. Our Mountain work was stressed, and the next day Mr. Burrell sent me a check to build a new church for mountaineers. At the end of my pastorate he presented me with a set of Warner's *Library of Literature* which I still retain, not only for its own sake, but because of the heart-warming inscription written and signed by the donor. Another helpful associate in the civic and religious affairs of Little Falls was Mr. John Crowley, for nearly half a century Editor of "*The Evening Times*," in whose management he was aided by his sister, Miss Katherine. The Crowley family owned the paper until recently. The fact that these good people belonged to St. Mary's Church did not prevent an interest in other churches of the community that was fair-minded and practical. During my five-year term I knew that the undertakings of the Methodist Church would always be supported by the well-edited Crowley newspaper. While in St. Petersburg, Florida, during his final winters, the Little Falls editor and I had memorable visits and his passing into the life unseen December 15, 1949, brought regret to our home as soon as we received word that kindly Editor John Crowley was no more on earth. Miss Katherine has aided my efforts to obtain Little Falls data, and in a recent letter she says of the Burrells, "There is no one more worthy of mention than David H. Burrell;

ADVENTURES OF

in fact the whole family, whom I have been proud to know through many years. I do not believe there is another family that has done so much for Little Falls. My brother and I felt they were not sufficiently appreciated for their fine gifts, unostentatiously presented to this city, such as the City Hall, the "Y" and W.C.A., nurses home and much help at the hospital." The brothers Loomis and David H., Junior, now carry on the characteristics, the business and philanthropies of the Burrell family.

Many splendid Christians, and the usual number of fanatics and cranks to be found in a small mill city, attended the churches of Little Falls. We had our fair share of the latter group, including a prophet named Pearl and two young zealots who tried to heal by the laying on of hands and anointing with oil. This particular business ceased when they nearly killed an invalid whom they roused from bed, anointed, and gave an almost fatal run-around. The membership as a whole, while tolerant in spirit, were not sympathetic with crude emotionalism, nor did they take stock in modern gifts of tongues and healing. They believed in holiness, but it was of the serious Wesleyan type and not that of the "Hornerite Movement," which at the time was disturbing church circles in Northern New York. This fire in the grass had been kindled by sparks from Canada. While well-meant on the part of some of its adherents it ran into extremes of extravagant profession and of spiritual (?) possession, which fortunately proved to be as short-lived as they were unhealthy and injurious.

Anyone who was asked who were the best characters in the Little Falls Methodist Church might have named quite a number of persons, some from among the newer converts. Margaret Sherman and her brother Jireh were commended by everyone, and justly so. Margaret was the most devoted and effective teacher and leader of children and young converts among them I ever knew. Jireh, long a bookkeeper in the Sheard mill and later cashier of one of the city banks, was a man above all suspicion of evil. But the most honored and loved Christian leader in our town was Adam Henry Levee, a cartman, class-leader and fine singer. He had a tenor voice which was no male falsetto or strained piping. His was a mellow tenor *robusto*, with volume enough for a whole choir, but harmonious in modulation for duet and quartet singing. He had received tempting

A TRAVELING PREACHER

offers for a concert and opera career, but the only use he desired for his voice, aside from singing at home, was to join with his wife and others in the excellent programs of the Methodist choir. That was the day when we had class-meetings, and Adam Levee was a good Methodist class-leader, questioning each member of the dozen or twenty of his group in turn as to his or her personal Christian experience and giving sound advice to each and all. Week days he went about town in blue overalls, delivering goods and doing general hauling. He had more than one dray, so was not of course a common teamster. But that was his business, and he was reasonable, honest and wholly reliable, as all men knew. He seemed to carry his goodness in his very appearance, and he was so well known and believed in that he could and did express his Christian views to anybody who knew him. He was an everyday evangelist. The richest man in town once said to me, "Adam comes in here, sits in my chair and talks religion to me. I am glad to have him do this, because he has it." And one of the worst castaways in the place once said to me, speaking of our cartman, "Sometimes when that man speaks to me I feel like kneeling down and worshipping him." What supporting power comes to a preacher who has such a personality in his working force!

Our second daughter was born in Little Falls. She was named Jeanette Fuller Leete for her mother, who had so hard a time and needed such prompt surgical care when the child was born that the babe was carefully laid under the bed while the patient was attended by the physician, with my bungling assistance. Jean, as we called her, was a cute youngster. One cannot forget her first real experience beside a Christmas-tree. She received a little red chair and sat in it with her eyes glued on a doll, placed temptingly, but rather cruelly, at the very top of the big, gaily decorated tree. When Santa could bear her yearning no longer, he handed down her heart's desire. She wrapped her arms around her doll, closed her eyes, and sat for some time with a look of perfect contentment on her face. She was really not much interested in the further proceedings. We still remember the tiny round countenances of our two little girls as they peered out of a pile of blankets and buffalo robes arranged for them back of the high seat of Adam Levee's big sleigh when they were starting for a grand ride over the snowy and icy streets of Little Falls. Jean, like her sister Helen, was trained in Detroit High School

ADVENTURES OF

and Syracuse University. She made excellent grades. She married Major M. M. Andrews. Three capable children, two boys and a daughter, came to them, all of whom were in the second World War. They are named later on. She has done quite a bit of writing, much of it for local papers in Connecticut, where in later years she is the accomplished wife of John M. Mullin of Westport, Conn., a Dartmouth man and a successful dealer in electrical supplies in Bridgeport and Hartford.

In addition to my physical trouble at the beginning of the pastorate in Little Falls Mrs. Leete had a very serious sickness while there, making her life miserable for months. The people continued to be very kind, recovery came, and we were happy in our many and exacting labors. Does anybody wonder that we dreaded to leave a pastorate among people whose ways were as open-hearted as their needs were great? We were not restless, or ambitious for a better place, and would have remained at our task indefinitely. But the five-year time-limit on Methodist preachers was to cut me off in a few months, and before this could happen a door elsewhere unexpectedly opened and provided a new and still more strenuous field of service.

CALLED TO A DEBT-CURSED AND SECULAR CHURCH

When an invitation came to me to transfer to another Conference one of the leaders in Northern New York said to me, "If you will stay with us we will send you to the next General Conference." My reply, and he was not taken too seriously, was "I did not enter the ministry to go to General Conference." The truth is that until the subject was suggested to me no thought of such an election had come into my mind. The politics of the Church had no interest for me, and we changed appointments three times when moving made election to the governing body out of the question.

It has been stated that my selection as pastor of a church, though of course approved and consummated by "the appointing power," was invariably the result of suggestions made by personal friends. Knowing that my stay in Little Falls could last only a few months longer under the time-limit, Doctor Julian H. Myers, pastor at Malone, New York, told a manufacturer of First Church, Rochester, who remarked that Monroe Avenue Church of that city needed a man who could meet a difficult situation, that he could name a

A TRAVELING PREACHER

preacher who could do it. He was asked to do this, gave my name, and Mr. C. A. Griffith, an alert Christian business dealer, carried the nomination to Rochester without my knowledge. After a brief period, toward the close of 1898, an invitation was extended to me and appointment to Monroe followed. Had it been known what the situation was, there would have been much hesitation on my part to cross two Conference boundaries and to go among complete strangers to take charge of an institution almost on the auctioneer's block. A still more serious fact was that the church membership was in a spiritual state more unsatisfactory than that of any organization in Methodism known to me or imagined. The green stone (Brandywine variety) building was new and beautiful, without and within. It had been erected less than five years, but the society had never in that time balanced its budget. Each year a deficit in current expenses of from five hundred to twenty-five hundred dollars had been paid out of pledges to the building fund, and a large mortgage on the structure had not been touched at all. Almost everybody that had loaned or who would sell the church anything had an account against it, running from a few dollars to thousands. An expensive quartette and large chorus choir, all paid, directed the music and monopolized most of the church services. One of the singers said to me one night, "I don't see what time there is for you." Neither did the preacher. An elaborate and costly bulletin was required for the ritualistic programs in use.

The overpowering indebtedness and ruinous extravagance of the financial management were not, however, the most alarming part of the Monroe Avenue situation. Old Alexander Street Church, which this pretentious organization and plant succeeded, had been a spiritual body, doing a genuine Christian work. The new and enlarged society was of a different quality. It would have been hard to find another Methodist church that was so honeycombed with social clubs and so preoccupied and entranced with silly and time-wasting practices. Even parties held in the church building were quite secular. We had not been there long when a Sunday school class put on a show, to which we were invited, which included a burnt-cork dance in tights. A very prominent man in the church invited me at about that time to a Chamber of Commerce dinner. I sat by his side while he consumed a fairly large quantity of various liquors. We had

ADVENTURES OF

that out afterwards, man to man, risking my future in Rochester and perhaps elsewhere upon what the result might be. He gave up the practice, at least during my five years there. He was one of the men upon whom the financial life and future of the church depended. It must not be supposed, of course, that the whole membership at Monroe Avenue had gone wrong. There was a small nucleus of sound material, but it was surrounded by folly, religious indifference and in a few cases positive wrong-doing. Yet there were two prayer-meetings, one Wednesday night for sinners, rather a languishing affair, and one Friday night for saints, extremely such, gathered from all over the city and led by a Simon Zelotes, who proved to be more Simon than zealot, and after a while left town suddenly, for the benefit of all concerned.

AN ECCENTRIC WELCOME

Haste has been given to stating the nature of the situation in beginning my pastorate in Rochester, so that I have not related what took place at a reception given us by Monroe Avenue Church upon our arrival. The beautiful church had an excellent turn-out of people who knew their society manners. The hand-shaking was both *en règle* and *au fait*. Then came the welcoming address by an elderly class-leader, both small and slight, but with remarkable gifts of expression and of character analysis. This really good man, Mr. Edward Wheeler, later mentioned with deserved praise, gave us a more remarkable account of the pastors and pastorates of old Alexander Street and its successor, than could have been presented by any other living person. The author of this carefully prepared paper, for it was read to us, told of a preacher whose tongue was tipped with the eloquence of a seraph, and of another who had a face like that of an angel. One of the former leaders had every pastoral quality that could be possessed and exercised, and another was *par excellence* an executive and general manager. One was able to pray heaven down to earth, and another could preach mortals up to heaven. Some could sing, some led wonderful church meetings, some were sons of consolation to all in suffering or sorrow, some were friends to everybody while everybody held them friends. The tale was not brief, and was complete and thorough. And what did it all lead up to? Simply and solely this. The essayist and supposed welcomer to the

A TRAVELING PREACHER

young preacher, who had transferred across two Conferences to undertake an extremely difficult task, made only one reference to the newcomer. He said in closing that he was sorry for any man that had to try to walk in the footsteps of those who had been his predecessors! That is all, and quite enough, one would think.

When the welcoming address was over, there was a kind of tumult in the company. It was immediately evident that those present were indignant. There was a buzz of protest all over the auditorium. Mr. Wheeler came down to earth—he had been inspired—and when he felt the chill of the room he slipped out and went home. As for myself, the whole affair struck my funny-bone, and amused me greatly. The tenseness in the room was much relieved when I laughed off the incident as being unique and interesting, as indeed it was. As soon as possible the orator of the evening was looked up and was found to be a most sincere person, with little sense of humor, who loved his pastors and appreciated whatever genuine talent each possessed. He really did sympathize with and pray for a new young man called upon to follow such a series of ministerial brilliants. What might have been a handicap to my career in Rochester became a distinguished aid by virtue of the evident friendship between this good and loyal man, mentioned elsewhere, and myself. He was a wonderful hearer and often sent his pastor a note of approval and thanks for a sermon. I recall that he once wrote me, "I can go in the strength of this meat for forty days." His correspondence and kind words continued to follow me for some years after we had left the city.

HOW TO CURE A SICK CHURCH?

What is the hopeful treatment for a Christian body that is large, fairly prosperous, fashionably dressed, beautifully housed, but for the greater part secular or definitely irreligious? There seems to be only one remedy that has much value—a revival which awakens and rekindles the spiritual life of backsliders and that sends conviction to the souls of many as they behold miracles of conversion and redemptive grace. I prayed for a revival. So did a little remnant of the old-time Christian faith and life of Alexander Street. Praying was not enough. Our need of a spiritual awakening was proclaimed in the pulpit and from house to house. A few lovely spirits joined

ADVENTURES OF

in this task of spreading the good news of the Gospel and of our need of becoming awakened to its power and joy. Still nothing happened, tho' the Sunday night services became larger and the prayer-meeting improved a bit. There were consultations with the Official Board and with the Sunday school teachers, telling them that the school needed more pupils and better Christian work. One prominent officer said, "What do we want of any more members in the school? We have all now that we can care for?" Nobody outwardly opposed a revival, but the plan represented by the people generally was more cards and "on with the dancel!" Saturday night parties make dead Sunday morning congregations. There was no revival. If a prophet of the ancient type had come back to earth and had talked with a coal of fire on his lips, it seemed to me that it would have done little good. If Moses had returned from the dead, case-hardened church members would not have believed his message, or repented of their lack of religion. St. Paul could not have stirred this company, it seemed to a number of people and especially to me. Doubtless too much dependence had been placed upon myself, and not enough upon divine strength. It was necessary, in this extreme situation, to come to the end of all self-confidence and throw myself upon the power of God. Either that and victory, or become myself conformed to the world about me. The latter must not take place. The very thought choked me. That meant the end of Christian consecration and ministry.

One Sunday night I was completely floored, even actually so. My courage and hopefulness left me. It seemed that a congregation in this church could never again be faced by me. We had a very tiny class-meeting, a survivor of better days, which convened in a small room at the rear of the building. It was led by the identical very devout little man who had given me the eccentric welcome. With him were a mere handful of other old people who truly loved the Lord. I went into this small group and briefly reported my condition, saying, "I do not see how I can preach tonight. You must pray for me. I am defeated and done, unless in answer to prayer, God raises me up and unbinds my heart." Leaving them, and going to an unused stairway on the other side of the house, I prostrated myself on the boards of the floor and pleaded that my call to preach and ability to do it be renewed and quickened with spiritual might. How long a period of

A TRAVELING PREACHER

prostration and helplessness continued is not known. Probably it lasted a half hour, or nearly that, after time had come for evening worship. At length a sense of duty undone came to me. One of the doors into the auditorium was not far from me. A large congregation sat there waiting with interest and curiosity to know why the delay and what was going to happen. I went to the pulpit at last, with a strange but helpful bit of energy. Preliminaries were conducted more expeditiously than usual and I began to preach. Something came to me that broke the chains of weakness that bound me. Nothing was said about my struggle and lack of valor, but truth was poured out concerning sin and our need of a Saviour. An ardent invitation was given to confess backsliding and sinfulness and to seek Christ. From various parts of the room men and women came with evident eagerness and filled the long altar. A revival was on. Converts of that meeting recalled it to my memory years afterward and some who committed themselves to the Lord and to the Christian life in days and years immediately following confirmed the fact of salvation by grace.

One revival and others during a five year pastorate do not assure perfection to a large church membership. All the people of Monroe Avenue did not at once or ever become spiritually-minded. But many began a new career of religious experience and activity. This fact, and the care of many converts, altered the atmosphere of the church as a whole, so that at least the social clubs in our own society died out. There was no need to preach on that subject, and it was not done. Soon it became time to try to remove the financial misfortunes and perils which had helped strangle the better aspirations of the constituency.

ESCAPING FINANCIAL DEATH

When a church becomes so seriously involved that all its financial wheels grind, and its supporters are both overtaxed and tempted into dubious devices to meet current expenses, there is only one wise course, namely, to cut costs, fund the debt if possible at lower interest, and reduce or pay the principal just as soon as possible. This seems no difficult process in times of easy money, such as that during and immediately following World War II. It was not so simple just before the turn of the century. The depression of 1893 was still more

ADVENTURES OF

than a memory. To a great extent it was a hang-over. When we first arrived in Rochester and the condition of affairs at Monroe Avenue was discovered the Official Board was immediately persuaded to give up the costly printing, the programs and newspaper advertising, and to dismiss the big paid choir. An organist and leader of singing were all that were retained on salaries. It was feared that with voluntary singing by the choir and congregation we would lose attendance at our services. We did lose some auditors, but we kept the worshippers, and added more. There was no diminution in numbers, especially after evangelistic success came to warm up lifeless Christians and to attract some of those who in every community hunger and thirst after righteousness. It may be that in certain constituencies high-powered singing can of itself keep up congregations. But a conviction has long been with me that as a rule nothing builds up church going like effective evangelical preaching, supplemented by evangelistic effort. It is true that certain churches in college towns, tourist centers and crowded populations can be filled without much Christianity in pulpit or organization. These are fields that desire intellectualism, socialism and popular lectures. Churches in such locations are apt to make few additions to the Christian body, but gain members from churches elsewhere, especially from rural neighborhoods. The one thing the true Church of Christ has to offer is its religion. If this chief essential to ethical and spiritual life and to genuine social service is presented with sufficient earnestness, originality and thoughtfulness it rarely fails to secure a following, and one which is loyal and permanent.

When extravagance was gone, our debt really funded and creditors pleased, we began to plan the redemption of our entire financial condition. A meeting of four men was called, after much thinking and concern. We were in the church study until one o'clock in the morning, and when we came out more than a third of the entire debt had been pledged as a challenge to the membership. The three with me were Col. N. P. Pond, secretary and treasurer of the Rochester *Democrat* and *Chronicle*, and the Brown Brothers, proprietors of a nursery. Robert Brown died suddenly before the most of the sum pledged was paid, but Mrs. Brown promptly covered the subscription. We had a big money-raising day. All donations were to be cash or short time. A handsome drawing of the church had been

A TRAVELING PREACHER

covered with tiny black patches each representing ten dollars. These were removed from the top down as pledges were made and the effect was that of a building rising out of darkness. When all was covered, or rather uncovered, and the doxology sung, one of the largest and best men of the church, Charles W. Gray, was standing near the front, waving hymn book in hand, with tears standing on his cheeks. Every dollar of the debt was discharged during the five years we worked together, and we also bought the corner lot next the church on which an apartment house was about to be erected which would have greatly impaired the value of our property.

PEOPLE WORTH KNOWING

Monroe Avenue Church had a number of persons in its membership whom one cannot help recalling with interest. Colonel Nathan P. Pond, tall and soldierly, very white-haired, with exceptionally bright eyes, had been State Grand Master of the Masonic Order. He remarked to me before I had long been in Rochester, "They will be after you to join the Masons. Take it from me, you don't have to do it." No rejoinder was made, and neither of us ever referred again to this subject. The thought came to me, if it is not necessary to join, why do so? It was not done, nor did I ever unite with other societies of the kind. Fraternal groups have been addressed by me many times, and close friends have been made among them, but my limited funds were saved, as well as much of my time, for Christian undertakings. It was said by certain acquaintances that my failure to become a "jiner" would interfere with promotion in the Church. But did it? Once a man wrote me asking if I was a Mason and saying he had been told that no man could be elected a bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church who was not in the Order. My reply was evasive, whereupon he wrote that he had been promised a sizable donation to a good cause if it were found that all Methodist bishops were not Masons. I then replied that I had never united with that or any other similar body, however worthy. The pledge was paid, and later still my correspondent sent word that a canvass of the Board of Bishops revealed the fact that at that time about half of the number were non-Masons. Colonel Pond's reason for his statement to me was never revealed, though we were on very friendly terms at all times, and we frequently conversed in his office. Some years after

ADVENTURES OF

leaving Rochester I returned to conduct his funeral. A former pastor and I had officiated at a double wedding of his daughters. My part being to marry Bessie Pond to Raymond G. Philips, a young attorney who became Secretary of the National Apple Grower's Association. He was a valued member of our Church. Florence Pond married Professor Stephen Stark of Northfield Moody Schools. Colonel Pond was for many years in the management of the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle*—a notable figure in the city and a man of quality. His title was acquired in active service in the army.

The most wonderful combination of old-fashioned character and demeanor with quaint personality was Edward Wheeler, class-leader and Bible class teacher of more than a hundred adolescent boys. He it was who gave me my strange welcoming address, and it was he who was conducting the little class-meeting on the Sunday night when my collapse and recovery took place as referred to above. It was told afterward that the tiny group spent an hour in urgent prayer that spiritual strength might be restored to me and that conditions in the church might be thoroughly transformed. How this little, quite elderly bookkeeper and solemn as well as saintly man could hold Sunday after Sunday, year after year, from fifty to a hundred-twenty-five restless boys from twelve to twenty years of age in a class where the Bible was really taught was one of the modern miracles of Christian influence. A part of the explanation was constant calling on parents, recognition of birthdays, letters to absentees saying that they were missed, cards, little gifts and other personal recognitions. The real secret however, was one of love, a deep affection for young life, quickened and empowered by the might of the divine Spirit and by determination to bring Christ into the lives of those he could draw into the circle of his care.

My five years' ministry in Rochester made me acquainted with a good many members of Genesee Conference, and associations were formed with some of them that were long remembered. One of these was Reverend John H. Stoody, a square-built Methodist preacher who opposed liquor and all other evils with strenuousness and ability and was for some time a useful financier of our young institutions. His family, including as a boy his son, Doctor Ralph W. Stoody, admirable Executive Director of Methodism's Commission

A TRAVELING PREACHER

on Public Information, attended Monroe Avenue Church. Another valued parishioner, Miss Sadie Rockelman, became the wife of the Reverend W. H. Smith, Springville, New York, now retired, whose remarkable library has furnished important contributions to the Methodist Historical Library. Doctor M. R. Webster, District Superintendent in Rochester, was one of the most adept and helpful church officials of my experience. Doctor J. E. Williams was another man of stature, as were A. D. Wilbor, F. H. Coman, Benj. Copeland, hymn-writer, E. M. Kelley and others. It must be confessed that during my membership in Genesee Conference a few old Romans representing the narrow spirit that drove B. T. Roberts out of the church still survived. Bishop Roberts became Founder of the virile and devoted Free Methodist Church. Its present leaders are men of strong character, among whom it has been my good fortune to enjoy most fraternal relations with Bishop Leslie R. Marston and Bishop M. D. Ormston. Bishop Fairbairn, Publishing Agent B. H. Gaddis, Dean W. C. Mavis of John Wesley Seminary, Wilmore, Kentucky and other Free Methodist leaders are also most cooperative brothers and contributors to the Methodist Historical Library.

A devoted parishioner of our days in Rochester was a retired minister of Genesee Conference, Reverend Lemuel T. Foote. Quite a number of superannuates, as we used to call them, were in the congregations we served, and with a single exception I found them all fraternal and helpful. It was my pleasure to honor them and to promote their interests in every way I could. When we first came to Monroe Avenue, it was said that the officials of the church did not desire to have the old preachers officiate in the pulpit. No reply was made, but I certainly did not commit myself. Waiting for a favorable opportunity, Brother Foote was asked to occupy the pulpit at a morning service. The beautiful auditorium was well-filled, and the preacher gave us a good discourse, not too long, and well delivered. Nothing more was heard about restrictions against his appearance occasionally in the services. It was learned, but not from his own modest lips, that he had been a chaplain in the Army and had received high honor for having gone to the relief of his colonel on a fireswept battlefield. He carried the officer to safety upon his shoulders.

ADVENTURES OF

A MARVELOUS WOMAN

One of the most remarkable of Christian women was connected with Monroe Avenue Church during my time there. Sarah A. Wood was a humble, devout widow of a Methodist preacher, who left her what amounted to a considerable fortune for those days. She managed finances with such ability that during her years of loneliness she gave away all the money her husband left her, and at her own decease she devised as much more as she had received. A good deal of her giving was done through her pastor, some thousands of dollars going to institutions in the South, to my own alma mater, and to the Missionary Societies of Methodism. Mrs. Wood was too niggardly with herself. I took it upon my own ignorance once to tell her that she really ought to have a better place to live, and more comfort and enjoyment. She gave me a *Mona Lisa* glance, the kind that goes through or past one, or was it the steady gaze of the secret-keeping Sphinx? Her reply, proving that my protest was out of turn, put me in my place. She said, "There is so much that needs to be done, and I can do so little. I have everything I need." It was a treat to hear one of her quite rare testimonies in prayer-meeting. The burden of her low-spoken and brief statement was that she loved the Lord and only regretted that she was so unworthy of His unnumbered mercies. Her remarks were the more appreciated by reason of contrast with the professions of another woman in the same meetings who constantly told of her own virtues. She had whatever good quality might be the topic of the meeting, knew she had it and wanted us to know she had it. It was evident to those who knew them both that one of these women felt that she was quite unholy while the other believed that she possessed much holiness. But nobody was long deceived as to either one. And how "Sister Wood" could encourage a pastor, struggling to pay a debt! She gave her full proportion of the obligation, but far more helpful was her word. She would ask, "How are you getting on?" When the reply was, "O, poorly," she would quietly declare "You can do it." So it seemed that with divine aid and such faith as hers the task could be and would be done. So it was done, every dollar of it. The work was free and clear, but there had been too much taste of money and money-raising, and when the end of a five-year term was nearing, though the limit was off and we

A TRAVELING PREACHER

might have remained in Rochester longer, we were ready to go on.

It would be fitting, were there space, to pay tribute to a number of acquaintances in Rochester who were not of our own denomination. It was always my endeavor to know and fraternize with leaders in other churches. Dr. Robbins, Baptist, Hoosick Falls, N.Y., Doctors Dunham, Congregational, Bachman, Presbyterian, and Faber, Episcopalian, in Utica, Doctors Richardson, Presbyterian, and Philip Strong, Baptist, in Little Falls, Rabbi Gutman in Syracuse, whose Synagogue was loaned to University Church when it burned and who attended a service there in which I preached a sermon that was not very pro-Jewish, Doctors W. R. Taylor and Gerard B. F. Hallock of Brick Presbyterian, Rochester, were very friendly. In the latter city we had a special stand-in with Baptist leaders. The wife of Walter S. Hubbell, attorney of George Eastman and his company and teacher of a large men's class in First Baptist school, was my cousin, Leora DeLand, and the pastor's wife at the same church, Mrs. Doctor J. T. Dickinson was my cousin Stella DeLand.

Acquaintance and cooperation in some undertakings with Doctor Walter Rauschenbusch must not be disregarded in this account. This pioneer in the literature and teaching of Christian social ethics was an excellent fellow-worker in the affairs of the Kingdom. Professor Rauschenbusch has been looked upon as a prophet of the modern social Gospel, but he was known to me to have been no communist or social materialist, such as some of his followers and imitators have shown themselves to be. Some of his letters to me are preserved. A quotation from one of them testifies to our fellowship in those days. It is dated 6 Avondale Park, Rochester, N. Y., Feb. 22nd, 1899: "Dear Mr. Leete,—I enclose the resolution voted on at a meeting in Brockport, where I preached last Sunday evening. I suppose it can be included in the Rochester votes. Also another which Dr. Landsberg sent to me, probably because he failed to notice your modestly printed name. I read with great enjoyment your sermon last Sunday. It was admirably adapted for the purpose, and beautiful from a literary point of view. On the whole I think we have cause to congratulate ourselves on the success of our effort. Very sincerely yours, Walter Rauschenbusch."

Monroe Avenue had some distinguished visitors and speakers during our residence there. Bishop Charles H. Fowler came often

ADVENTURES OF

to the home of the Pond family, and he sometimes occupied the pulpit. Bishop Hurst, owing to a family trouble, once forgot his lines, when preaching to us, giving half a sermon on history and a half on archeology. As he made an easy transition many of the congregation did not realize this. General John B. Gordon, of the Confederate Army, was a pleasing figure and guest and gave us a fine lecture. Perhaps the most enjoyable incident of this kind was the coming of the famous Methodist song-writer and poet, Fanny Crosby. Mrs. Van Alstyne, blind from birth, could quote vast quantities of literature, especially her own best productions. Who that heard her could ever forget her recital of Gospel lyrics and her rendition, sitting near the pulpit, of her "Grandmother's Rocking-chair." A recent acquisition for the Historical Library is a copy of her early "Poems of the Mexican War," written while she was still in the Home for the Blind.

The most important event in our home when we were in Rochester was the coming of our only son, Frederick DeLand Leete, Jr., as a most welcome resident. He was born in the parsonage on Averill Avenue, November 12, 1901, and was baptized in the church auditorium, which has a dome of colored glass. During the ceremony, to the delight of the congregation, he raised his face high and gazed at the light above as if fascinated, as indeed he was. He ought to know the place if he ever sees it again, but we have not stopped over in the Flower City for many years. (Since this writing we made a brief call at Monroe Church.) Our son was educated at the Peacock School, Atlanta, Blair Academy, Wesleyan University and Harvard University School of Business Administration. He was business manager of the Argus at Wesleyan, made the Harvard Review Board, and he is now a successful insurance and estates expert, a Chartered Life and also a Chartered Property and Casualty Underwriter. He has been for some years among the top producers of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company. He is a trustee of the Central Avenue Methodist Church, Indianapolis and of the Goodwill Industries. He has always been a most thoughtful and considerate son, and a man to be proud of. His marriage, at which his father was the officiating clergyman, with Professor K. P. Harrington, Doctor of Music, at the organ, took place at Middletown, Connecticut, May 11, 1926. The bride was Miss Henrietta Spatcher, daughter of Walter Raymond Spatcher and Eliza Woolstenholme Spatcher, the latter after the passing of her husband

A TRAVELING PREACHER

some years before a resident of Middletown. Mrs. Leete, Jr. is an able church worker and woman of activities and philanthropies. Her mother, who was taken away in 1948, was a most helpful member of the household. Mrs. Leete is a registered Red Cross nurse, trained at Hartford Hospital. Among achievements in the work of Methodism has been service to the Goodwill Industries and the reestablishment of the Fletcher Place Community Center work. She has been active in scouting, student aid and in the work of the Wesley Foundation.

OLD FRIENDS BECKON

What more gratifying compliment than to receive a delegation of the friends of one's youth, extending an invitation to come back as pastor to one's college church? And such friends! The Dean of Liberal Arts of Syracuse University; the Professor who did in some way get me through four years of required college mathematics; the man who taught the essentials of Greek, the language I most prize in Scriptural studies. Some were business men I had seen down town, and also in the pews when, as a student, I had attended the very church that was inviting me. The Editor of the Northern Christian Advocate, the denominational paper of Central and Western New York was one of these leaders and among them was the best known and loved layman Methodism ever had in Syracuse, the great Dean James B. Brooks of the Law College. University Church, Syracuse, for the first time in its history, was selecting an alumnus of its own institution to become its pastor. Some notable had always previously been called to its pulpit from other alumni bodies and often from distant cities. The confidence displayed in this invitation made a deep impression on me. We did not talk business, only friendship and the work needed in a stirring college community. The committee from University Church never knew that they were asking me to accept a six hundred dollar cut in the income of my family in order to become their pastor. This sum was never restored by the Syracuse church, because I felt that the church ought not to pay the added amount. The subject was never raised, though it was apparent that the people of the congregation were willing to do their best. Even a hint from me, or from anyone who thought we needed more money, would have raised the salary. They gave me as much as the professors on the hill averaged. Surely that was enough. There were other aims in mind than financial gain,

ADVENTURES OF

and other satisfactions as well. Some of my associates and one or two relatives thought it was a mistake on my part to go to Syracuse, especially for a lowered income. The move seemed to me to be a good one at whatever price, and the conviction has never left me that it was wise to accept the opportunity to return to the atmosphere and to endeavor to contribute something to the life of my own university. We never arrived in a new appointment with so much joy and anticipation as came to us in Syracuse in the fall of 1903.

There was no parsonage, but it was possible to rent a modest place on University Hill, just around the corner from the Chancellor and two or three of the professors. The house was on a lot of ordinary width, but it had a long extension in the rear and there was a large, rich garden. It is a pleasure to me to dig in the earth, and have my usual good fortune with vegetables and flowers. This particular piece of ground had once belonged to the head of the State Horticultural Society, who had fed the soil well, and had set out a half dozen or more trees of excellent fruit and two or three kinds of vines. Health, food and knowledge were available. A little work in the earth is good for a student, as my gardener-preacher father had taught me. He usually had the earliest peas and the first and best corn in his neighborhood, and his pansies, sweet peas and gladioli were remarkable. Our garden was the only piece of land suitable for its uses for several blocks around. We had many excellent viands from it without too great labor on my part. Our two young daughters, Helen and Jean, raised quite a lot of parsley, which they sold to grocers for garnishing. The income went to missions, and was doubly profitable.

FACING TWO IMPOSSIBLES

Someone—my recollection is that it was a preacher of Central New York Conference, and certainly it was no one in University Church—told me that there were two things that could not be done in our Syracuse environment. We could not conduct revival meetings there, nor would it be acceptable to hold classes of instruction for converts and newcomers into the Christian life. Nothing ever tempted me much more than good impossibilities. A genuine revival is an excellent achievement anywhere, and classes of instruction in Christian teaching and life are just what Protestant churches should conduct, but frequently fail to do so. Besides, such activities had been success-

A TRAVELING PREACHER

ful in previous churches, and college people, if one could get to them, did not seem very different from, or as the English more exactly say, to, any other human beings. Some preachers in educational centers, thinking that the college element are about right, aim their sermons and labors at the town-folk. On the contrary there seem to be preachers who think their messages lost if not directed to the intelligentsia. One of my predecessors, a man of considerable note, had made the latter blunder, and when before the end of the second year he was asked to seek a place elsewhere he said, "What is the matter with you people anyway? If you want philosophy, I can preach philosophy. If you want science, I can preach science. If you want history, I can preach history." He said he could deliver much else of the unwanted, but the board made no answer except to insist on a change. Too bad that they did not repeat to him the famous remark of the celebrated Baptist educator, Galusha Anderson. His son was called to a university pulpit, and asked his father what he had better preach. "Why not try the Gospel on them?" remarked the wise old teacher. "They probably know very little about that." No doubt there are college professors who find nothing worth while except the shibboleths of the classroom. No less an educational leader than Walter Athearn once told me that in a Methodist college chapel he had given a brief address expressing an evangelical attitude toward the person and mission of Jesus Christ. Several spiritually and very likely intellectually anaemic members of the faculty pounced on him before he could get out of the room, and said that he had ruined their work of the past three years. So be it! One may hope that the ruin was as devastating as that of an atomic bomb.

It may be added to the reference to him that Doctor F. L. Anderson, above mentioned, was pastor of Second Baptist Church, Rochester, during my stay at Monroe Avenue. An attendant seen by me in his own pew when I was acting in exchange in Doctor Anderson's pulpit, was Professor Joseph H. Gilmore, head of the English Department of Rochester University and author of the great hymn, "He Leadeth Me." He was a member of my own college fraternity, and therefore it was the more gratifying to see him take out and write in a notebook during the sermon and to learn afterward that he had copied the main points of the discourse for uses of his own.

It seemed that at Syracuse there was no reason to change methods

ADVENTURES OF

which had previously succeeded, merely because of the surroundings on University Hill. One should not direct sermons and pastoral labors to business or working people only, and we had numbers of each of these groups, or to specialists in science, literature or what not, but rather to human beings, all having quite similar burdens and temptations. Nor did it seem best to think and act in terms of young or old; rich or poor; humble or famous. One theme only appeared to be suitable, Jesus the Saviour! One message only—repentance, salvation, service, eternal life! So the task began. The atmosphere was cleared of likeness to recitation rooms, with their chalk-dust. A previous pastor often brought books into the pulpit and read passages from them. The preacher's tools are better left at home. Our morning services were spirited, and evening audiences increased in numbers and in interest, singing heartily and bowing reverently in prayer.

A REVIVAL IN A COLLEGE CHURCH

One impossible was soon attained. A revival came and stayed! A Watch Night service was the time when a definitely evangelistic campaign was opened. This meeting was not a choir practice or song service, nor was its program a historical review or a socialistic discussion. It began with a testimony meeting, accompanied by the singing of old hymns. A preaching service followed, with a pointed personal message. About ten-thirty an intermission gave opportunity for quiet visiting, with light refreshments and coffee. The last hour was spent in prayer, exhortation and invitations to draw near to Christ. Midnight found us quietly on our knees in silent prayer for a spiritual awakening and for the salvation of souls. Special meetings to begin soon had been announced. We had prepared for such efforts by Sunday evening evangelistic sermons, by a number of home meetings and by conversations in the Official and Sunday school boards, the Ladies' Aid Society and other organizations, urging upon the lay leaders of the church their duty to seek for themselves a deeper work of grace and to try to bring Christ to unconverted associates and friends, and especially to members of their own families.

Another preparatory effort, just before beginning continuous week-night meetings, was a Sunday school Decision Day. I will never forget my trial-balloon of this nature at University Church. Reg-

A TRAVELING PREACHER

ular exercises were suspended, of course. The pastor took the platform and after opening services stated the thought of the hour, that of becoming certain that the supreme life choice had been made and that Christ had come to be in us, and we in Him. The large numbers of students present, together with adults and children of the church and school, were still quite new to us. It seemed best, therefore, before asking that those rise for prayer who wished to commit themselves to the highest life, in whole-hearted allegiance to Christ, that one of the college professors present be requested to state what he thought about all this, and what he would like those to do who were in the valley of decision. This man was thought by some to be about as hard-boiled as any member of the faculty. He was sitting near the front. He arose in response to the request made, looked at the crowded rooms of the school and at faces many of which were familiar, and was about to speak, when he was suddenly overcome by the depth of his feelings, struggled for a moment to get his voice, and sat down, covering his face with his hands. The moment was electrical. Many arose for prayer instantly, not a few unashamed to be in tears. The revival was on, and it continued for some weeks with numerous accessions to the membership of the church and a deep refreshing of its spiritual life. As late as April 22, 1951, I heard from one of our University Church revival meetings. After I had given at First Avenue Church, St. Petersburg, Florida, services, a sermon on the Sixtieth Anniversary of my Ordination by Bishop Hurst, Reverend B. R. Gabriel said to me that during a revival meeting, when he was a student in the University, I had come down from the pulpit and had invited him and another student to come up in the pulpit and offer prayer. He said that he had been much impressed and helped by this experience. Brother Gabriel's loyalty and cooperation with the Church are well known in the Sunshine City. He now rejoices in having a son in the ministry, A. H. Gabriel, Northern New York Conference.

Emotion anywhere and everywhere except in religion! That is the creed of many intellectualists. We know that type. A middle-aged man in one of the college centers remarked to me with emphasis that he did not believe in religious sentiment. Despite the apparent fact that he had little blood in his body, his face showed that something had hit him hard. If he had not felt it, he looked as if he had. And

ADVENTURES OF

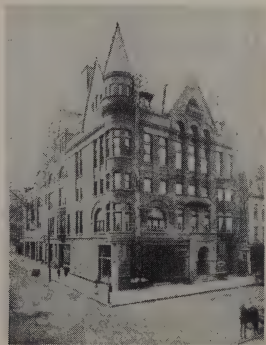
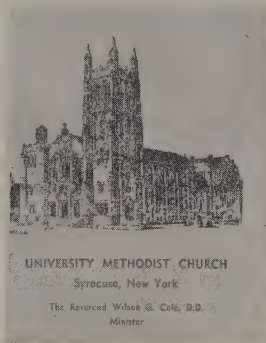
why not? And why not spirited revivals in college communities? One trouble is that half-hearted formal and cold churchmembers and faculties do not wish to be stirred up or induced to become active in Christian undertakings. Another difficulty was experienced by me when invited to conduct special meetings in other university centers than my own. No adequate preparation for such work had been made. There was little or no organization to plan, aid or follow up the effort. The series of meetings was too brief to get past the stages of novelty and of instruction and into the time of conviction and determined choice.

The other impossibility which was predicted for our work at University Church passed "in music out of sight." It was easy enough to organize meetings for instruction and counsel when there were converts and new members to be cared for. This was done, and indoctrination of both young and older people and their enlistment in active worship and in definitely Christian service were the program for considerable periods of each church year.

DYNAMIC CONTACTS

The personal relations formed and the influences enjoyed by the pastor and family in a congenial college community are beyond all ordinary compensation. Syracuse had no professors in our day of the type that stayed at home Sundays and told students that they could get more profit from reading a magazine than from hearing their pastor. Criticisms there may have been, but they must have been kindly, for they did not come to our attention in the parsonage. My companion and myself were well acquainted with the older faculty, and were soon on good terms with the more recent accessions to the teaching force. Both of us were members of good college societies, and fellow students of old days and the latest arrivals were easy to meet. A serious effort was made to call upon students who were regular attendants at University Church, as well as upon the town people and families of professors. It was impossible to be in their homes often, of course, but the understanding was that the parsonage family and pastor were always available, if needed, for any service they might render.

A key to the Semitics library was furnished me, during my years in Syracuse, by the head of the department, Doctor Ismar J. Peritz,



PLACES OF CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY

Monroe Avenue Church, Rochester, New York — First Church, DeLand, Florida.
University Church, Syracuse.

First Church, Little Falls, New York — Central Church, Detroit.

Young Men's Christian Association Building, Utica, New York,

A TRAVELING PREACHER

Jewish-born Hebraist and Christian Greek scholar, whose instruction periods I attended whenever possible. He was a theologian whose natural rationalism, mellowed and informed by spiritual life and experience, enabled him to analyze with remarkable clarity the texts and doctrines of Scripture. We usually agreed in essential views, and differed only with mutual respect. Our church relationship enabled us to learn a good deal from each other, and the hours spent in Professor Peritz' classroom, library and home became very profitable.

No other man in my pastorates ever took pains to notify his minister that he would be out of the city and unable to attend prayer-meeting except James B. Brooks, able attorney and City official and First Dean of the Syracuse Law College. He had many duties and connections with important affairs, but he was a regular attendant at mid-week meetings, as well as at both Sunday services. He often instructed the presiding officer by some penetrating remark in testimony or prayer. On one occasion for example, he said, "I am not so much concerned about what I think of God, but should much like to know what God thinks of me." A good many years later, passing through Syracuse, opportunity came to me to call upon the Dean during his last illness. It was not known to many persons until after his decease, that he had been a colonel in the United States Army with some four years' service, discharged after serious wounds at the Battle of the Wilderness, and that he had befriended, educated and helped into the ministry a little run-away Negro boy who came to his army camp for refuge. He said to some one, "I have done so much for that man that he is to me one of the dearest creatures on earth." That remark gave me the thought that the reason why God loves people must be because he has done so much for them. Dean Brooks has been regarded by many who knew him as the most distinguished and popular Christian layman in the history of Syracuse.

Professor Charles W. Hargitt, during my pastorate in Syracuse, was my scientific mentor, and later, when my book "Christianity in Science," was being written he was a consultant and one of the group of scientific leaders who read all the essential chapters of the volume and commented upon them before publication. It was a sorrow to me that the translation of Professor Hargitt occurred when we were out of the country, and I was therefore unable to accede to his request concerning his funeral service. A letter of Mrs. Hargitt is still

ADVENTURES OF

in my possession, saying of a conversation with her husband, "Quite a while before he was taken sick he and I were talking about future matters, and he said to me, "When my time comes to leave this life, I want Bishop Leete to have charge of the last rites."

Mr. Charles E. Chappell, father of the present competent and successful Chappell Brothers, merchants of Syracuse, and creator and former head of the business, was a most prominent man of affairs among leading officials of University Church. He was a thoroughly consistent Christian layman. A lovely room in the Chappell home, containing our photographs, was long called by the names of Mrs. Leete and myself, and was open to our coming. Mrs Chappell was a descendant of Henry Baggerly of Maryland, one of the devoted associates of the pioneer Bishop Asbury. When a great sorrow came to the Chappell household some years after we left Syracuse, it was my sad privilege to return to the city and conduct funeral services for a loved son, Clayton. Donald E. and Charles A. Chappell are among our long-time friends. A particular favorite with us has been the daughter, Marion. Her husband, W. Clyde Sykes, lumberman and well-known Methodist layman and General Conference delegate, has been highly regarded for years in our family.

Another of the most helpful and reliable officials of University Church was Andrew H. Pond, wholesale and retail jewelry merchant and diamond expert. He was the predecessor of Robert A. Pond, a trustee of the church of his father and of his brother, Roland B., both engaged in the well-conducted business which has been so long maintained in the family name. A. Park Sager, manufacturer, F. H. Blodgett, skillful restaurateur and Harlow Andrews, best remembered as a Christian worker and evangelist, were all loyal supporters of our undertakings. Doctor Minnie L. Beebe of the University faculty, headed and taught a Kollege Klan in Sunday school. The work done there was not only constructive and important, but aided effectively the whole program of the church. The Klan was especially attractive to large numbers of college men. Professor Henry A. Peck was a strong ally in my Syracuse pastorate.

Close acquaintance with Doctor William H. Mace, great teacher and author of American history, and study in his university courses, together with the friendship of his charming family, were part of the inspiration of our residence in the old town of my high

A TRAVELING PREACHER

school and college. Chancellor James Roscoe Day was connected with First Church, and not University, but he lived just around the corner from our home, and we were good friends, even after my Boston bull punished his dog severely. Our tyke, named Togo for the admiral, was very religious, despite his belligerency. He was determined to go to prayer-meeting, and it was not easy to prevent his doing so. On one occasion he outwitted us by starting a little late. The meeting had been going forward for perhaps a quarter of an hour when Togo appeared at the door. As no one rushed at him, he entered quite deliberately and sedately walked down the center aisle to my seat, and lying down behind the desk, he remained in perfect behavior until the service was ended. Then he seemed quite proud of himself.

Chancellor Day was elected to the episcopacy at Los Angeles in 1908, but he declined to accept the office. Some weeks before the Conference he had shown me a bitter letter from the evangelist, Doctor L. W. Munhall, a layman of Philadelphia. This zealous but sometimes unfair brother declared that he would oppose the election of Doctor Day as bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in every way in his power. The Chancellor then said to me, "I will not accept the office if it comes to me at the end of the election, or after any unpleasant episode." It came in both ways. Doctor Munhall made an attack that was brought into the open, and was greatly publicized. He alleged heretical views. The Conference, which had held back its majority votes, but on grounds entirely other than those alleged, felt a sense of injustice, and elected James Roscoe Day to the episcopacy. Despite the pleas of the noted editor, James M. Buckley, and of others who felt that the affair had been most unfortunate, Doctor Day adhered to his statement made to me and refused consecration. It was believed by some that he expected election four years later, but this did not occur. Doctor Day was temperamental in his personal relations, but was a builder and a great preacher of a constructive and impressive type.

It was often possible for me to make suggestions to the Chancellor as to university policy, which he accepted and upon which he acted. One case was that of the Yates Castle property, where the Medical Center is located. I heard that there was talk of selling this important and beautiful piece of land and its picturesque structures. I called the head of the university by 'phone and mentioned the matter. "What

ADVENTURES OF

do we want of that?" he exclaimed. "We have too much land as it is." "You have about half enough," was my come-back. "Besides, the Yates land is the natural front of your property, and it will be a calamity to let it go." A few days later a return 'phone came, and the voice of the great man, for he really was that, said, "I've got that Yates estate." "Good, Chancellor," was my reply: "Do so some more!"

Dean Frank Smalley, of the Liberal Arts College, teacher of Latin and author of an "Analysis of Latin Words," was one of the earliest of Syracuse graduates, a long time professor, Liberal Arts Dean and Vice-Chancellor. He represented in himself the traditions and personal relations of the whole University. He and his household were loyal friends and supporters. Letters in my possession, written by Doctor Smalley at a later time, urge me to consent to be considered for the chancellorship to succeed Doctor Day. Several times in my life it became necessary to say that no call was felt by me to educational, secretarial or other responsibilities than those of the ministry of the Church.

The pastorate at Syracuse, accepted and continued at reduced financial compensation, was no mistake. The years spent in college associations quickened my mind without diminishing in the least my interest in evangelical truth and evangelistic effort. When I was delivering my usual type of message one Sunday morning quite a number of fine appearing men were noted by attendants at University Church; not in a group, but distributed through the audience. They were members of the Official Board of Central Church, Detroit, come for a "look-see" at the preacher, having in mind a possible invitation to him to become their pastor.

THUMBS DOWN TO A PULPIT COMMITTEE

The oldest Protestant Church of Detroit, having determined upon a change of pastors, appointed a fairly large and a zealous committee to select a new leader. It was told me later that they considered some forty men, and that by the time they visited Syracuse their process of elimination had reduced to three the number thought by them to be qualified. The sermon they heard at University Church was sufficiently promising so that they decided to call on the preacher that afternoon, and did so. What an examination they put me through!—all in good spirit. Replies were made in kind until they came to the

A TRAVELING PREACHER

question, "And what part of the work will your wife do?" The man who put the query was taken aback, and the rest of the committee smiled almost audibly, when he was answered, "She will do as much as your wife will do." His wife, it appeared later, was not at all notable for Christian or parish activity. The quiz ceased right then. The committee did also ask me to come to Detroit and preach in their pulpit. They were told that I had never candidated for any position. They inquired if I would come and meet their board, but my remark was that my home was Syracuse, and that we were happy and contented there. They went away friendly, though seeming to be a bit subdued. It was my opinion that the affair was at an end. An engagement soon called me from home to make an address at Ocean Grove, New Jersey. A wire came there from Detroit, containing a unanimous invitation by the Official Board of Central Church to accept their pastorate, subject of course to action of authorities of the general Church. My reply was that I would consider the matter and would seek advice. There is a very old story in church circles about a situation which resulted from a preacher's call to a new field. A child of his, being questioned as to the decision likely to be made, said, "Father is in the study praying." And your mother? "Oh, she is in the kitchen packing." Our experience as to leaving Syracuse was by no means of such a nature. Neither of the partners in our family life wished to move. We had too many old friends and relationships in the church and city to make the idea attractive. Still, at that time, it was felt that University Church was too well satisfied with its old property and its genuine activities to develop anything particularly new within a few years, at least. We could go on happily where we were, but what about an aggressive ministry and progress *now*? We would have to look into this Detroit opportunity.

This is perhaps the place to say that when we decided upon a career in the Methodist ministry it was explained to my companion that it was my intention to earn a living without the necessity on her part of hiring out to the church. It would be gratifying for her to continue to be interested in Christian work and to take part, as she could reasonably and would like to do, in its activities. But, she was told, You do not have to be president of any society, and will perhaps be just as well liked if you serve in the ranks, or in some minor position that nobody desires. If I cannot succeed as a preacher

ADVENTURES OF

without requiring you also to become a professional, we will go into something else. This was mutually agreeable, and it proved to be a plan that worked in every pastorate, including Detroit, where it was evident that Central Church did not expect or desire that the preacher's wife act as an assistant minister. She was felt to belong to the people there, but as one of them, and not as employed by them. As a matter of fact, throughout the years, the lady of the parsonage acted as a helper and friend of all the societies of the church, tho' not as the head of any one of them. She taught in the Sunday school for a considerable period of time, in a class of women. She rarely addressed some meeting, always acceptably, but never desired to do so if other speakers were at hand. She managed her home and children so well that no fault could be found with her housekeeping or her children's conduct. And always she was the inspiring comrade and helper of her husband, who after sixty years of life in her company is able to say that not only was he never embarrassed by her words or acts in any place but that he was constantly aided, strengthened and refreshed by her loyalty, understanding and love.

OLD CENTRAL

Not the new Central, but the Old Central, I salute! Doctor Christian F. Reisner in his book, "*Church Publicity*," opens a paragraph with the words "When Doctor Frederick D. Leete was appointed pastor of the great Central Church, Detroit." The latter was in the old days a common enough title and description of the combined First and Second Methodist Episcopal Churches in Detroit, now for many years known as Central. The idea of a central city pastorate had always appealed to me as that of a field of a special Christian opportunity, as indeed it may be, but only if the right type of ministry is instituted and conducted. The record of "Old Central" impressed me by its statistics of growth and achievements, and especially by the roll of its leadership through the years. Edward Thomson, one of the early bishops, elected when quite young and later first president of Ohio Wesleyan University, occupied the pulpit of Central Church, as did the benign William Xavier Ninde. The latter, who came to be called "the St. John of the episcopacy" served two pastoral terms there, and also lived not far from the church as a bishop. Not all the preachers of this society were distinguished, but it would be hard to

A TRAVELING PREACHER

find a list of pastors with such notable names as those of E. H. Pilcher, Albert D. Wilbor, Seth Reed, James M. Buckley, L. R. Fiske, Benj. F. Cocker, J. H. Bayliss, W. W. Ramsey, W. S. Studley, J. M. Thornburn and George Elliott. Most of these names are in Simpson's "Cyclopaedia of Methodism," in "Who's Who," and on faculty lists of the University of Michigan, Albion College, Ohio Wesleyan and other institutions. Dr. J. M. Buckley, the most famous church editor Methodism ever had, used to boast that the building of the present edifice on the corner of Woodward and Adams, Detroit, which he started but did not stay to finish, was one of the three chief undertakings of his life. These men, and others almost as eminent, gave to Detroit Methodism a powerful influence long before many of the other churches of the city were born. Only once in a hundred years was there a preacher at Central who disgraced the position. Unfortunately a historian of the church gave this man a representation far more favorable than those of other and better pastors.

To go or not to go, that was the question. Advice came to me. Bishop J. F. Berry, much experienced in Michigan, urged me to accept the Detroit invitation. Bishop Charles H. Fowler wrote "You have a good enough church where you are, Why leave?" My father, who had begun his ministry as a pioneer preacher in Michigan, wrote me that unless the Detroit Conference men had changed they would be found most fraternal and cooperative. Mother said that as a girl she attended Central Church when visiting in the city, and well remembered that the church had an "Amen corner," and that there were infants in the congregation. They decided the matter in our household—mother and father, and we accepted an invitation whose leading cost us a struggle. A meeting of the University Church Official Board was called. The above facts were stated frankly, with the remark, "You have not been brought together to get you to pass resolutions of confidence and to request a continuance of our present relations, but to say that after careful consideration we are about to place the situation before the church authorities, together with our consent to go to Detroit if the appointment there is made." One more statement was added—"We wish you to know that we never again expect to have as happy a relationship as we have in Syracuse. We would gladly stay right here, but it seems that there is a duty to be performed in the heart of a great industrial city, and we wish to see

ADVENTURES OF

what can be done in such an environment." After a little silence one of the business men on the board exclaimed, "I don't blame him a bit. I know what the opportunity is, and we should accept the decision." Another man of affairs, however, afterward advised the pulpit committee to take no steps to secure a successor, saying that if the church did not ask for anyone else the authorities would decline to make a change." The advice was not good, as the event proved. The Detroit appointment was arranged, and the University Church leaders were forced to do some very hasty planning as to the future.

A REMARKABLE RECOLLECTION

An incident which some may hesitate to believe must nevertheless be related in this part of my life story. When we went to live in Detroit people going westward were being taken across Detroit River by ferry. We were being transported in this way, without remembrance of having been in that vicinity before, when the sensitive film we call memory brought back clearly one of my earliest experiences. Father had taken me during my very young childhood to visit my grandparents in Michigan. Mother, having other duties, did not accompany us to Milan, Azalia, or somewhere near those towns. Illness suddenly came to me while there, and father rushed me back home, and on the boat crossing Detroit River he carried me up and down the deck. The incident had long been totally forgotten, but forty years later, when we were ferrying to the metropolis of Michigan, there came to me a sudden and clear consciousness of having been there before, and with it the thought of how good it had seemed to have a big strong father to carry in his arms a sick boy.

The tunnel under the Detroit River was nearing completion during our residence in the city, but had not yet been opened to the public, when one of the engineers on the project who attended Central Church invited me to walk through the uncompleted passage beneath the stream which carries so large a part of the freight tonnage of the world. It was a delight to do this, even though the undertaking would be somewhat strenuous. The pathway was partly rubbish-filled and almost totally dark, save for our torches. We stumbled along with considerable difficulty and for a long period of time until at last a dim point of light, slowly becoming larger as we struggled forward, brought us a view of the sky above the terrain of another country.

A TRAVELING PREACHER

This trip seemed to me to be a symbol of what happens to those who walk through the shadow of death to find themselves in the radiance and glory of a new environment.

DEMOCRACY WITH STYLE

The City of Detroit, at the time of our going there in 1906, was growing rapidly and was spreading widely. Central Church was threatened with the loss of old families who had moved to a distance. Very few of these historic memberships had been terminated, however, and immediate steps were taken which succeeded in preventing for the next six years the loss of any of this well-known and dependable constituency. Not one old family departed, while many new people, of widely varying occupations and social standing, were welcomed into the fellowship. There was nothing caddish about the Central Church attitude. It had long been an evangelical and a soul-winning body, and its leading people wished it to retain this character. Revival meetings were held every year, and were sustained by the officials of all portions of the society.

One visiting old Central in those days was received and welcomed with impressive form, as well as with cordiality. Two of the largest men of the city stood at the wide front door from the spacious vestibule into the auditorium, one on each side in regulation full dress. The entrance was often draughty, and then they wore hats such as the new pastor never owned—tall silk, in vulgar parlance, stovepipes. What a pair! They would have given dignity to any portal—that of polished gentlemen, as indeed they were, and were known to be by Detroiters generally. Marshall H. Godfrey had once been commissioner of the City Fire Department and was the chief creator of the Majestic Building. William H. Brace was one of the foremost wholesale merchants of Detroit. These stalwart men were proud to be “door-keepers in the house of the Lord,” and they greeted every would-be worshipper at Central with an evident friendliness that put all comers at ease, as they passed them on to most genial and attentive ushers. The men in the aisles, too, were well-established citizens, such as Charles B. Gray, of one of the oldest families, Walter S. Campbell, Secretary of the Credit Men’s Association of Detroit, A. A. Hare, a merchant near the church, John H. Frye, secretary of the Detroit Street Railway Company and others. There was positively no man among them like

ADVENTURES OF

an usher in another church of which I was pastor. A visitor asked me, "Who is that wooden Indian you have near the door, and what is he for?" The pews of Central Church, many of them occupied by regular worshippers, were as hospitable as were the attendants. The common people entered the portals of this temple of Christ freely, and heard its ministers gladly. The larger part of the frequenters and members of Central in that era were workers in the stores and factories of the city, and they were well represented in the social and official life of the church.

ORGANIZING FOR PERMANENCE

One reason why many central city churches die is that they are not inspired by a great challenge and activated by suitable plans for a long future. They go along in old ways, growing more lifeless and shabby with the years. They are dead before they know it, and there is hardly enough corpse left for an undertaker. The property is lost or sold, or the enfeebled congregation is united with some other, often to no real gain to either one. When the people of Central Church came to live in residences of from five to ten miles from the edifice the slogan was raised, "Put the roots down for a thousand years." This was reiterated in the pulpit, in the parish monthly—"The Central Mirror," and in various church rallies, and it was accompanied by positive acts which enlisted people too closely with definite responsibilities and relationships to permit them to plan or desire to go elsewhere. A large Brotherhood was organized, led by some of the most admired men of the church and community. Women's societies were, as usual, already active and were encouraged and aided in every way. A Membership Department of one hundred persons was formed, divided into four groups; evangelistic, visitors of new families, promoters of activity among those not closely related to the work, callers on the sick, the poor and the distant members. The Department met monthly for reports and new assignments of duty. The Brotherhood rendered similar service in case of men, and related them to each other socially.

A unique body was a Forward Movement Committee of seventy-five men, too young as yet for the official boards of the Church and only partially occupied with Sunday school undertakings, although these were handled effectively. The Sunday school Board was a center

A TRAVELING PREACHER

in and from which revival meetings were assisted and extended. The Forward Movement Committee was told to look about the church property and organization and to discover possible improvements. Their early deeds included building an iron fence to keep out rubbish from a corner of the grounds and to make possible a grass-plot; placing memorial tablets and pictures in suitable places and the purchase of electric signs, inviting passers-by at night to attend the meetings in progress in the church. The young men of this committee became much interested in the tasks which they assumed, and in after years many of them became officials of Central, and of other churches when they moved from Detroit. As a result of the above and of related forms of aggressive endeavor, "Old Central" took on new life and deeply decided to constitute a permanent agency of moral and spiritual power in the metropolis of Michigan.

Down-town property in Detroit, during our residence there, became especially valuable for the erection of office-buildings, department stores and hotels. It was said that the site of Central Church was worth two million dollars. Whether so or not, the land became suddenly attractive to investors. A member of our board of trustees came to me one day with a troubled face. He told me, and he was not one of our wealthier men, that he had been offered ten thousand dollars if he would help a certain agency to purchase Central's holdings. He said, "What will I do?" My reply was, "I don't know what you will do, but I know what I will do." What was done was to lay the situation before Mr. Joseph L. Hudson, head of the great department store and connected with many large business enterprises, who was one of our trustees. The Central Church has an old charter, issued by Lewis Cass as Governor of Michigan in 1822. The people were very proud of it because of its age and its quaintness. It gave the power to hold and dispose of the property to the trustees, absolutely, together with the right to tax the members of the society. Five men could sell us out of house and home—not that they were likely to do so, but it could occur. A meeting of the Official Board was held, and as a result of its action Mr. Hudson went with me to Lansing, the state capital, where an amendment to the ancient charter was obtained which forbids sale of the property except by a large majority vote of the membership. This was another step toward putting the roots of the first Protestant church of Detroit down for a thousand years.

ADVENTURES OF

FIGHTING MORAL EVILS

Central Church in its best days was not so much concerned over wages, cost of living and profits and their distribution, though it had some part in all sensible efforts for material betterment, as it was about moral conditions and the elimination of vice. Red light districts were kept away pretty thoroughly from our part of the city. The divorce evil, however, was so bad in Michigan that it was decided not to marry any divorced people at all at Central, except the very few who came with proper papers from Canada or the State of New York. Only adultery was there recognized as cause for divorce, whereas Ohio named three alleged causes and Michigan seven. The pastor and assistant pastor of Central Church estimated that it cost them five hundred dollars or more annually, located as they were down in the very heart of the city, to refuse marriage to divorcees. Nevertheless they slept better for their action, and they did not get into the papers in connection with scandalous marriages as did some other preachers, including one in a very prominent pulpit. That pastor, for this and other reasons, did not remain long on our Avenue. The marriage situation finally came into the city preachers' meeting where threats made to those who opposed the sordid practices of numerous "marrying parsons" were met by the calm reply, "The records are at the county building, and if anyone wishes a show-down we can have them published." Methodists and a great many others lined up on the right side, and conditions were greatly improved, not only as to marriages but even possibly as to the underlying causes of divorce with remarriage.

The liquor business was rampant in those days. That great Methodist layman and dear friend, President Samuel Dickie of Albion College, at one time candidate for Vice President on the Prohibition ticket, was aggressively contesting against the liquor traffic. I recall that Mr. J. L. Hudson once took me to Lansing to help bring certain evils of drink to the attention of the legislature and state officials. These were preliminary steps towards the time when Michigan voted dry. Unblushing evils occurred in Detroit. One of the most daring was when a saloon-keeper was hired by the city school board to act as principal of a night school not far from his place of business. Some good club women heard about it and invited pastors and other leaders

A TRAVELING PREACHER

to attend a school-board meeting where they were to file a protest against this flaunting and dangerous precedent. It seemed good for me to go with others, and the next Sunday morning the Central congregation was told about it. Among other things said was, "If anyone wishes to know why such an appointment as that of a rumseller to conduct a school can be made in our city, let him be present as our group were at a meeting of the school authorities and hear the English spoken in their discussions." This almost unpremeditated challenge struck fire. On Monday morning the Detroit News carried on its front page a black-letter head-line, SCHOOL BOARD EXHIBIT A! Then followed an account of the sermon at Central and of the whole affair from the beginning, including the protests of the women who had bravely opposed the prostitution of education to the level of the saloon. Other papers contained references to the matter. For the next two days the town was hot. The Chairman of the Board met on the street a prominent and influential attorney of my own name and very distant connection, Mr. W. W. Leete. The chairman said to this Baptist layman, "Aren't you ashamed of your name?" For a moment he was non-plussed. Then he thought of what had been published in the press that morning, and he replied with emphasis, "No! On the contrary, I was never more proud of my name than I am today." The next School Board meeting took place on Tuesday night following the day when the sermon was published and that night the Board reversed its appointment, and the pupils of the city had no school principals from behind the bar. Quick action! Yes, but the case was extraordinary and revolting. The city would not stand for it.

One reason why special attention was given to the sermon at Central Church was because the pulpit there was not given to frequent and not at all to unconsidered attacks upon civic evils. A preacher is more effective in emergencies who is not known as being constantly loquacious, even as to such persistent evils of American life as intemperance and licentiousness. Letters of approval of the protest against the saloon-keeper's appointment as head of a school included one from a Roman Catholic layman who signed himself "A believer in justice and fair play."

The much-honored postmaster of Detroit sent a message, still preserved, illustrating the prompt encouragement one may receive when a careful statement of civic responsibility is made from the

ADVENTURES OF

pulpit. "Dear Dr. Leete," it says, "I hope you will pardon me if I take the liberty of congratulating you on your sermon of yesterday, as reported in this morning's 'News.' I think it is one of the most timely and sensible presentations of a citizen's political duty I have ever seen. This is exactly the kind of thing the churches should take up. With good wishes for you and very kind regards, I am, Yours cordially, Homer Warren."

CASTING OUT A DEMON

The church that wishes to help purify the community must keep itself clean. This is usually done fairly well by means of private counsels and reconsecrations, together with withdrawals secured from those who have never had or have lost religious character. Sometimes an evil doer in the church clings to his relationship there for the purpose of exploiting its members and others whom his church connection misleads to their serious injury.

One of the most exciting adventures of a ministerial career is a church trial. Only one of these came into my pastoral experience, and that was at Central Church, Detroit. A young professional man, a Presbyterian, came to live and work in the city, and he joined Central because he was a graduate, like myself, of Syracuse University. When he had been there a few months he came to me with the story that he had been fleeced by one of our well-known, but not well-liked members. This man had invested for him a few thousands of dollars which he had saved and also his sister's money, a smaller sum, but all she had. He had found out that the investment was wholly worthless, and that he had been financially stripped. This did not look good. An inquiry was instituted, and it was soon found that there were numerous other cases of loss through securities sold by this man. The sums which had disappeared in this way were quickly set at over a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, with much more still to be traced. Evidence was carefully gathered, and three of the older and most reliable members of the church board were appointed as a committee to seek further facts and to talk with the man responsible as to his business and methods. It was found that he had dealt in some twenty stocks and bonds over a period of twelve years and that no purchaser had ever received back a dollar of his "investment," or any interest on his money. One of his schemes was to buy a small, per-

A TRAVELING PREACHER

fectly good manufacturing business at around ten to twenty thousand dollars, recapitalize it at a hundred thousand and sell the stock, getting out himself wholly, of course. In a few months the factory was closed and was sold for debts, everything being lost. The committee of investigation called the man in and questioned him about certain contracts. He called attention to an interlined clause in one of the papers, by which he was absolved from financial accountability. As they studied it, he rubbed his hands together saying, "It cost me thirteen dollars to get that in. It pays to have a good lawyer."

The conservative group of elder statesmen were incensed by such deliberate exploitation of the people. They were aware that this man herded his numerous family down almost to the front seat of the church, being seen of all, that he attended several classes of the Sunday school on the same day, enlarging his acquaintance, that he testified in prayer-meetings to his own honesty and success in business. It was certain to them that we had in our midst a man possessed of a devil, and that his evil spirit must be cast out, so far at least as it affected Central Church. Charges were drawn up, but Methodist law did not provide a way to get them signed, so that they could be pressed. The Official Board was called and it was proposed that the members of that body should affix their names. Then spoke forth one of our easy talkers, but a man of white feather quality. He said, "This man is dangerous. He has sued many people and right or wrong has sometimes won the actions. Every one of us who has any property will be in financial peril if we put our names to this paper." While he was still talking, George A. Robinson, son of the president of our trustees, and a man who was many times as well off as the speaker, quietly arose from his seat, walked to the table and wrote his signature at the top of the space indicated. The rest of the names went on the sheet in a hurry.

My only church trial was an interesting affair. The accused employed for his defense a dubious lawyer connected with another Methodist society. When the two arrived at the appointed place it must have surprised them to behold present fifty to seventy-five witnesses, some non-Methodists, all with some tale of dishonesty on the part of the defendant to relate. We had obtained as the attorney for the church one of the most reliable Methodist preachers of Detroit Conference, Doctor C. W. Baldwin, father of the present distinguished

ADVENTURES OF

lawyer of the city, Mr. Howard C. Baldwin. Three main charges had been made, with five specifications under each of these. Plenty of definite testimony was given, supported by various proofs. The man was convicted on all charges and on every specification save one. His demon was driven out of the fellowship of innocent and exploitable people. The press acclaimed the result, and a prominent banker of another city said to the pastor of Central, "You have done a good thing for the whole state. It is time that some of the rascals in the church were expelled." The members of the man's whole family, except one child, sided with the church.

The finale of this affair occurred some months later, as the Detroit Conference was about to open in Central Church. A suit was filed against me for fifty thousand dollars, which the man whom the church had disciplined claimed for damages to his business. My case was like that of the fellow who was asked to change a twenty-dollar bill. He felt complimented, but not competent. As the labor of preparing to entertain Conference was pressing, the papers were taken by me to Mr. J. L. Hudson and he was asked what to do. "You must get an attorney and file a demurrer," he said. The reply made was, "I do not know a lawyer whom I would care to employ in such a matter." Mr. Hudson said, "You might not wish to use my attorneys," and named a firm of very capable Jewish practitioners. Saying, "Give it to the Jews," I went back to my work. The filing of the legal complaint was published in the press, but when the man who attempted this spite action, intending to cause embarrassment at the Conference session, found out who were the lawyers he would have to meet, the next issue of the papers announced that the suit had been withdrawn. That was the end of the matter, except that the church and Christianity were strengthened in their influence in the community.

A REVIVAL EPISODE

The aim at Central Church was to have the religious life continuously revived and the work of evangelism a constant feature of the program—not an exceptional and spasmodic enterprise. Special meetings were held every year, preparation being made by groups worshipping in private homes and by watch-night, week of prayer and decision day services in church and Sunday school. It may be said that

A TRAVELING PREACHER

in general the main thought in the preaching and even in the social life of the church was to secure decisions for Christ and His indwelling and transforming power in the experience and practice of Christian people. The main end of revival seasons, it was often repeated, is not to add some converts to the membership, but to stir up the spirit of the church and help to keep it so full of vital energy that converts to Christianity might be expected and might actually be made at any season of the year. In this, supplemented as it was by the year-around personal work of the membership department and by gifted individuals, very notable results were realized.

It was our principle to be cooperative in the work of evangelism. Our own effort in this direction was paramount, but we never failed to enter into and assist any general movement of the city churches. During my active years in Christian work many noted evangelists came to conduct campaigns in the communities in which we labored; among them being D. L. Moody, B. Fay Mills, J. Wilbur Chapman, William A. Sunday, and lesser lights in the evangelistic firmament. We always planned both to assist these undertakings and so far as possible to profit by their successes. At the time of the Chapman meetings in Syracuse, University Church organized a special committee of one hundred to cooperate with the general movement, and to see that our own church received its full share of converts. It seemed that no other portion of the city was more affected by efforts made by an individual church than was the neighborhood about ourselves, and it was doubtless for this reason, in large part, that we received more new members during the campaign and at its close than did any other society.

Doctor R. A. Torrey came to Detroit for a big central movement. Objection to his leadership was made by some city pastors, but though we had no part in the invitation extended him, our decision was to go in with the rest and to organize for valuable results, whatever might take place elsewhere. One of the city papers was critical at the beginning of the meetings, and its reports and comments were injurious. It was learned by me that the reporter back of this attack was Will Levington Comfort, who became a well-known writer of fiction. The Detroit City Librarian lists twenty-three of his works. Either I knew or found out that this commentator was a grandson of Doctor Levington, a powerful old-time Methodist leader. Failure of the

ADVENTURES OF

Torrey meetings would react against the church life of the city, so I took it upon myself as a Methodist to write to Mr. Comfort. His critiques had shown intimate knowledge of religious people and methods, and they were the more devastating on that account. Any desire to explain Mr. Torrey or to defend his utterances, type of work or methods was disclaimed in my letter, but it was insisted that we needed to strengthen every moral and religious movement in Detroit, and that since many Christian churches and leaders were behind this effort and were hoping for good effects from it, the duty of all right-minded citizens seemed to be, either to support the movement, or to spare it sharp criticism of techniques and personalities. This appeal might not have amounted to much had not one thing said to Mr. Comfort gone "under his skin." It was this, in substance: Your ancestor, Doctor Levington, gave the splendid labors of his years for the cause which the Christianity of this city is serving. It seems to me that you are engaged in cutting up your grandfather for copy. That brought action. Mr. Comfort replied that he thought it "pure journalism to defend a people against a colossal egotist, who has not spirituality to cover the amazing vacuities of his brain." He stated that he had received another assignment from his chief, and

WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT.
202 KING AVE., DETROIT.

4 Apr/ '12.

Dear Friend,-- I thank you for the book -- a big and important labor which I value highly. . . . I feel you often in the vibrations of the big town this is coming to be -- always at work, always deeply concentrated, always bustling. . . . I like to think of you-- careful brush when you thought me a pure destructive force for a little while. My third novel you shall get in a fortnight. Again thank you -- are you helping the women this fall in their campaign? It interests me.

Yours with solid regard,

Will Levington Comfort

A TRAVELING PREACHER

was no longer "doing" the meetings. They went on without further trouble. The Torrey campaign cannot be rated among the best meetings of the kind, but Central's own plans and efforts gave a good account of themselves in the reckoning. Mr. Comfort took me on the list of his correspondents from that day. Two years later he wrote me, "The Lippincotts are sending you my book, *Routledge Rides Alone*, which I am grateful to say is declared the most enthusiastically reviewed novel of the spring. I want you to see the message. My avowed purpose is to paint war so red in all its monstrous horror and havoc that all nations will shudder at it." Another of his letters, four years after our clash, is still preserved. It says, "I feel you often in the vibrations of the big town this is coming to be—always at work, always deeply concentrated, always building. I like to think of you—our old brush, when you thought me a destructive force for a little while." It is good to differ, to express each other frankly, and to have letters of a later date begin like the one last mentioned, "Dear friend." Mr. Comfort once wrote that he could not fail to be better for my prayers. My hope is that he was better, and that he is now wholly well—in Paradise. He passed into the great beyond November 2, 1932, at fifty-four years of age.

A message has recently come to me from another Detroit newspaperman, already active when I lived there over forty years since. Edgar A. Guest, often called "Eddie" by his host of friends, was congratulated in a letter I sent him on the fiftieth anniversary of his Free Press labors. He replied on September 4, 1951. "Of course I remember you and your service here at Central Methodist Church. Your letter of August 27th gladdened my heart." One of his contributions to my devotional book, "Skyward," was a prayer in verse. He said with reference to this, "I must confess that I had forgotten the little prayer. The fact that you treasure it through the years made me very happy and proud. If ever I get your way, we will have a long visit." This writer of verse is something more than a rhymster, or even a poet. He is a philosopher, teaching many readers true ways of living.

A MAMMOTH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

All Michigan Methodism celebrated its one hundredth anniversary in 1910. Where? There was only one appropriate place, of course.

ADVENTURES OF

That was the church which represents the entire stream of Methodist organization and activity in the Wolverine State. Central Church is the lawful successor of the occasional groups which heard Freeman, James B. Finley, the celebrated Nathan Bangs and William Case, the latter the first appointed preacher to Detroit, when they met and taught unorganized groups of Christian people. This church preserves the life of the first little Protestant society of the region with its seven members, which had produced at the time of the celebration a membership of fifteen hundred at Central and of one hundred twelve thousands in Michigan. Central carried in its heart the spirit of old First Church, and also of Second Church. The two came together in 1863 to make one strong society.

Both of the official bodies of Michigan Methodists were involved in this historic event, and therefore the two Annual Conferences, Detroit and Michigan, were invited to attend. The fifty-fifth session of Detroit Conference followed Anniversary Sunday, and one of its days was a joint session of the two state organizations. The high-light events of the week, aside from the Sunday services, were a great banquet at Wayne Pavilion, a lecture by Italia Garibaldi, Methodist daughter of the Italian liberator, a steamer excursion on Detroit River for the Michigan Conference guests, followed by a dinner for them given at the church by Doctor and Mrs. George O. Robinson and a Joint Celebration Service. A galaxy of speakers who delighted the latter gathering included Editor J. H. Potts, President Samuel Dickie, Doctor M. M. Callen, Secretaries Patrick J. Maveety and Ward Platt, Bishop W. F. McDowell, who presided over the Conference, and Bishop Earl Cranston, well-known to Michigan because of his summer residence for many years at Epworth, Ludington. Mr. J. L. Hudson, philanthropist, and Mrs. George O. Robinson, National President of the Woman's Home Missionary Society gave the opening welcoming addresses in behalf of Central Church and of the people of Detroit.

The congregations of Anniversary Sunday listened to sermons by two former pastors. Doctor Seth Reed was the preacher in the morning. He was the Nestor of the Conference, whose work at Central had ended just half a century before, and whose very tall, erect form led the Indians in early days to name him, "The man who goes straight up through the clouds." He stood before the people, with white hair

A TRAVELING PREACHER

and long white beard, as a figure more striking than the tallest "sycamore of the Wabash." His message was clear, succinct and Christian. His voice was heard distinctly by the entire audience which packed the auditorium, and he closed well inside his time. Dr. Reed refers to this occasion in his book, "*Story of My Life*." The distinguished editor of the New York Christian Advocate, who had been Central's pastor, 1863-'65, and who counted the relocation and building of the present church, which was the accomplishment of those and of two succeeding years, one of the three outstanding achievements of his life, gave at night a characteristic discourse.

One cannot rehearse all the events of the most memorable eight days which had ever taken place in the denominational life of the church in city and state. It was said that the over-crowded banquet at Wayne Pavilion brought together the largest number of Methodists who had ever assembled in Michigan. Food was plenty, however. Harold Jarvis, the celebrated tenor, sang. Former pastors J. M. Thornburn, Jr., and George Elliott and District Superintendent Charles Bronson Allen were speakers. Bishop J. F. Berry, of Wolverine experience and memories, gave one of the addresses. An incident occurred which caused a roar of merriment. Doctor Buckley, who was no longer young, and whom the excitement had wearied, did not come up to his usual form in his remarks, and dragged on rather tediously. There was in our church an eccentric elderly man named Lenton Crabb. He became annoyed, and finally could not endure the situation. He jumped to his feet in the center of the vast company and exploded. "How much longer," he shouted, "is this man going to talk? I want to hear some of the other speakers and the music." Everyone was astounded. The stillness was appalling. Doctor Buckley told someone afterward that up to that moment he had really been asleep, but said he, "that man waked me up." He had long been noted for repartee, and in his prime very few had the temerity to measure lances with him. Again the strength of Samson returned to the old warrior. He came alive, his form straightened and his eyes flashed with their old-time brilliance. "I am very glad," said he, "for this incident. I have a lecture on 'Eccentricities of Human Nature,' and our friend has furnished me with another illustration for my lecture." Instantly the tension was broken. People laughed until they cried, pounded the tables and made the dishes rattle. When the gala of ap-

ADVENTURES OF

preciation ended Doctor Buckley spoke for a few moments eloquently. The night was saved. The banquet was an unquestionable success. And so indeed was the entire week of celebration and rejoicing. No one who was present during any considerable portion of the unique and distinguished program ever forgot the occasion and its impressions.

RESULTS OF ORGANIZED CONTINUOUS EVANGELISM

It is doubtless a fact that churches sometimes have too much evangelism of a type. That is, they have sometimes too many series of meetings, unprepared for by instruction and prayer and tedious in their iteration of topics and appeals. It has been said that repetition is the most useful figure of speech, but there is a limit, and some congregations have been desiccated emotionally and sterilized functionally by constant and witless attempts to whip them into spiritual activity and productiveness. "The kingdom cometh not with observation" of the same old rites and ceremonies. The reverse of this error is to conduct the regular exercises of the Church in a ritualistic or lifeless manner and then suddenly surprise and confuse the members by unusual and unexpected interest on the part of the preacher, or an evangelist, in their personal religion and the redemption of their families and neighbors. It seems the better plan to keep the idea and necessity of a living Christian faith and of evangelistic purpose and effort continuously in the background and also in the texture and development of church worship and activity. If then "The signals of the Spirit" appear, the forces of the Lord may be summoned successfully into a special and intensive campaign to reach these objectives.

While engaged in writing this portion of my story someone sent me an old advertising card, distributed by Central Church about the first of December, 1910. One side carries a cut of the edifice and the Sunday night sermon topics for the last three Sundays of December and for January 2. The closing sermon of the old year was not inappropriately on the theme, "What profit, if life be lost?" The topic for the first Sunday night of 1910 was quite as timely, I think, "Whither goest thou?" What interested me most about this old card, which at the time of issue was doubtless widely scattered, was a series of five paragraphs on the reverse side, as follows:

A TRAVELING PREACHER

CENTRAL METHODIST CHURCH

Woodward Avenue, Cor. Adams

This church is now (1909) in its 100th year, the oldest Protestant Church in Detroit. The anniversary will be celebrated in 1910.

No pews are rented or assessments made. All giving is voluntary, and all privileges are extended to everyone who desires them.

It is a philanthropic church, giving without pressure far more money annually to Missions, Education, Evangelism and Charity than it uses in its own work.

It has a strong Brotherhood and Ladies' Aid and several active Missionary Societies. Its Sunday School numbers over 1200.

The membership is growing regularly, as is shown by the following totals reported:

1906	1907	1908	1909
1061	1253	1375	1453

These figures, which took no account of losses by death and removals, which are constant and numerous in old and large congregations downtown, are documentary evidence that so far at least as numerical progress goes a clear, energetic and persistent emphasis upon Christian teaching and life-winning efforts on the part of a loyal people of good character is an attractive and effective force, even in the heart of an industrial and commercially minded city. It was very pleasing to receive the gift of this old broadcast of Central, and to renew memories of love's labor not lost which it brought with it. The figures above must be considered as having been very large for those times.

EXTENSION AND PERSONNEL

A piece of property on the street north of Adams and across the alley from our old parsonage, which was then occupied by the Methodist Book Store and the Michigan Christian Advocate, came into the market in those days. It proved to be in the hands of a family related to our church and as it seemed to be priced right we purchased it, to the advantage of our land holdings. The book store, Advocate and other church offices were later transferred there.

It was felt that such an organization as ours needed better institutional facilities, and it seemed also that we should have more income-

ADVENTURES OF

producing holdings. The idea, afterwards abandoned as not being sufficiently likely to produce satisfactory income, of the erection on the site of the old Chapel and parsonage structures a modern office building was suggested, and began to be acted upon. Someone gave \$10,000 and Mr. George O. Robinson pledged \$30,000 toward the enterprise. As the pastorate changed at that time, and the particular office-building scheme did not seem feasible, it was reserved for my successor, Doctor H. Lester Smith, later Bishop in the Church, during his term as an effective minister at Central, to further and complete an institutional undertaking which gave the church its present plant. Doctor Smith continued the traditional evangelistic efforts of this earnest organization.

Methodism has never had a more vigorous and effective editor than James Henry Potts, for many years in charge of the Michigan Christian Advocate. The sanctum of Doctor Potts was in our old stone parsonage building, not many feet from my own office. The good doctor was almost totally hard of hearing. As the long-time deafness of my own father was a sacred memory I had a tender feeling for the strong man of rugged thought and constructive logic who was so much admired and quoted by religious leaders throughout the land, and by the secular press. I used to go over to his desk very often, sit by his side, and write him notes intended to keep him up-to-date in the general affairs of the Church, and especially in Michigan Methodism. The friendship that resulted from this practice is one of the most pleasing of memories.

It fell to my lot, by Bishop Hamilton's request, to have something to do with the appointment of a successor to the good Doctor John Sweet as Detroit District Superintendent. He was followed by one of the best church financiers and builders of the denomination, Doctor Charles Bronson Allen. His years on the District produced some two score of new churches, the sites and plans of which were mainly of his choice, and which were almost without exception strategic and admirable. His acts in connection with bringing Doctor Merton S. Rice to the city, in which I had a small share, in sustaining his administration and in handling the ambitious financial enterprises of Metropolitan Church, are a shining page in the religious history of the big town.

It was my good fortune to receive into the membership, official



PARISHIONERS IN FIVE PASTORAL APPOINTMENTS

Dryer Memorial, Utica; First Church, Little Falls; Monroe Avenue, Rochester; University Church, Syracuse; Central, Detroit. See Index.

Top: S. E. Werner, father of Bishop Werner; A. H. Pond, diamond merchant; J. M. Biles, life steward; H. B. Earhart, philanthropist. *Second:* C. W. Hargitt, biologist; James B. Brooks, Dean of Law; Col. N. P. Pond, Sec. & Treas. Rochester Democrat & Chronicle; M. H. Godfrey, Fire Com. and builder. *Third:* E. W. Lewellen, lay evangelist; Hon. Titus Sheard, mfg. & political leader; C. E. Chappell, merchant; Frank Smalley, Dean. *Fourth:* W. P. Graham, Chancellor; Frank B. Hicks, printer; James H. Watts, Foreman; G. O. Robinson, philanthropist. *Fifth:* G. T. Calvert, wholesale coal; W. S. Campbell, Sec. Credit Men; B. R. Gabriel, importer; W. H. Brace, Wholesaler. *Sixth:* A. H. Levee, truckman tenor; John Clowminzer, shoeburnisher; J. R. Dean; John B. Ellis, physician.

A TRAVELING PREACHER

board or other important groups of Central Church such leaders as the philanthropist, Harry B. Earhart, Doctor J. O. Murray, Mr. George T. Calvert and others who joined on confession of faith. Richard H. Webber, the latter Mr. Hudson's nephew and successor at the head of the "Big Store," was made a steward. Mr. Earhart's large gifts to Methodism and his aid in the building and development of First Church, Ann Arbor, are well known. At that time, among the younger laymen of the church was J. Henry Ling, who more than any other person deserves credit for skillful handling of Central's claims against the city when, long after my own residence there, Woodward Avenue was widened and the massive tower successfully moved. A. L. Parker, a former secretary of the city "Y" was a natural as a promoter. At the time of the Des Moines Conference, as the head of the Minute Men of Methodism, he was a main factor in the over-generous handling of episcopal elections, whose results proved to be somewhat troublesome to the episcopacy and the Church. John A. Tory, of a prominent Canadian family who have furnished statesmen and educators to the Dominion and officers to one of its great insurance companies, was an energetic power in church circles. D. D. Spellman, photographer, C. P. Wood and J. M. Thompson, professional men, Leonard Seltzer, scientific apothecary, Arthur J. Stock, insurance, John M. Biles, devoted Centralite, loyal friend of everybody, and who aided my collection of Detroit photographs, James Pringle, Porter A. Tucker, Samuel Trathen and many more men of affairs were names to reckon with in the life of the church. S. E. Werner, father of Bishop Hazen G. Werner, now of Ohio Area, was an excellent class-meeting and Bible class leader. He was also a man to be respected and highly regarded. We still did have class-meetings, with seven leaders. Emery W. Lewellen, still living and a Local Preacher elected for life by Central's Board, was one of the best and most constant personal workers I have ever known. Mrs. George O. Robinson (Jane M. Bancroft), whose husband, our trustee chairman, made a fortune in copper, was with the good man a great giver to undertakings in America, Porto Rico and elsewhere of the Woman's Home Missionary Society, of which she was National President. She had been educated in several universities in Europe and America, had been a dean at Northwestern, and was the first woman to receive the LL.D. degree from Syracuse. She had also

ADVENTURES OF

made a permanent name for herself in the Methodist Deaconess Movement, and wrote three books, including "Deaconesses in Europe and Their Lessons for America."

While I was at work on this portion of the book a letter came to me from Mr. Robert Emerson Swart, president of Huyler's, New York, from whom I had not heard for years. He was then an active and prominent member and official of Christ Methodist Church of the metropolis, and was a man of many useful activities. His sudden transference to the higher life has occurred since the above sentences were penned. His father and mother were lively members at Central, Detroit, when he was a boy. His correspondence reminded me of a time when at the close of one of our evangelistic services, as I was alone in the room, doing something about the desk, a boy's voice behind me said, "We want to know whether we can join the Church." I turned and saw two lads about eleven years of age, Emerson Swart and my own son, Frederick DeLand Leete, Junior, who is now related responsibly to the work of Methodism in Indianapolis. One could see at a glance that the lads were in dead earnest, and my reply was, "Why certainly! The church belongs to you, and you should belong to the church." They were given instruction and soon entered the membership at Central. They are two only of many children who then found Christian life in the great old mother church of Michigan Methodism.

In an early section of this narrative it was stated that my father began his ministry in Detroit Conference, and that he advised me to transfer to that body. It was a great pleasure and honor during my pastorate in Detroit to introduce my father to the first Conference he joined, at a session held in one of the churches of that city. He stood before the preachers and others present, tall, straight and white-haired, with his natural, unconscious dignity, looking the very picture of the captain of an ocean liner. He spoke briefly and much to the point; and charmed the audience with his words and manner. Once when he was visiting us a very unusual meeting for veterans was held at Central Church and my father's address then was greatly appreciated.

This is probably as fitting a place as any to report one of the most heart-rending sorrows of my life, the passing from this world of my able and great, but afflicted father, the Reverend Menzo Smith

A TRAVELING PREACHER

Leete. His career was most successful, since he brought into the Kingdom of Christ many people, young and old. He was a happy man, despite complete deafness. He was well taught, because he knew his Bible thoroughly. He profited by constant attendance in Christian meetings, and would say that he could see more of them than most people could hear. He was poor, leaving behind him after fifty-two years' ministry the price of his last horse, a few sermons—he had burnt most of his preacher's "barrel,"—a small part of a good library, most of which had been given away, and some old furniture and clothing. His children aided him and mother, while they spent their all upon their work and upon our father's hearing, as they were encouraged to do. Poor, was he? What a mistake to think this! He was rich-poor. He thought he had great wealth. Once he pointed to a beautiful house and grounds and remarked to me, "I get more out of that than the owner does. He is engrossed in business, and seems hardly to look at his home or to have the spirit to enjoy it. I see it often, admire and appreciate it. The upkeep costs me nothing and its care no concern. Yes, I am richer than its possessor."

Towards the close of his days, when riding with him behind his lively horse, which the family thought dangerous, but which he said was only playful, he slowed Dan to a walk and remarked, "I have come to the time in life when I never close my eyes at night without the thought that I may never open them again." A silence ensued. Then came the testimony waited for: "I want you to know that after I think that, I sleep just as soundly as if the matter had never occurred to me. If at any time you hear that I am gone, do not grieve over much; I am ready." Ready he was! Yet when a paralytic stroke came in his parsonage home in Jamesville, New York, he wished to go on preaching. It was necessary for me to tell him he was through. The end came after a brief time in the home and under the loving care of my sister, Gertrude M. Leete, in Jamaica, Long Island, April 24, 1911. The best summary of the purpose and plan of the life of my preacher father, one which his whole career exemplified, is contained in a brief account of himself penned towards the close of his days on earth, "I have the consciousness of having steadily desired to lead sinners to Christ and to lead Christians nearer to Him, and to be on the right side of all questions, regardless of self-interest." Professor Minnie Beebe of Syracuse University told me that my father

ADVENTURES OF

once said to her, "I sometimes think of heaven as a place where we will have time to get acquainted with people whom we have met on earth." This is a saying just like many others of his and one which may well indicate one of his present occupations. Old friends, including a man whom he had led into the ministry, the Reverend E. B. Topping, D.D., an excellent preacher of Northern New York Conferences, conducted the final rites. When the men were lowering him into his earthly resting-place in our lot in Oakwood Cemetery, very near the Syracuse University campus, how keenly it came to me that they were burying much of myself.

NOTABLE EXPERIENCES

A colored preacher during my days in Georgia announced to his people that they were about to have "an eventful series of events." He accented the first syllable of "events." That is what occurred during our residence in Detroit. Two books of mine were written and published, *Every Day Evangelism*, 1909, which was really an account of the work at Central Church, and *Christian Brotherhoods*, 1912, a carefully annotated account of all organizations of men in the Christian churches from the days of the Apostles. We went to Europe in 1909, our first foreign travel, which will be considered later, together with other journeys abroad. The approach of the General Conference of 1912 interested me because of my election as a member of that body. Four years before, when I was a newcomer in its session, Detroit Conference gave me 74 votes for General Conference on the first ballot. The event of a long drawn out election clearly proved that, had it been permitted, election to the meeting of 1908 would have come to me. But there was no ambition in that direction on my part, and therefore it seemed best to rise in my place as soon as the vote had been declared, and say that having arrived but recently it did not seem fitting for me to represent them in the chief body. Those who had expressed confidence in me were thanked, but these and all others who might follow their example were asked not to place my name on their ballots. Most of those present acted favorably on my request. Four years later my election was the second of three, the others older and of long service in the state, who were chosen to General Conference on the first ballot.

A TRAVELING PREACHER

One spring, when I was working strenuously on some church figures and plans, one of the retired preachers of our congregation, men who were close friends of mine, called at my office. This was the Reverend J. M. Gordon, who had been in his day a very useful minister of Christ. He asked me, "Where are you going this summer?" The reply was, "I don't know, and I am too busy to find out." He said, "I will find a place for both of us." The long and short was that he did so, and both families went that season to a little new summer colony called Wawatam Beach, on the Straits of Mackinac,* a bit more than a mile west of Mackinaw City. This waterfront tract extends from the old fort, where occurred the massacre of the British at the time of the Pontiac Conspiracy, for about three miles, passing the old Frenchman's Landing to McGulpin's Point along the northern border of the lower peninsula of Michigan. Is there any more wonderful water on earth? I recall once telling Captain Traue of a transatlantic German steamer that in America we have 1500 miles of fresh water on which ply larger craft than his. He looked at me as politely as an utter unbeliever is able to do.

We found that the rent of our cottages at Wawatam was too much, but the purchase price was very low. So both of us bought permanent locations for vacation residences. Afterward enough lots were secured at a ridiculously small expense to afford our family a plot of somewhat more than two acres with 200 feet of riparian rights. The Strait is four to seven miles across in various places. From our front porch one sees Mackinac Island (Michilimackinac) at the head of Lake Huron, less than ten miles away to the right, and St. Helena Island at the other end of the Strait at the northeast corner of Lake Michigan about the same distance to the left. Two small cottages were added to the original one on our lot. We have spent what time we could give to relaxation, and also have been visited there during forty years by relatives and friends. Our three children, nine grandchildren and part of our "great grands" have lived at the Straits in vacation periods and have enjoyed inexpensive and health-giving occupations, including swimming, boating and other wholesome sports. The three young families involved came to know each other intimately. On the whole the purchase and upkeep of this gathering-

* Pronounced as if spelled Mackinaw.

ADVENTURES OF

place of our clan has proved to be a profitable undertaking. All of us have had adventures in getting to and from our summer-time center and on the shores and in the waters there, the latter sometimes none too placid. These occasion many memories which we share in common as we do recollections of our meals together when quite a number of us have been on the Straits at the same time. Friends of our children who visited with them at Wawatam Beach have added much to the family life, especially Elton F. Hascal, Jr. "Junior" as he was called, and Mrs. Harriet Whitcomb Wilkinson, Mrs. Hascal and son David will always be on our list of friends. "Harriet," is thought of as one of us. Among desirable associations with cottagers on our Beach were those with the excellent pastor I had known in Detroit, the Reverend J. S. Steininger. After the good man left them Mrs. Steininger, her librarian daughter, and her physician son, Wilbur, were met frequently and with appreciation.

As we have grown older we have become more attached to the visions which come to us beside calm, rippling or white capped waters. Glorious sunsets fill the western wide-open spaces towards and above the head of Lake Michigan. Craft of all types from Superior, Huron, Michigan and the other Great Lakes, from motor-boats to palatial steamers; from sail-boats, sometimes in yacht-races, to coast-guard and war vessels, and constantly big freighters up to 700 and more feet long, carriers of grain, iron, coal, lumber and other products of the great north between city ports, pass our shores during the long period of good weather. Our bay is deep and the boats are far enough away so that we are free from disturbing noises and smoke. A mile or two eastward some freighters whistle their arrival to a reporter at Mackinaw City, to be wired to their distant owners. When the weather is "froggy," as one of the grand-children called it, the large boats sound warnings of their location to other ships in hoarse, rarely shrill tones, which with deep notes from the lighthouse at the State park, do not distress us, waking or sleeping. As one sits on our wide porch, or on the ancient white-pine log, which we found on the beach and roofed when we came to Wawatam more than forty years ago, and as he watches the ships glide by into the gloaming, it is easy to dream about those who pass from our sight. One of my Tracy DeLand effusions written there long ago is entitled—

A TRAVELING PREACHER

FRIENDS IN THE DISTANCE

"Silently the great ships glide along the Straits.
Trailing after them cloud-banners of gray smoke;
Far across the waters, like white ghosts they go,
Voiceless of the beating hearts that shake the stubborn oak.

"Thus afar, upon the open ways of life,
Friends we fain would meet slip mutely down the years—
Tarry not for us, nor may we go to them,
Though we mourn their passing, and recall their names with tears."

Mackinaw City has two little churches, aside from a Catholic congregation, Presbyterian and Methodist, both of which have frequently invited me to occupy their pulpits. The churches were badly run down when we first went to the Straits, and the properties were somewhat distressing in appearance. Two retired preachers of Detroit Conference, Doctors I. H. Springer and J. M. Gordon, assisted me in painting the Methodist Church, excepting the cupola, which was too elevated a structure for us. Since that time the two Protestant churches provoke one another to good works. If one paints, frescoes, buys a new carpet or improves its attractiveness the other soon matches the achievement. The moral and religious state of the community, a railroad and vacation center, would be worse than its saloons now make it were one of the three churches eliminated. Any who wish to hear distinguished preachers occasionally in summer have only thirty-four miles to drive to the auditorium services at Bay View, an attractive Assembly that Methodism established more than seventy-five years since. Its history has recently been expertly written by a long-time official and its present historian, Doctor Clark S. Wheeler. It has been my privilege to preach in Bay View, and calls have come to me to speak in St. Ignace, Levering, Charlevoix and other towns and to dedicate some churches there. It was also my duty to preside in the Michigan Conference session in Petoskey, 1934. The week was characterized by nearly constant rain in that beautiful bay vicinity, and by the loss of one of the strong pastors of the Conference whom I had known and regarded highly for many years, Doctor A. R. Johns. He was overcome by a heart attack during one of the afternoon meetings, and his important charge had to be cared for by sudden and difficult changes in the appointment list.

ADVENTURES OF A TRAVELING PREACHER

CLOSING PASTORAL SERVICE

My unexpected election to the Methodist Episcopacy occurred in May 1912. The affairs of Central Church, Detroit, and the annual reports were placed in my care after my removal as pastor until the end of the Conference year, some months later. Joseph L. Hudson, the chief mercantile leader of the city, passed away during that time, and his funeral was in my charge. Mr. Hudson was not only at the head of great stores in Detroit, Buffalo, Cleveland and Sandusky and Chairman of the directors of the Hudson Motor Company, but he was President of Harper Hospital, McGregor Mission and Associated Charities and an official of several banks, of the "Y" and the Municipal League and a long-time trustee of Central Church. After he became successful he spent many of his days from early morning until five o'clock in personal interviews not connected with his business and in public service on boards and committees. His nephew and successor in the Hudson Company, Mr. Richard H. Webber, told me that Mr. Hudson never refused to see any caller. This made him a target for cranks and ne'er-do-wells, as well as for solicitors of all kinds. Nevertheless he listened to appeals uncomplainingly, and he aided everything he thought good. My remark to him, "I do not often come to you for money, for I know how many claims are made upon you," brought the instant response, "Rich men do not give too much money." The great mistake of Mr. Hudson was that he never married. He was intensely fond of his relatives, children of his sisters, the Webbers and Clays, who were in our church and Sunday school. Eleanor Clay later married Edsel Ford. When I suggested to Mr. Hudson that his oldest nephew, Richard H. Webber, should become a steward of Central, he responded at once, "That's right. He's just the man." He called "Dick" the "best dry-goods man in Michigan." Mr. Hudson's funeral not only filled Central Church but the streets all about the building. The services, by request of the family, were very simple, a prayer at the home and ritual at the church. Here endeth the story of my pastorates of churches, five in all, in four Conferences, and all on the New York Central Railway System, Utica, Little Falls, Rochester and Syracuse, New York, and Detroit, Michigan.

PART IV

EPISCOPAL ADMINISTRATION TWENTY-FOUR YEARS

ONLY ONCE A DELEGATE TO GENERAL CONFERENCE

Election to the chief assembly of the Methodist Church came to me once only. After that my attendance was that of an official. Before my trip to Minneapolis for the General Conference of 1912 a few people from time to time had said to me or in my presence that I would be elected to the episcopacy, among them our Detroit District Superintendent, Doctor John Sweet, and Bishop J. W. Hamilton. Doctor Charles W. Baldwin once remarked to the Methodist Preachers' Meeting of the city that for one he would be willing to accept his pastoral appointments from Doctor Leete. This was the first public expression of the kind. These statements were taken by myself as complimentary, but not at all prophetic. My thought and expectation was to return from General Conference as pastor of Central Church. It was therefore a great pleasure to receive at Minneapolis a statement that in my absence the Official Board had held a meeting and wished me to know that the pastor was indefinitely good in his present position. The president of our trustees, Mr. George O. Robinson, also wrote me a letter, which is still in my possession, urging me not to accept any traveling duty but to come back home where good care was assured.

During the months between election as a delegate and the coming of the General Conference it occurred to me that it would be good to bring to some large and important meetings of Michigan Methodists three of the men who seemed to be worthy of confidence and whose election as bishops seemed desirable. One of these was President Ezra Squier Tipple of Drew Theological Seminary. We had been acquainted since the days when he was a freshman at the University, during the latter part of my course in the High School in Syracuse. He made a fine impression on Detroit people, where Mrs. Tipple's parents resided, and he came near being elected as a bishop

ADVENTURES OF

at Minneapolis. Though he was defeated, he was as cordial as ever towards those who were chosen to this office. The conduct of another candidate for episcopal preferment, for such these men openly were, differed much from that of President Tipple. He had responded to the invitation sent him to speak in Michigan and had a numerous and favorable hearing. He was apparently much pleased with his stay with us, but when we all came to Minneapolis he snubbed at least one of his Detroit friends, not speaking to him at all unless he ran straight into him. It transpired that he had entered into agreement with a Detroit Conference delegate, who was also an avowed aspirant for office, that they would support each other for the episcopacy. Neither one was successful, and the particularly ungrateful man referred to became not only sadly disappointed but soured on Methodism, and he ultimately left the denomination.

Certainly one of the greatest honors that ever came to me was the vote of the combined Detroit and Michigan Conference delegations in their caucus held just before the opening of the balloting for bishops at Minneapolis. Many other delegations met before coming to the seat of the Conference, or soon after arriving, and some met "early and often." The thirty-two delegates from the State of Michigan waited until two or three days before the voting was to begin to have any get-together. When, after quite a number of speeches had been made and one member of the body had openly stated that he expected to be elected a bishop, a vote was taken, twenty-eight gave me their suffrage. It developed later that all continued to do so throughout the long period of the election of eight new Methodist bishops that soon followed. My four pastoral charges before coming to Michigan had been in three New York State Conferences, Northern New York, Central New York and Genesee, and it gratified me later to learn that the delegations from these bodies also supported the effort of friends to bring about my election. The members of one of these groups sent me a letter, after the bishops had all been chosen, reading "Unanimous vote on every ballot." This result was due almost wholly to the influence of the people with whom we had labored, led by Michigan and New York delegates, prominent among whom were Doctor C. B. Allen, President Samuel Dickie, Mrs. M. C. Bliss, widow of a former Governor of Michigan, Doctor J. L. Sooy, Doctor M. R. Webster and Doctor Frederick T. Keeney,

A TRAVELING PREACHER

later elected a bishop of the Church. This was Doctor J. M. Buckley's last General Conference, and it pleased me much to be told that as the vote proceeded he went to some friends and asked them to give their suffrage to his "successor at Central Church." Nearly half a century had elapsed before the succession took place. The men of my own Alma Mater were among those in favor of my election, with the approval and aid of the Chancellor, James R. Day. Most of these items were reliably established after the event.

Two facts made my election rather unusual. No general office in the denomination, nor any educational or editorial position, had been held by me, nor had much work been done as a lecturer or a traveler in the country or Church. This was my first appearance as a member of General Conference. A few days had been spent at the Conference of 1908 as a visitor, but without any part in it, even as a speaker. Elections to the episcopacy in the years when the General Conference contained eight or nine hundred delegates were something of an ordeal, requiring time and close inspection of prospects.

THE FUN'S ALL OVER NOW!

This is what Charles H. Fowler is said to have exclaimed when he had been elected to the episcopacy. He spoke more truly than he knew. Labor and responsibility, most certainly in the old days of general superintendency, promptly succeeded accession to the office of a bishop in the Methodist Church. My own selection for this duty was a greater surprise to me than even to many who had never heard my name before the event. Since a few had predicted it, at the beginning many more votes came to me than my best friends expected. Bishop Berry, when Theodore S. Henderson was chosen as a bishop on an early ballot, desired me to take the latter's place, which circumstances made it easily possible for the bishop to assure, as Secretary of the Commission on Evangelism. My reply to him was that the position could not be accepted. As a matter of fact several chances to take secretarial or educational positions had previously been offered, first of all in the Brotherhood, but no call to them moved me, and they were declined. Bishop Berry was quite disappointed when his offer also was refused. He exclaimed, "You know you can't be elected," meaning as bishop. My answer was, "I have no more idea of being elected a bishop of the Methodist

ADVENTURES OF

Episcopal Church than of making a journey to the moon. Votes enough have already been cast for me to make it possible to return home without discredit. My pastorate in Detroit suits me from the top of my head to my feet, and information comes that it can be retained without date. There is in my mind no expectation of becoming bishop, but there will be no consent to a Secretaryship." When, as the event turned, election to the episcopacy came to me, it might have been thought, by the way Bishop Berry exclaimed about it, that he himself had brought about this result.

My selection as one of the leaders of his Church would have meant more to my father than to myself. Alas! he was taken away the year before it occurred. When the vote of the General Conference and an escort of friends had advanced me to the platform for introduction and a seat among the elect, those present there were practically strangers. A number of the bishops, secretaries and other officials who occupied the rostrum had been met somewhere, but few of them were intimate acquaintances and many were wholly unknown to me. Some of these men greeted me graciously, at the first intermission and then a better welcome to the new relation came to me. The veteran editor, Doctor James Henry Potts, whose deafness and personal friendship have been mentioned previously, was at one of the reporters' tables before the platform. He came swiftly up the steps to the place where I stood, gathered me into his capacious arms and gave me the kind of affectionate embrace that would have come from my dear deaf preacher father had he been living. It was heart-warming, as were some salutations on the floor, from time to time, and messages that came by wire and mail. One of the bishops told me to save the latter to look over when I had blue times as the result of episcopal responsibilities, misunderstandings and frustrations. A few of these communications are still at hand. One of the kindest of them is that of a fine Christian statesman, at the time Governor of Michigan, Chase S. Osborn, wishing me "A boundless measure of success." Such a letter came from Brigadier A. E. Kimball, head of the Salvation Army in Michigan and Indiana. Mayor William B. Thompson of Detroit wrote, "Welcome and good news has reached us from Minneapolis, announcing that the Conference has honored itself by naming you as a bishop. The news was not of passing interest, to a few only—it was gratefully received by thousands in every

A TRAVELING PREACHER

walk of life and every denomination; and it pleased them to note that, for once, broad and unselfish devotion to duty had received its just reward. I express my firm belief that the important duties entrusted to you will be most ably attended to." The Detroit News



CHASE S. OSBORN
GOVERNOR

STATE OF MICHIGAN
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
STATE HOUSE, LANSING

June 4, 1912.

My dear Dr. Leete:

I am sorry to have been so behind-hand in extending to you my sincerest congratulations on your recent election to the position of Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. They are none the less heartfelt, however; and I am sure that Michigan herself and the Methodist Church has good reason to rejoice at your preferment, given one whose whole life has been addressed in signal manner to the uplifting of his fellow-men.

Wishing you a boundless measure of success in your new work, I am

Yours very truly,

Rev. Frederick De Land Leete,
Detroit, Michigan.

ADVENTURES OF

sent a most cordial telegram, signed by George Cushing, expressing the hope that I would be assigned to that city.

The best remembered of all these messages, not counting those from relatives and old-time associates, was that of Doctor C. W. Baldwin, Superintendent of Saginaw Bay District, whose son, Attorney Howard C., is a distinguished Methodist layman of Detroit at the head of his delegation to the General Conference of 1952. Doctor Baldwin was an older colleague in Detroit Conference from whom I had confidence and evidently sincere regard, and who had expressed, before the General Conference, as previously stated, willingness to receive appointments from me. After my assignment to an Area, on June 3, 1912, he wrote some expressions of good wishes, and said, "I regret that you are to leave this part of the country. I believe in the episcopacy, and look upon the office as the greatest in potential good of any trust that inheres in the many human organizations that now exist. God bless our bishops, and give them judgment, vision and strength for inspirational leadership in the Kingdom of Christ." Then was added the following message, often read by me and lived up to, with some lapses, necessary or otherwise: "A personal word— Do not take more work upon yourself than you can do *at your best*. Men in prominent positions are besieged with calls to all kinds of services, and the temptation is to say, 'Yes' to all comers. Do not do it. Whenever you appear before the public you will represent the Methodist Episcopal Church, and to do that right you must be in the *pink of condition*, mentally and spiritually. That you cannot be if your body is wearied by over much travel, or your nervous forces depleted by too frequent appearances on the platform and in the pulpit. I want you to *succeed splendidly* in this new and large relation to the Church and her world-wide interests, for in your success will lie your usefulness. I know that your intense nature will need some restraint in the matter of work; hence I write in this way. The Lord bless and keep you and yours, in the bonds of Christ, C. W. Baldwin." This letter was once read to one of our new bishops. He requested, and there was mailed to him for his own use, a copy of this sound advice.

A PUNITIVE ASSIGNMENT

One good feature of Methodist Unification is that bishops no longer have to meet committees, mostly complete strangers and

A TRAVELING PREACHER

General Conference politicians, who have power to send them to any place on earth. I took some pains to look about among such committees during six quadrenniums. Fifteen to twenty men were usually in the groups to determine episcopal residences, the cities and the bishops to live in them. Sometimes one pretty well acquainted in the Church would not be able to recognize over two or three of these. Half would be laymen, most of whom had never previously seen a tenth of the bishops to be placed, or visited the cities to be chosen as their homes and centers of influence. More than once the cities selected for Area leadership were by no means the best places in the region for episcopal residence. The right man was often sent to the wrong place, or vice versa, as a result of lack of knowledge, because of special friendships, in response to pressure groups or even, though infrequently, because of solicitation on the part of one of the men to be assigned. "They have made a foreign missionary out of me," exclaimed one bishop, sent out of the country, who had been trained well for certain fields in America, but who had neither "call" nor fitness for the field to which he was sent. Some Areas were allowed by these inexperienced committees, which included foreign delegates, to select their own bishops, often at the behest of a small group of local so-called "leaders," who desired, through the man appointed to them, to keep on being "leaders"! All this and other weaknesses, due often to the fact that practically half the General Conference had never before attended such a gathering, or had any preparation for it, is greatly changed under the jurisdictional system. Jurisdictional Conferences are nearer the cities involved, and are far better acquainted with the men, than was ever the case with a General Conference. At that, the early sessions of these bodies indicated need of more experience, and some amendments of plan and practice. The fact that nine of the first Jurisdictional Conference bishops were members of the self-styled "Methodist Federation for Social Action," with small groups of supporters in many Annual Conferences, gave rise to considerable criticism.

My first episcopal assignment was residence in Atlanta, Georgia, with charge of the Methodist Episcopal work, white and colored, in the four southeastern states. A letter from President Samuel Dickie of Albion College came to me at the close of my first quadrennium there. He said, in part, "Of course you know that you were banished

ADVENTURES OF

to Atlanta as a punishment for your audacity in daring to be elected a bishop; and now I am almost afraid that your excellent report will condemn you to another four years of servitude." The idea which Doctor Dickie expressed in this message had not occurred to me. My assignment had been taken in stride, as being a job to be done. A re-reading of the record of the elections of 1912 with this suggestion before me furnished reason for believing that there was some truth in this interpretation of the matter. The unexpected arrival among those elected at that time was one who had never before been in the chief body, or a general officer, or a candidate for anything. Several men who were widely traveled and known and who had high votes at the start failed to be in the list of those chosen. It was easy to see who could be blamed. Two of the unsuccessful men, however, were among my very good friends, and they were never resentful or cool toward me. Two others were of a different temper, both influential in official circles. Events of the General Conference of 1912 and of succeeding years supported Doctor Dickie's statement. This did not disconcert me. We had always had good appointments and homes. It was all right to be sent to work among people of small churches and houses and of little means. One could quite glory in that, except for the family, who were expected to worship, and did so until we moved the church across the city, in a tiny, dirty, wooden structure neighbored by two small synagogues, one a block away on one side and the other two short blocks on the other. We had an untrained preacher, a part of whose tiny and inadequate stipend—it was not a salary—was paid by denominational funds. We cut out at once the outside support, which was personally assumed by myself, and we began almost as promptly to lay plans for a new church location which came to be on the corner of Ponce de Leon and Piedmont Avenues. A leading Presbyterian layman once remarked to Bishop Nicholson that when that corner was bought by the Methodist Episcopal Church the stock of this denomination went up in Atlanta at least 200 per cent. That must have been somewhat the case, since on my own note it was possible to borrow in Atlanta banks as much as twenty thousand dollars at a time for use in the work of the Conferences of the Area. I was not, and have never been a man of means, but in all cities where my principal work was done a bank standing was accorded me only somewhat less than that of the Catholic bishop.

A TRAVELING PREACHER

Yet the property of the churches was never, as was his, back of my borrowing in the development of church enterprises.

COLD WATER WARMLY RECEIVED

Of course we were not wanted in Atlanta by anybody except our own few and poor little churches and institutions. Equally of course, if our church was sending a bishop to labor in the four states of the southeast, the place of residence should have been Jacksonville. No bishop of Methodism had an official residence there or in Florida elsewhere. No one was sent to that State until 1948, when Roy H. Short became the excellent appointee to a lovely field of labor. Train facilities to reach an Area more than eleven hundred by more than a thousand miles in extent were far better from Jacksonville than from Atlanta when we went there. Though the Church and its committees did not know or inquire about such items an especial standing in Florida would have been accorded me at the time because of the pioneer work there by my Uncle Henry Addison DeLand and because my father was one of the early preachers and editors of the state. But the assignment read Georgia, not Florida.

The editor of the paper published in Atlanta for the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, anticipated my coming with an editorial by no means cordial or encouraging. As soon as it was sent to me, a reply to the article was penned and mailed. It was so far from argumentative or resentful that the paper published it in the next edition after it was received. The incident proved to be a good introduction. A letter of June 21, 1912, lies before me. It was written by John S., one of the distinguished group of Jenkins brothers who were long prominent in the Methodism of the South. In this message Doctor Jenkins, writing on stationery of the Board of Missions of North Georgia Conference, of which he was an officer, said to me, "My dear Bishop Leete: I was on the way to my office to dictate a letter to you, when I picked up the Wesleyan Christian Advocate and read your communication. This only intensified the brotherly feeling I already had, and made me wish to express it with emphasis. I am glad you are coming to Atlanta, and you will not only not hurt our Methodism, but I believe will be a help to us." The whole tenor of this communication of Doctor Jenkins, with his explanation of the editor's attitude, was most delightful, and the friendship we formed

ADVENTURES OF

soon after I met him was a permanent relationship. Only once did he ever create any difficulty for me. He was then pastor of the strong St. John's Church, Augusta. I went to his morning service one Sunday a little late so as to be sure not to be invited to the pulpit. The church is large, but Doctor Jenkins saw me enter and arose at once, as it was at a time in the service when he could do so, and made an announcement. It was, "We are now about to hear a sermon by Bishop Leete of Atlanta." Fortunately a Methodist preacher is supposed to be ready at any time to preach, pray or die. I was not in the exact mood at the moment to pray or die, so nothing could be done save to march up and preach. The pastor and his people were most generous in their expressions of appreciation of the sermon. It has been said earlier that a manuscript has not been employed by me in the pulpit since my first sermon, except in the case of an exceedingly few historic occasions when the exact statements made were to be preserved. Nor were my sermons memorized, or any considerable portion of them. It did seem necessary and just to commit to memory quotations, and whenever what seemed to me to be a natural division of a text of Scripture was fortunately discovered, that was held firmly in mind, to be used when necessary. Therefore when an unexpected sudden demand came for a sermon, preparation was not altogether lacking. As in the case with many other preachers, a dozen or twenty outline sketches of discourses are so fixed in my memory that if awakened from sound sleep it would be possible to begin one of them almost immediately.

Another very unexpected mandate to preach occurred while our home was in Atlanta. The leading churches of the city desired to have William A. (Billy) Sunday hold a revival in the city, and they appointed a committee to visit "Sunday meetings" in New York City and to invite the evangelist to come south. It was discovered that none of the pastors of any denomination had met Mr. Sunday personally. Someone thought of me and added my name to the committee with the request to go with them to New York. It was decided when we were passing on the train through Virginia to hold a religious service. A vote was taken as to the person to preach, and the choice fell on me. As on the other occasion of this nature which has been mentioned, the few minutes given for preparation were devoted to prayer and the recollection of a familiar text and line of

A TRAVELING PREACHER

thought. The passage which came to mind was Ephesians 3:10, from which three facts were educed: 1, That salvation is of God and not of ourselves. 2, That this is a creative, divine work, and not a mere result of education and environment. 3, That we are not saved by good works, however meritorious, but to good works, for which God has so made the world and ourselves that all of us can find something of worth to do by which we may serve Him and our fellow-men. People had come in from the other cars on the train, and our coach was filled by passengers and trainmen sitting and standing. As the engine pulled us over the rails there was song, prayer, preaching and exhortation. A very excellent spirit was manifested. A member of our committee who thought that my antecedents and experience in city pulpits had doubtless made me a rationalist was heard to pass my character as a Christian believer and teacher. Why should not such services as this one be held frequently on transcontinental trains?

UNSUGHT HONORS

Two events of my years in Atlanta were accepted by myself as very gratifying. One was membership in the Friars' Club, an organization of preachers of all the chief denominations, the real leaders in the religious life of Atlanta. My election to what was then a very exclusive body was no doubt due to the influence of Doctor Plato Durham, one of the most broad-minded and fraternal theological professors connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. It was found possible, despite much traveling, covering some thirty thousand miles a year, mostly in the South, to meet with the Friars occasionally, and the interchanges of thought and of Christian idealism in this virile group were most stimulating.

My residence in Atlanta had covered several years when a very significant event occurred. It was a rare thing before World War I to see the United States flag displayed prominently in the city, except upon a federal building. The sons of the South were then called in vast numbers to follow the Stars and Stripes at home and abroad, and it was determined to have a city flag-raising. A platform was erected in the Five Corners beside a very tall pole. A service was planned with patriotic readings and ritual. Mr. Asa Candler, then in mature years and strength, was the presiding officer. The street-cars were stopped, and a vast throng of many thousands of people

ADVENTURES OF

was packed into all the open spaces, and the windows and roofs of the surrounding buildings were occupied by citizens and on-lookers. One of the items on the program was a prayer that Mr. Candler had assigned to me. My thought and effort was to voice the feeling of the multitudes present that we must depend upon Almighty wisdom and power to bring victory to the banner of freedom, to preserve our sons and bring as many as possible home again, and to obtain for the earth the securities and blessings of peace. The scene and its setting, the patriotic songs and strains of the national anthem, the thrill of band music and the applause of gathered thousands as a large and beautiful banner of the united nation was run up to the top of the lofty standard will never be forgotten by those present. This impressive occurrence was a high point in the history of Atlanta up to that time. Mr. Asa G. Candler, before the time of his advanced age and break-down, was a fraternal and kindly spirit and a most generous layman. My brother used to tell me that when he had a little music store next door to the pharmacy of Mr. Candler the resources of the latter were so limited that more than once at the end of the week he came to his neighbor and borrowed until Monday enough cash to meet his pay-roll. It was at that time that the shrewd druggist bought a formula whose use enriched him and many others of his family.

TWO QUADRENNIUMS OF MISSIONARY WORK

The Atlanta Area, at the time of my assignment there, covered the Methodist Episcopal work in the four southeastern states. The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, except for a few centers in Florida, had the strong churches and the well-to-do Methodists. Nevertheless we had a numerous constituency. A large audience near Boston was once surprised to hear me say, "You are not conscious of the Atlanta Area as having much size or importance. You should know that so far as numbers go, and we are getting more, there are only 8000 less members in our division of the Methodist Episcopal Church than there are in the Boston Area."

A part of my Southern field was in the mountainous regions of North Alabama and North Georgia. The Board of Bishops appointed me four times to preside in our Kentucky Conference and in the Arkansas and Holston Conferences once each, entailing considerable supervision there, especially in eastern Kentucky. At one

A TRAVELING PREACHER

of the Kentucky Conference sessions, held in Covington, it was my privilege to have in a class for ordination O. J. Carder, for some years past administrator of the large Missouri Methodist Hospital in St. Joseph. In Doctor Carder's record also is the fact that he was transferred from Kentucky to Atlanta, where he became our effective pastor at Ponce de Leon Avenue Church. Secretary John O. Gross is another Kentucky Conference man whom I ordained. This occurred at Harlan, near the old-time haunts of feudalism. Doctor Gross, now a secretary of the Methodist Board of Education in Nashville, was for years President of Union College, Barbourville. Once on a time, when I had spoken in that city, my Methodist friend, former Governor James D. Black, who lived there, offered to see that I was made a Kentucky Colonel, if I would stay a few hours longer than my engagements would conveniently allow. I preserved my clerical, not to say Episcopal, propriety by going not ungratefully about the business of my churches. The work in Kentucky and other states made me quite well acquainted, not only in Southern cities, but also with mountaineers and their homes. It was an honor to be entertained in their little cottages, abounding in hospitality and eager for the comfort of a visitor. Their tables were well supplied with hearty food, while sometimes women of the family, with long brushes, kept away flies, against swarms of which there was no other protection. It was never my experience to pass the night with one of the large families which sometimes occupied a one-room cabin. Entertainment has been given me in a two-room cottage, another man and myself having one-half of the house, each enjoying a straw or husk mattress on a single cot, while six or more grown-ups and children slept in the other room. There were no carpets or bathroom. One could see the stars through the roof and could throw a plate between the logs, if aimed right. Everybody washed his face and hands, if he did so, on a shelf by the back porch.

A considerable part of my work in Atlanta Area had to do with white seminaries, Epworth, Cedartown and Mt. Zion in Georgia and Snead at Boaz, Alabama. Fine people, some of them of traditions back to the early days of American Methodism, were associated with these small institutions. One remembers the Johnsons of Mt. Zion, the W. A. Parsons, W. L. Hampton, R. H. Robb, Dean, Cook, Cochran, Chastain and other families in North Georgia. Boaz, Alabama,

ADVENTURES OF

seat of Snead Seminary, since 1935 the Snead Junior College, brings to mind in connection with its section of the old Alabama Conference the names of W. I. Powell, Uncle Sam and Uncle Henry Owen and the later Owens, J. L. and Paul Brasher, the Murphrees (what a singer and Christian leader was W. A.), Lott, Hopper, Professor Corley and Doctor William Fielder, able head of the school, now in its collegiate career successfully managed by President Festus A. Cook and a good faculty.

Hundreds of miles of travel in the southern mountains furnished evidence of certain vices among irreligious people, but these were not of sex promiscuity. Many uneducated mountain folk use Elizabethan words and quaint expressions which have been handed down from Scotch or Scotch-Irish ancestors. They have good minds and are ready listeners, often traveling many miles to hear preaching, and expecting and appreciating the best sermons. They like them long, and delivered with emphasis. They enjoy singing, and in some parts of the country they gather under secular auspices for sing-fests. These occasions often used to draw among others a low class of people, and they were described by this doggerel,

"All day singin', dinner on the ground;
Whiskey in the bushes, and the devil all around."

The mountain schools and better churches have done much to alter conditions among this most American population, whom Woodrow Wilson once said may have been kept out of the stream of national life to become at some future time a saving influence in a degenerate civilization. The American Highlanders have native wit and toughness of fibre, and sojourns among them proved that part of the South to afford a most interesting and promising field of Christian evangelism.

MOUNTAINEER CRITICS

Two episodes during my episcopal residence in Atlanta illustrate the keenness of illiterate minds. It has been said that some graduates of colleges are educated above their intelligence. Too true, as all know. On the other hand a good many southern highlanders have been educated, so far as schools go, far below their native mentality.

A TRAVELING PREACHER

It has often been noted by thoughtful observers that God has so constituted the minds of well-born children and of unlettered normal adults that they can appreciate clear thought, even though the language used by a speaker is in part incomprehensible. Preachers have been told, not without reason, "In the city wear your best coat; in the country deliver your best sermon." The mountain people, as I have known them, are often keen judges of public speech, and their comments are sometimes as disconcerting as they are unexpected. So it was, when an editor of a church paper, speaking to a large gathering in the south, had in his audience a man who was seated beside a deaf companion. It was necessary to whisper to his dull ears very forcibly in order to make him hear at all. The remark was made as the address began, and it was caught by people generally, "If he says anything, I will tell you." That should have been a warning, but the speaker did not seem to take it to heart. He was not having one of his best times, or perhaps did not understand the situation and the needs of his hearers. So he dragged along for some time, when the assistant auditor turned to the waiting ear beside him and said, in another altogether too vocal whisper, "He ain't said nuthin', yit!" A subdued but irresistible ripple of laughter, running through the room, just about wrecked the speech, which soon ended.

On another occasion there had been a convention to discuss Church ideals and activities. A review session was held in which the chairman was a college president. He asked the delegates to state their impressions of the meeting, and especially what they proposed to carry home and relate to their local churches. This test went forward indifferently well, as is usually the case when people are asked to express judgments before they have had time to mature them by reflection. Then the chairman made a final mistake. It was both an error and a finish. He called on a lank dweller in the hills to make known to the company the message he would give back home. The man slowly arose, unfolding himself like a jack-knife. He was very tall and sombre. Taking his time and looking around him, he eventually fixed his eyes on the chairman and said, "I haint heered nuthin' wuth tellin'." The meeting, which had really been quite a success, broke up in a peal of laughter which refreshed the weary participants in the convention and sent them home in good humor.

ADVENTURES OF

ADVENTURES WITH COLORED CONFERENCES

Much of my duty in the Atlanta Area was connected with the affairs of the five Methodist Episcopal Conferences of colored members in three of the four southern states. This portion of my task was assumed with earnest determination to be helpful to hundreds of needy preachers and churches. In the undertaking I felt myself in line of descent from Francis Asbury and in harmony with the spirit and labors of William Capers, Atticus G. Haygood, Charles Betts Galloway and many more such devoted men who were happy to bring Christian instruction and service to American Negro people. My method followed the example which several eminent Christian leaders had set before me, but not that of certain men who represented the Methodist Episcopal Church during reconstruction and later days. It was possible to get considerable funds from personal friends to help revamp miserable church properties and to build new ones in difficult locations. It was very agreeable to associate myself with two princely educators, President L. M. Dunton, the "grand old man" of Claflin University, Orangeburg, South Carolina, and President H. A. King of Clark University, Atlanta, in their efforts to raise money for the institutions they served. Our combined labors resulted in securing in cash almost or quite \$200,000 for the work of Claflin and Clark. Much of this was for endowment, and a great deal came from the hands of colored people, some of whom had become prosperous. One of my own appeals was to the wealthier class of Negroes. One man among them in Atlanta was worth at least \$50,000. Another in South Carolina was said to be raising 1500 bales of cotton a year, though that seemed a large story. Another in Florida was the reputed owner of 200 houses, mostly small places, of course, but paying him a large total rent. Under the right circumstances my query and argument was, Where are your Negro philanthropists? The white people have them, and you are willing to accept their gifts. But where are the colored men who donate respectable sums to the needs of their own people and churches? You who have property valued at five, ten, twenty-five or even fifty thousand dollars or more come to the table and put down there the same kind of silver offerings that come from women at your side who have scrubbed floors or washed clothing to get money into their frail hands to give to the Church.

A TRAVELING PREACHER

Where are your philanthropists? It was fine to see the way common men and women gave to the support of their schools and churches and even to foreign missions. At last the heaven began to work a little among the more prosperous Negroes. One man gave \$500 for the building of a new church. Two gave \$1000 each to one of the colleges. One challenged his people to pay a large debt on their church by pledging \$2000 himself. They did and he did, and the debt was removed.

PROBLEMS AND CHARACTERS

It was not easy to finance colored churches in those days, either as to building or sustenance. My time was much given to pressing undertakings of this nature, soliciting funds by correspondence and visits and helping local superintendents and pastors to raise money. My effort was to secure and offer to the undertakings in hand a sum in aid, on just conditions. When reasonable help was promised it was found that people would respond on their own part generously and in the larger enterprises even heroically. Gifts from the general Church were not permitted to be large enough to pauperize the constituency. Outsiders, including southern white people, seeing that sensible results were being sought and obtained, frequently made substantial contributions. Many old church houses, badly run down, were repaired, and new buildings, in several cases running to ten or twenty thousand dollars and more in value, were erected. Better plants brought increased attendance and more satisfactory incomes for the pastors. Revivals of real merit were features of church life in various parts of the states in the Area.

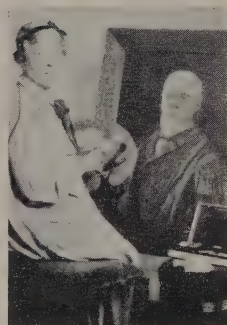
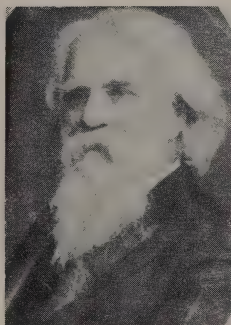
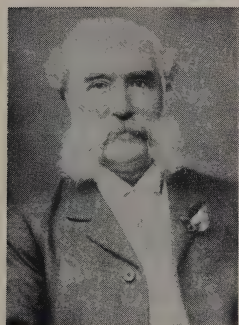
Our colored constituency was often praised in my hearing by leaders of other denominations. Many laymen and preachers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, intimately acquainted with the region, assured me that the preachers and people of our Methodist Episcopal Churches were the best and most creditable colored Christians in that part of the country. My own observation and belief led me to form a similar opinion. White leadership in the years after the War between the States, both in Conferences and Schools, despite certain deplorable mistakes and failures, did accomplish much good. Now that colored churches have produced their own presidents of colleges and also bishops of their own race of a type satisfactory to

ADVENTURES OF

themselves, helpful results of the earlier service should not be forgotten.

No resident Methodist Episcopal bishop had been sent to the southeastern states for twenty-eight years prior to my own assignment there and it is not surprising that some laxity of discipline and conduct were to be found in our ministry. It has been necessary to meet some charges against preachers even in the older portions of the church, in all parts of the country, and in all denominations. That this has been done with much strictness is one reason for the high standards which have been so generally maintained in the Methodist ministry. In one colored Conference it became necessary to try a District Superintendent for selling appointments. He had a scale of prices for using his influence to secure better places. It ran from \$25 to \$100. I attended this unusual trial and listened to the testimony. The man was convicted and expelled from the Conference and Church. The only defence he made was, "I have a very keen relish for money" and "Bishops in the African Methodist Churches take pay for their appointments." It was found in another state that the treasurer of one of the Conferences had abstracted \$400 of benevolent funds and one of the preachers had forged a check on the account of a Southern Methodist layman, and had collected the money. Most of these events took place during the early part of my experience in the locality, and when it appeared that the discipline of the Church had become effective and that the law would be applied to transgressors, offences ceased almost entirely. One of the largest and most difficult Conferences went for five years without serious charges being brought against any preacher. It was evident that the best men, and the great majority of them, wished honor and good conduct to prevail, and that they would apply legal remedies for infractions of the discipline of the Church, if assured that their action would be sustained.

Some of the departed leaders of Negro work in the South were very good to know and to respect. Among these was a Secretary of the Freedmen's Aid Society, I. Garland Penn, a layman whose conduct and character were above reproach. He was much esteemed in his home city, Lynchburg, Va., and in his official acts seemed to place just and fair dealings before ecclesiastical politics. Our own Area included, during the years 1912-1920, Doctor George W. Arnold, a loyal pastor and District Superintendent, Doctor John P. Wragg,



SOME DeLAND, LEETE LEADERS

Top row: Ferris N. Smith, M.D., plastic surgeon of both world wars; Paul Stanley Deland, Managing Editor from first issue with Christian Science Monitor. *Second row:* Mr. Joseph Leete, Chevalier de la Legion D'Honneur of France, London factor, author, "The Family of Leete" 1881 and 1906; The Hon. Henry A. DeLand, manufacturer and founder, DeLand, Fla., and of Stetson University; Mrs. Eugenie DeLand Saugstad, Washington, D. C., artist, painting portrait of Hon. Theodore L. DeLand, of U. S. Treasury and Civil Service. *Lower row:* Dr. W. W. Leete, secretary National Missions, Congregational Church; Bishop F. D. Leete; Judge Calvin M. Leete, Guilford, Conn.; Prof. C. H. Leete, Potsdam Normal and Sachs School; Edwin L. Leete, New York State Banking Dept.

A TRAVELING PREACHER

Agent of the Bible Society, both well educated, cultured and honest in all relations, and Professors J. W. E. Bowen and W. H. Crogman, trained and popular professors in Gammon and Clark. Bishop Bowen of the Central Jurisdiction of the Methodist Church is a son of Professor Bowen. There were other good and reliable men, some of whom were unschooled, yet efficient. The distinguished New York editor, Doctor J. M. Buckley, once wrote up Peter Swearingen of Florida Conference as one of the dozen best preachers in American Methodism. This uneducated colored man was possessed of most remarkable diction. I have heard him offer prayer in language that would have done credit to Emerson. The Negro mind seems to have a native affinity for language. It is picked up naturally and easily, when conditions are right. Professor W. J. Thompson of Drew Theological Seminary once told me that on a visit to Gammon Seminary in Atlanta he had gone to the blackboard in one of the classrooms and had written there some lines of Greek. He said that the students present translated it aloud as fast as he could put it down. He added, "My pupils in Madison cannot do that."

An incident that took place in a Love Feast of South Carolina Conference made upon me an unforgettable impression. A younger minister, W. G. Valentine, was testifying. He had upon him the deadly stamp of pellagra, but emaciated as he was his face was lighted up with an attractive smile as he spoke of his Christian faith and love. He said, "They tell me death is on my track, but if he is I am not a bit afraid of him." Then, before resuming his seat he added, "I do not wish to take that bit of pension money that some brother may need more than I do." He closed his brief statement with an assurance of his expectation of heavenly life and joy that deeply moved the Conference. Only three or four weeks later, as he sat beside the fireplace in his little house, the angels came and carried him to his Father's home.

AN ARCHITECT AND OTHER DISCOVERIES

A real Church architect is a rarity. Only a few men of the profession have been known to me who had intimate practical and aesthetic acquaintance with ecclesiastical building and ornamentation, and also with acoustics and the comfort of church attendants. Some way in Alabama Charles H. Hopson, then living in Selma, came to my

ADVENTURES OF

acquaintance. His story was that, born in England and trained in the careful British way in Gothic architecture, he had emigrated to Montreal, practised there briefly and then, probably for health reasons, he had come south. My query was, "What are you doing in Selma?" "Not much" was the reply. "Well," was my suggestion, "a man of your quality should be in a city like Atlanta. Come over there. Our church will give you what work we have. Though this will not be much, it will get you going." We became so much attached to each other that he accepted the invitation extended, opened an office in the Georgia capital, and began a career of distinction. He planned and supervised for us the erection of Ponce de Leon Avenue, Atlanta; First Church, DeLand, Florida, and some two score smaller church buildings for white or colored worshippers in the four states of the Area. Later he handled the architectural work for the erection of leading Atlanta churches of other denominations and was one of the architects of the Masonic building. When we moved to Indianapolis he was named to the committee of North Methodist Church, and was employed in the erection of that splendid edifice. Had Charles H. Hopson been granted unlimited means in the creation of ecclesiastical structures there would have been no limit to the artistic and at the same time most usable temples he could have built. Supplementing his talents in the developments of the Atlanta Area was excellent planning and economical building, supervised and in part done personally by Doctor Edmond J. Hammond, District Superintendent and later for years a field operator with the Board of Church Extension. His knowledge of carpentry, brick-laying and even of money-raising in hard fields, and the inspiration of his sermons and addresses, have written one of the most constructive chapters in the home missions of Methodism. Some of the best work of the Hammond family was in World War II, to which their three Georgia "Tech." sons were furnished, and whose records were excellent.

Constant traveling, mainly in the South and for long distances, sometimes kept me away from home for a month. Since it was necessary to handle considerable sums in church undertakings, it was wise to trust someone with money and with expenditures during my absences. In the care of properties and of institutional problems legal and business advice were also required. A splendid lawyer, a graduate of Alleghany College, who had lived in the South practi-

A TRAVELING PREACHER

cally all his life and who had the highest possible reputation in Atlanta, had become counsellor of Gammon and Clark. He also became my personal friend and the custodian of funds in my keeping. Mr. W. M. Everett, a Presbyterian and one of the laymen elected as Moderator of the Southern Presbyterian Church, was an experienced and dependable caretaker of the interests of many people and institutions. He was always ready, without charge, to respond to special calls which my labors compelled me to make upon his wisdom and experience. His lamented death in an automobile accident years afterward brought sorrow to the members of our family. His son, Colonel Willis M. Everett, Jr., of both World Wars and a deacon of the Presbyterian Church, now carries on the firm of Everett and Everett and is attorney for Methodist interests in the southeast, as was his father.

Some time after I left Atlanta I met the senior Colonel Everett in Cincinnati. He was on his way to attend a meeting of Commissioners of the Northern and Southern Presbyterian Churches in the interest of union of American Presbyterians. "What is the group going to do about this?" was my inquiry. "I do not know," he said, "but I can tell you what my own instructions are." "Very well, what are they?" "To listen to all that is said and to be very courteous to everyone." As this fine layman was courtesy itself, the task was not burdensome. The recollection of this incident reminds me that while we were living in Atlanta three Presbyterian denominations, Northern, Southern and United, met in that city to consider how to become one body. The Northern Church, meeting in the Broughton Tabernacle, under the presidency of my friend in youth, Doctor John Timothy Stone, acted eagerly upon this matter. It interested me to see the delegates arise practically as one and vote unanimously in favor of union. One of the other bodies, Southern, was in session out Peachtree Street. They decided that they would need a year's time to consider whether to vote on the question. The United Church, united with itself, made some other disposition of the issue, and up to the date of this writing, though long decades have passed, the case remains about where it was, so far as my own knowledge goes.

I am reminded by the above idea that I have had several revealing experiences in interdenominational relations. This has been not only because of my offices and duties in connection with the Methodist Unification Commission and in Ecumenical Methodism. Membership

ADVENTURES OF

in what was called, "The Commission on Closer Relations between the Episcopal, Presbyterian, Methodist and Lutheran Churches" caused me to be present at the only general session of this body. Methodism had ten commissioners, one more than any other group. The affair was called and sponsored by the Episcopal Church, which sent Bishop Parsons, of San Francisco, to preside. Our men were all present in the place in Pittsburgh to which we were summoned. At the beginning, after devotions, Bishop Parsons stated that we should know that his Church, which had invited us to meet, had limited discussions and acts of the body to one question only, "Is there any moral ground why these Churches should not become one?" We had been assigned topics for papers to be read, my own being "Discipline in the Early Church." The paper I carefully prepared was afterwards printed in the Methodist Review and in the church papers. Part of the others present read excellent articles on the general theme of church history. A committee on Findings, appointed at the beginning of the meeting, held its own discussions. We spent two or three days reading to or at each other solemnly. Then the "Findings" were reported. In substance it was stated that in the committee's opinion there was no moral reason why these Christian bodies should not unite. This was passed unanimously, and we thereupon adjourned, never to meet again. A great many of those present, including half of our own delegates, are no longer with us. It is not possible for me to know what readers of the above account will think about the incident related. Was it a serious approach to a great issue, or a case of *opera bouffe*? I have found it difficult to contemplate proceedings towards church union, except between organizations already closely related, otherwise than with a certain amount of amusement. I should have sadness concerning this situation if it were not possible that the Almighty, as in case of nature, approves union in diversity. Moreover, is not the great need, not physical union, but such unity of spirit as leads people, while loyal to homes of their own, to cooperate with sincere fellowship in a common cause, namely, that of the salvation of mankind through Christ?

HEALING THE GREAT RENT IN METHODISM

The Methodist Episcopal Church made me a member of its commission on the Unification of Methodism while we were in Atlanta.

A TRAVELING PREACHER

From 1916 to the consummation of Methodist Union in America, except for a brief period when, knowing that there would then be no action, as indeed there was not, it was my preference to work at something else, it was to me an interesting and important duty to study ways of getting together the three chief bodies of American Methodism, and to aid in the transactions which occurred during the vital years of this movement. It seemed best for me to say little during general discussions, since I was living in the South when elected and for four years thereafter, and was related to both sides of the issue by residential and family ties. No other Methodist Episcopal commissioner had as many southern connections, or had traveled so much in southern states. Therefore important questions were put to me from time to time by our representatives in the Commission and in the general Church. Bishop McDowell, when chairman of the Joint Commission, used frequently to ask, "What is the next step?" Bishop Ainsworth frequently counselled with me as to procedure. We agreed well as to the situation and as to methods of approach to the desired end. Elsewhere reference has been made to the strategic proposal of this friend of Methodist union which pointed the way to a successful crossing of the Mason and Dixon line, and thus made possible a gratifying outcome of our discussions. It was he who said, rather tentatively and without rising from his seat, "Why not create an Area with Kansas and Nebraska at one end and Louisiana and Texas at the other?" My instant reaction and remark was, "Bishop Ainsworth has helped us solve our problem." "But what will Kansas and Nebraska say about that?" came from the floor. "It is not for me," was my response, "to speak for Kansas, though presidencies in Conferences there lead me to believe that with the right representation the response will be favorable. As for the big Nebraska Conference the case shall be presented there almost immediately, without fear of the outcome." Shortly after the Plan of Union was adopted, after an hour of explanation in Nebraska Conference, every vote was for the proposal. Kansas Conference, where Bishop Mead was in charge, was almost as willing as Nebraska to accept relationship with states whose people were very much like their own and with whom there was already much intermingling in trade, travel and residence.

ADVENTURES OF

THE LEADER OF METHODIST UNIFICATION

The man most far-sighted and painstaking in all plans and negotiations for Methodist union, its effective proponent and the leader in its successful movement, was John Monroe Moore, the news of whose passing into the "unseen holy" came from his home in Dallas while this portion of my manuscript was being corrected. He was a Christian statesman of a high order. It would doubtless have taken far longer to get the Methodists of America together had it not been for his profound study and knowledge of the problem and his unrelenting diligence and astuteness. Not a few think that this event might not otherwise have come at all. It was my own belief, expressed to others, that Bishop Moore should have been president of the Unification Commission, though he never, so far as I know, aspired to the position. My own effort, with few addresses in the proceedings of the Joint Commission, was to make parliamentary motions in harmony with Bishop Moore's leading, and in our own Commission to answer questions and remove misunderstandings. Many years of close relations with people in both of the main sections of the country had taught me what were their interests, their needs and their prejudices. At heart, however, American Methodists have always been ideally and quite substantially one people, even though often divided, even as the nation itself, by temporal and political situations and influences. The end of Methodist disunity as a people and as a Church is a distinctly spiritual achievement which can be nullified only by unwise sectionalism, or by Socialistic dissensions. If undistracted, it will doubtless have far-reaching influences in the religious and even in the political affairs of the nation.

Two excellent historians, Bishops J. M. Moore and Paul N. Garber, have written the story of Methodist union, or rather reunion. Another associate, Doctor H. E. Woolever, did the same. It is yet too early to rehearse the full account of Methodist relationships in America, including its greater divisions and their healing. A few interesting and some amusing reminiscences will be the only and rather unimportant contribution made by me as to this matter at present. All the commissioners, during a quarter century of discussions, conducted themselves as Christian gentlemen. Of course, occasionally, heated but never discourteous remarks were made. The real issues that had

A TRAVELING PREACHER

kept us separate so long were sometimes obscured. A plan of union was drawn up at Louisville in 1920 which proved to be unacceptable. The arguments going on were often wearisome. A college president from the deep south was at one time sitting alone at the side of the room. I went over, sat down by his side and asked him, "What are we doing?" "Nothing," said he. "What are we going to do?" "Nothing." "Well, what is the matter? You and I both know it is not the Negro." "Jobs" was the laconic reply. Events later proved that this was not an altogether incorrect statement.

EPISODES IN THE WORK OF UNIFICATION

It was during the Louisville meeting that an incident occurred that was "off the record." One of the older delegates, Bishop Hoss, became weary with his duties and speeches. Something happened to excite him and he decided to leave the room, which he did, walking backward and orating all the way to the door. One of the bishops attended him helpfully, to keep him from doing himself injury through a fall. We had several emotional commissioners in our number, but there was no evidence of bad feeling and no hateful word.

Judge Henry Wade Rogers was made chairman of a sub-committee on a compromise plan at a meeting of the Joint Commission on Unification. His report failed of adoption, and he brought to his own Methodist Episcopal Commission another proposal which proved to be as unacceptable to that body as the one officially made and rejected in the joint session. He became impatient because of what he considered the unreasonableness of the criticisms made, and with heightened color pressed his argument. A delegate leaned over to a neighbor and whispered too audibly, "My daddy used to lick me when I acted like that." The affair was disposed of, and Judge Rogers submitted as gracefully as possible, when another and very able lawyer present, Alexander Simpson, later Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, intervened, pointing out the fact that the subcommittee had presented its report, which had been voted down, and that phase of the matter disposed of. The committee therefore had finished its work and was discharged. "Judge Rogers," said Mr. Simpson, "is too good a lawyer not to know the meaning of the term *functus officio*!" The meaning is that when one's duty has been discharged he is out of office.

ADVENTURES OF

Other somewhat exciting events took place during two and a half decades of unification proceedings. A number of these it would do no good to relate at this time, if ever. One of the most striking incidents was during the Savannah meeting of 1918, the longest and perhaps the most animated session of the Joint Committee ever held. It was then that some women of the city erroneously reported a saying of Bishop J. W. Hamilton at a service held at the Whitefield orphanage. This was quoted with comments in the papers, but after a remonstrance by Bishop McDowell in the Joint Committee, our host, Dr. W. N. Ainsworth, later elected bishop, interviewed the press and had the affair straightened out to the general satisfaction. President Charles M. Stuart, of Garrett Biblical Institute at Evanston, was seated in this meeting as an alternate. He was very fraternal in spirit, but did not at all understand the issues before us, nor the history and resulting attitudes back of them. An action taken at one point in our session looked good—too good, many of us felt. Doctor Stuart thought that the great decision had been reached. He sprang to his feet with a beaming countenance and made what was perhaps his only speech in Methodist Unification negotiations. He expressed great pleasure over what had been done, saying in substance, "Fine! We are very anxious to have our differences resolved, and we will be most happy to have our southern people return to the mother Church." He did not complete his remarks, but sat down with a face beet-red under a barrage of objections to what he had said. He then learned for the first time in his life that the Methodist Episcopal Church was not regarded in the south as the mother Church of American Methodism, but as one of two birthmates from the same early Methodism, alike dating from Wesley and Asbury. No one could be more surprised and mortified than was Doctor Stuart. Explanations had to be made for him by some who knew their Methodist history better than did this learned professor.

One of the delegates at Savannah was in an adjoining room, looking down a city street. He could hardly have heard any of the proceedings. The commissioners were seated on the outside of tables arranged in a large hollow square. One only, Bishop Denny, had a chair within the tables at the end near the chairman. The good bishop actively participated in everything that was done, correcting errors of fact, style and even punctuation. He must have thought that Methodist

A TRAVELING PREACHER

union would soon come to pass and he wished its details to be as well determined as possible.

Many other minor incidents of the Unification process would be worth recording. It is a matter of satisfaction to have passed through the necessary negotiations in all meetings that were held, including the final Joint Commission session in Galloway Church, Jackson, Mississippi, January, 1939, and on to the Great Consummation in the Uniting Conference at Kansas City in 1940.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

An incident of my life in Atlanta which must assuredly be mentioned is an acquaintance made with the Governor of Georgia, Nathaniel ("Nat") Edwin Harris. This began in connection with a Memorial Celebration held in the National Cemetery at Marietta, where lie buried over ten thousand Union soldiers, with the graves near by of several thousands of Confederate dead. The Governor and

State of Georgia
Executive Department
Atlanta

RAY E. HARRIS GOVERNOR
FRANCIS B. JONES DEPUTY GOVERNOR
GEORGE STANTON SECRETARY

June 4, 1937.

Bishop F. D. Loote,

Atlanta, Georgia.

Dear Bishop:

I received the copy of the poem and thank you very heartily for the same. I am taking steps to have it published. It was a beautiful tribute to the occasion, and I especially thank you for the part I had in its dedication.

I wish I could see you and talk with you some time before I leave.

Sincerely and truly yours,

N. E. Harris

ADVENTURES OF

I were both on the program there May 30, 1917. He was a veteran of the C. S. A., at one time on the Staff of the Army of Northern Virginia. Like General Lee, he was a lover of the country he felt obliged to oppose. He was a member of our Methodist Church, South, and a friend of man. My own part in the affair in which we cooperated was to write and read some verses which evidently appealed to the Governor, and a copy of which he desired. It was sent to him and in the files of my collection of *Methodistica* is the foregoing letter.

The following are the verses read, and which the Governor published in a folder, together with his own address. They are entitled

THE MESSAGE OF MARIETTA

From an ever historic region
Where Fame's long bugles sound
The spirits of warriors legion,
Who sleep in its hallowed ground,
Come forth to bind forever
Brave hearts which nought can sever,
While Love attests its holiest law
Beside the slopes of Kennesaw.

The heights of the green-clad mountain,
Which once poured down a flood
That filled the sweet vale like a fountain
With a deluge of patriot blood,
Look down on a land united,
In the bonds of affection plighted,
Where millions of friends of justice and right
Rejoice in their country's growing might.

In mutual admiration
Of the deeds of a long-past day,
The men of a thrice-born nation,
True sons of the blue and the gray,
Clasp hands in fraternal greeting,
The ties of the years completing,
And acclaim the fate of an old vendetta
By the star-strewn graves of Marietta.

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENCY

While the Area System of supervision in the Methodist Episcopal Church came into existence practically at the time the class of bishops elected in 1912 began their administration, and was made the required disciplinary method eight years later, there was still a good deal of general superintendency in the Church. Assignments were given me during my residence in Atlanta to preside in the Kentucky,

A TRAVELING PREACHER

Indiana, Vermont, Troy, Arkansas, Lincoln, Wisconsin, West Wisconsin, Porto Rico Mission, East Maine, Detroit, St. Louis German, Illinois, West Ohio, Eastern Swedish and New England Southern Conferences. Some of these were in my care more than once, and the Conferences contiguous to Atlanta were my responsibility almost always for eight years. The result was acquaintance with broad regions of the Church and with their leaders.

The Episcopal Committee on Plan in the years above mentioned sent bishops to preside wherever, in the entire connection at home or abroad, it seemed best that they should go. Perhaps this is the place to say that never during twenty-four years of active episcopal labors did I go near the committee to ask to be allowed to "hold" any Conference in Methodism. It was a matter of common knowledge that some of our colleagues frequently requested to be assigned here or there. A few desired, and plainly so indicated, always to conduct the Conferences in their own Areas, and if not permitted to do this, to name the men they preferred to have come to their fields. This seemed unfair to some of their associates and not at all in harmony with Methodist traditions of the better type. Members of the committee sometimes told me where they had assigned me to preside. I requested two or three times, in case of the larger and more popular Conferences only, that they pass me by on these appointments. The committee once replied, "You ought to go there, whether you wish or not." So I did, and had a good time. Quite as many and as good assignments came my way as were desired, and it was wholly satisfactory to me to welcome other bishops whom the committee might select to the presidencies of the Area for whose interests I was mainly accountable.

REPRESENTING SOUTHERN INCIDENTS

Invitations came to me while in the South to visit and to preach in a good many cities of other states than those in which were my official tasks. The general situation and needs of the Southern people were frequently presented, and sometimes it was possible to counteract false reports and impressions. The notorious "Frank case" in Atlanta was a special instance. The horrible murder of a young girl in a factory of the city was followed by the despatch in adjoining Cobb County of the man held by the court decision to be responsible, but who had been pardoned by the Governor. Newspapers and maga-

ADVENTURES OF

zines over the country gave frenzied accounts of the affair and denounced it as a flagrant case of Anti-Semitism. I referred to the matter in Detroit, where my pastorate at Central Church had made me well known. The city papers interviewed me on this subject. It was revealed by me among other facts that a group of reporters of a notorious chain of papers, who had been on a train with me, one of whom told me the whole story, had come south to prove and to publish everywhere that Atlanta was a Jew-baiting town. I pointed out that there were not enough Jews in Atlanta or in that part of the South anywhere to make such an accusation stick. Later a commercial editor of one of the Atlanta papers told me that Georgia at that very time was trying to sell certain bonds in Detroit, and was turned down on account of the Frank episode. He said that after the publication of my statements the bonds were sold, at a better price than had been expected.

Southern lynching, like gangster murders in New York and Chicago, is a terrible crime. Legislate against it certainly, but know that outlawing of any kind would probably of itself do little or nothing to stop it. Two observations are worth making. One is that the United States has received a good deal of bad notoriety by constant agitation of this subject. In Jerusalem a prominent citizen asked me about this terrible American crime. I said, How much lynching do you think is done in our country? "I do not know," was the reply, "but I suppose a great deal." We have over a hundred million people in the United States, I remarked. One year I recall that as many as thirty people were put to death in this way. In most years from ten to twenty such episodes occur. Sometimes only a very few take place, maybe five to ten. My questioner, who was a scholar and well read, was greatly astonished by this report. He said, "I thought it was a daily occurrence. Why, we have more murders than that in Jerusalem every month."

My other observation is that very rarely indeed, even in well established and flagrant cases of sex crimes which are followed by lynching parties, is much stress laid upon the terror, suffering or death of the woman or even little child, that was attacked. I do not remember ever reading, even in a church paper, white or colored, north or south, a definite, strong protest against sex crimes in these affairs, or even a clear hint that one way to stop lynching is to remove its causes.

A TRAVELING PREACHER

Pity for one murdered should at least be accompanied by some kind of denunciation of lust and its horrible deeds and by sympathy with its victims. There are doubtless false accusations of these enormities sometimes, but it is probable for a good many valid reasons that these misrepresentations are rather infrequent.

CAMP ACTIVITIES DURING WORLD WAR I

The first World War found our family still in Atlanta. Reference has been made previously to a great flag-raising event at Five Points, Atlanta, which took place amidst a crowd of many thousands on the National Day of Prayer, May 30, 1918, Mayor Candler presiding. The faculties and students of Clark University and Gammon Theological Seminary had paid their own tribute to the banner of a free people before that time. The Superintendent of Schools of the city and myself, surrounded by the faculties and some pastors, faced hundreds of Negro youth while as many of them as possible laid hold of a long rope by which they pulled a large flag which had been presented to the institutions to the top of its standard. Some talk was heard at the outset of the war as to possible disloyalty to the country of its colored citizens. We saw the light in the eyes of the students who were looking up at the beautiful banner they were raising towards the sky, and no one present could doubt that loyalty to flag and nation was in their hearts. They could and did sing The Star Spangled Banner as few gatherings in America have the power to render our glorious but difficult anthem.

It fell to my lot during War I to be a member of the War Council of the Board of Bishops, which planned its helpful tasks at Philadelphia, New York and elsewhere. It was not for me to consent to go abroad, as many were eager to do, for the reason that the four southeastern states had some forty army camps, often with half a million men in training at the same time for missions abroad. The war was brought right to us, so far as religious preparation could be given these men. Instant action was required on the part of those responsible for Christian influence upon the army. Not enough chaplains were enlisted in that conflict, and too many of these were not much more religious than the secular and frequently profane officers about them. Camp pastors were needed, to be furnished by the Church, and to be guided into useful contacts and activities. A force of fifty or

ADVENTURES OF

more preachers and teachers who possessed Christian faith, courage and devotion were recruited for work in Atlanta Area. It did not seem wise to accept men who applied for these positions, or who were appointed by boards of missions at a distance. Some of the greatest churches and institutions in the country supplemented our own personnel by loaning us their pastors and leaders for periods of from one to six months. Their salaries were continued at home, while denominational boards and others looked after expenses of travel and residence in the camps of the Area. We had very efficient service from these borrowed ministers of Christ, and our assignments and undertakings, as was not the case everywhere, were strongly endorsed by the War Department and by those in charge of local camps. One of the men in our own force died at his post in Anniston, Alabama. E. A. Wanless was a very earnest and faithful preacher who lived his Gospel in daily contacts with the officers and men about him. He was overcome by weakness while preaching in an overcrowded and badly ventilated army "hut" at Camp McClellan. The men present bore him to the soldiers' hospital, where he lingered for some weeks, receiving every possible care. His translation was sincerely mourned in the entire encampment.

My own relation to Christian work in southern war camps was that of selecting and securing the high-grade preachers needed, assigning and financing their movements, overseeing their plans and services. It seemed also to be my duty to go to the camps myself, consulting with Christian leaders and preaching sometimes for a week, holding daily meetings, with several sermons on Sundays. The centers visited most frequently were Camps Gordon and Ft. McPherson, Atlanta; Johnston, Jacksonville; Hancock, Augusta; Wadsworth, Spartanburg; Wheeler, Macon; McClellan, Anniston, Ala.; Ft. Oglethorpe and Camp Greenleaf, North Georgia. A very interesting experience was at Ft. Barrancas, Pensacola, where my service, rendered under the direction of Chaplain Jesse P. Bogue, is mentioned elsewhere.

FINAL EVENTS IN THE CAMPS AND IN ATLANTA

Some of the scenes of the southern war camps were most memorable; groups of Christian workers talking over their problems and listening to suggestions one could make to them; crowded huts and chapels; vast audiences in the open. One can never forget the sensa-

A TRAVELING PREACHER

tion of having a regiment ordered to attend service, wheeled towards the front and marched at double-quick to the platform on which we in charge were waiting for them. How they would listen! Another striking event was preaching from a high platform up to which some of the huskies had swung a piano as if it were a toy. Vast numbers of soldiers were seated on the ground, with many more standing behind them, thousands in all. They were facing the west and as the last rays of the sun shone in their eyes the sight made an abiding impression. Our arrival on one occasion took place at a camp where a regiment had just been called to start over-seas. Their personal effects had been brought from their tents and laid in rows on the ground, each pitiful array occupying a space about the size and proportions of a grave. One could not help thinking, and the event justified the reflection, that these poor properties were all that some of the men would ever own. It is a matter of joyful recollection that our camp pastors helped prepare the adventurers over-seas for the tests that awaited them and that we at home had a share in their spiritual training.

It became my appointment during the final months of eight years residence in Atlanta to head a committee to raise a relief fund for sufferers in a great disaster in Halifax. Several thousands of dollars were obtained and forwarded to Nova Scotia.

Life is made up of grief and gladness. Both of these experiences came to us during our years in Atlanta. My partner and I both lost our mothers at that time. Mrs. Leete's mother was a very helpful inmate of our home on Eleventh Street, where the end of her useful Christian years on earth occurred in 1913, and from which place her body was carried north for burial, as noted previously. Mother Leete left, on September 10, 1915, the home in Philadelphia where she was visiting my brother, Henry S., and Callie Slater Leete, his wife. We bore her frail tabernacle to Syracuse, New York, where she was laid beside our father in beautiful Oakwood Cemetery. Her life-work has been all too briefly described in this book.

The joyous side of the picture is found in the fact that we became grandparents during the last year of our Southeastern labors—two times. Elizabeth Jeanette Keefer was born June 20, 1918, to our older daughter Helen DeLand, and she not only gladdened the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Dean Keefer, but as first arrival of a new generation rejoiced her grandparents. Her birthplace was Clintonville,

ADVENTURES OF

Wisconsin, where her father, previously mentioned, was a safety engineer in a factory working for the war needs of the government. "Betty" graduated in Home Economics at Syracuse University and did very responsible work in managing large restaurants and feeding soldiers during World War II. She is the wife of George C. Marks and mother of Philip Dean Marks, born April 18, 1947, Gerald DeLand born November 27, 1948 and Stephen Rickert, whose birth occurred April 27, 1951, three of our prized "great grands." Frederick Leete Andrews is the oldest child of our younger daughter, Jeanette Fuller, and Major M. M. Andrews, World War I. "Teddy" entered this scene of trouble, as well as of joy, at Hartford, Connecticut, November 27, 1919. He graduated at Wharton, University of Pennsylvania, went to Africa, Sicily and Italy in World War II and received from General Mark Clark the Order of Merit. Helen King, a life-long acquaintance in West Hartford, became the bride of Frederick L. Andrews and a very attractive daughter came to them, Elizabeth Andrews, June 2, 1949. "Betsy" had a sister, Susan Butler, arrive March 18, 1952. One of the best stories about Teddy as a child was related by his grandmother. One day the youngster came to our house and found that I was away. "Where's grandfather?" he asked. The reply was, "He's up at Chesterton." "What's he doing there?" His grandmother said, "He is preaching." Teddy was silent a moment thinking about my activities and reflecting. Then he asked, "Does all this preaching get him anywhere?"

WE BECOME HOOSIERS!

This partly true heading spells adventure, which certainly came to us in 1920 when we were assigned to a new Area of Methodism called by the name of Indianapolis. It comprised all Methodist interests in the State of Indiana, together with the Lexington colored Conference, spread out over ten northern states. The latter group was taken away four years later, and it was replaced by the Southern Illinois Conference, below the Vandalia railroad. This is the region of Herrin and its massacre and of our American "Egypt," which boasts of a modern but usually mispronounced Cairo.

The General Conference in Des Moines, 1920, a session of haste, succeeded by some dismay over its blunders, closed May 27. All the living Methodist Episcopal bishops except Bishop J. M. Thoburn

A TRAVELING PREACHER

were present on the closing Sunday. It was my privilege to assist in the consecration of Bishop C. W. Burns. My new work began at once, on the last day of the month, when two addresses were made at a District Conference at Kokomo. The Indianapolis Methodist Union held a banquet on the evening of June 4, where my address illustrated the fact that Methodism wrought a moral reformation throughout Great Britain and the English-speaking world, laid foundations for American democracy, and became a modern pathfinder of the churches of Christianity. The centennial anniversary of City and Indiana Methodism was celebrated June 6 at Roberts Park Church. My texts on this first Sunday of our new residence were St. John 8:12 and Ephesians 2:10. The evening service was a union meeting of the down-town churches.

After these initial experiences in Indianapolis it was necessary to return to Atlanta for trustee meetings at Clark and Gammon, and then to go to Atlantic City for a meeting of denominational boards. I was elected there President of the Council of Benevolences of the Church for the new quadrennium. A full share of official assignments in connection with Church Boards came to me during my twenty-four years of active episcopal service. A round of District and two Annual Conferences, the Indiana at Vincennes and the Northwest Indiana at Lebanon, took up a great part of the fall season of our first year in the State. I gave a Convocation Address at Indiana University, Bloomington, October 13, and laid the corner stone of the southern wing of Indianapolis Methodist Hospital October 14. Four days in November were spent in Boston, where my active presidency of the Council of Boards of Benevolences began, and where plans were laid for four years of advance in the work of our mission fields abroad and at home. The Foreign Board meeting followed in New York and the Bishops Meeting in Atlantic City the next week. December 6 I met the building committee of Irvington Church, Indianapolis, and canvassed with them their plans for a new building. The year closed with a Union Methodist watch-night meeting at Central Avenue Church, Indianapolis. My topic there was "The Needs of the World."

"We" has been used in the caption of this section of our story in connection with the term "Hoosier," a name which may have come from the query made to early arrivals in the territory, "Who's Yere?",

ADVENTURES OF

though there are other suggested derivations of the word. Our residence in the Hoosier capital led to the fact that we have a son and family living there permanently, while four of our grand-children, two each of two families, are Indianapolis born.

Indiana Methodism had received absent administration on the part of Methodist bishops for many years and had grown somewhat independent of the general Church, except for the fact that quite a few preachers were sent in from elsewhere by the appointing powers. These were of two classes, a very small number of men specially called by the very strongest churches, and a fairly numerous group whom it was not easy to place to their entire satisfaction in adjoining states. The morale and strength of Indiana Methodism were not improved by this infiltration. An amusing episode enabled us to dispose of one brother, transferred from without, but impossible to adjust in Indiana. Bishop Quayle, whose disciplinary methods were sometimes unusual, even Quaylish, transferred and appointed to an Indiana church a man whose person and coming were unknown to the administrators of the Area. It was not a vital affair, but it gave us a real chance. Our unwanted and foot-loose brother, besides residences elsewhere, had once belonged to a Kansas Conference. As soon as the act of good Bishop Quayle became known, a slip was made out which transferred the wanderer to one of the Conferences under the administration of this honored but somewhat irregular colleague. No protest came back; the man was taken in, as doubtless was the Conference as well. Whether the bishop thought this to be ordinary practice, or whether he saw that he had brought it on himself by sending an unknown to Indiana without authority, was never revealed. Adept student and writer that he was, it seemed evident that Bishop Quayle had never much studied the Methodist Discipline.

ORGANIZATION OF A NEWLY CREATED AREA

The Indianapolis Area had some fixed District Superintendents. Two of them had each presided over one District or another for about a quarter century. Both were excellent, if not creative, men. Two of the four Conferences of the Area needed rather thorough reorganization, which was not a pleasing idea to a number of leaders who seemed to think themselves entitled to permanent control of

A TRAVELING PREACHER

the situation. Most of the preachers and all of the laymen who could be consulted desired improved management and methods, and these were gradually achieved. Progress soon became evident, in evangelism and church-building and in social service, especially in youth circles.

A new life in Indiana Methodism began with the calling of a State Council, July 14 and 15, 1920, about six weeks after the General Conference. This body was approved and legally established by the Annual Conferences and contained 160 members; half preachers, half laymen, together with all superintendents and heads of state institutions and societies ex-officio. The organization met semi-annually and it was accompanied by Convocations, attended in the total by thousands of people. A paper read to the first meeting of the Council gave an outline to them of what it seemed to me might be done in a compact state having a large Methodist constituency. Conditions were not altogether new to me, as I had visited Moore's Hill, afterwards Evansville College, DePauw University and several of the churches of the Area during previous years, and had also presided in a session of Indiana Conference at New Albany in 1914, six years earlier. The first prospectus presented at the State Council meeting was largely in the nature of a vision, intended to be provocative of the ideas of the most thoughtful pastors and laymen. Rich dividends were paid in suggestions received from them.

The most imperative problem of Indiana Methodism in 1920 was the generally underbuilt condition of its churches, especially in the cities. After that came the financial condition and buildings of its hospitals and pressing interests of the colleges and Wesley Foundations. The crux of the entire situation was the need of a more effective work of grace in the church membership and of the type of evangelistic spirit and determination out of which the best if not all real development of the work of Christ must come. We took up the issues most pressing and the whole series of needs, as we were able to get to them. The cities of the state had some substantial old church-buildings, as stately as some of their congregations were static. Nothing could be done with some of them, but others were bent on progress, or could be moved in that direction. Certain new fields might be discovered and given modern treatment.

ADVENTURES OF

LIMITATIONS AND TASKS OF METHODIST BISHOPS

Bishops of the Methodist Church have no funds at their personal disposal with which to operate in any large way in building, or extensions of work, in their fields of labor. No one of them is "the corporate body" of the churches he serves, as is a Catholic bishop. A Methodist layman in Indianapolis who was on the loan committee of one of the chief banks said to the president, "Is that not a rather large loan to Bishop C?" naming the local head of the Catholic Church. "I will take all of that I can get," said the banker, "since back of that bishop's signature is every dollar's worth of property which the Roman Catholic Church owns in Marion County." That meant churches, residences, schools, hospitals, vested funds and every other church asset. The leader of the Catholic diocese could borrow almost any sum at four and a half per cent, very low for those times, while the other churches, when able to get even modest sums for their advanced work, had to pay six per cent and were lucky if they were not also compelled to add a bonus for getting the accommodation.

This brings up the question of episcopal functions in the Methodist Church. In one case a layman, who was by way of being something of an Area czar, is said to have remarked that his group chose between getting a bishop to serve the interests of the field in which he resided, or one to represent them. They determined upon the latter action. The whole field was by no means included in the representation made, and the regular work of the Area appeared to come out as the above decision should indicate. It is my personal conviction that the first responsibility of episcopal administration should be development by organized plans and by somewhat courageous leadership, of the spiritual, social and material interests of the constituency. The success of Methodist undertakings, especially those of a definitely Christian nature, is the very best representation that the Church can have, even under extraordinary episcopal leadership. If other types of service are required, they might wisely be provided, not on an individual and perhaps eccentric basis, but in expressions of the bishops and church boards in common and by the General Conference. Each bishop would still be able, while giv-

A TRAVELING PREACHER

ing first treatment to the interests in his charge, to express his views, wise or unwise as they might be, on other issues than those of his own Church.

MAKING A FOUR FOLD PROGRAM

Of course a state whose Conferences had been separated and attached to different Episcopal Areas could have no unified approach to its problems. When Indianapolis Area had been established, even before the Annual Conferences could meet, it has been noted that on July 14, 1920, a State Council was organized. This body received and adopted in general, and it was afterwards confirmed by the four Conferences of the Area, including Lexington, an outline of ideals and activities which were brought before them. First, a genuine deepening of spiritual life and experience must be sought. This would depend largely upon pastoral leadership through more adequate and impassioned preaching. Then should come better teaching in Bible schools, emphasis upon prayer and upon earnestness in conducting prayer-meetings, pastoral visitation for religious instruction and inspiration, and social life in the churches, directed, not to money-making and pleasure, but to humanitarian service and Christian influence. The motto, Put Christ First, was adopted for the Area, and its meaning, reiterated and encouraged in the organizations affected and in appointments made, was unfolded and emphasized. This effort was not without results in many church communities.

A united approach to the problem of evangelism was made possible by the closer relationships of the state organization. Indiana Methodism, dating from the beginning of the 19th Century, had always been characterized by a rather definite concern for the saving of lost lives. This spirit needed to become more ethical and socially purposeful and transforming. Sporadic revivals were improved by combined and better directed evangelistic campaigns. Local leaders more often assumed their own responsibilities in personal and visitation approaches to the non-Christian public. There was less desire to turn the business of soul-winning to professional evangelists, and the work that was accomplished was therefore more thorough and enduring. Of course non-cooperating churches and indifferent

ADVENTURES OF

preachers could be noted, but the general atmosphere and the membership gains reported year after year attested an improved quality of Indiana evangelism.

Mr. Spurgeon once said, "The God that answereth by orphanages, let Him be God." Indianapolis Area not only possessed orphanages, but hospitals, homes for the aged, and colleges, and prayers were answered in all these institutions. This phase of Christian service was strongly emphasized, as will be seen in many reports of the institutional life of American Methodism. The beginning of distinctive Area life in Indiana found its institutions, with the exception of DePauw University, and relatively there, in great need of more and better buildings and support. It was our duty and pleasure to throw the combined strength of Hoosier Methodism behind attempts to better the material and financial structure of our four hospitals, two colleges, and the other foundations which it possessed. Success varied with the particular situations which existed and with some of the issues met, but denominational statistics to this day show that substantial development took place in the years 1920 to 1928.

The organization of Indiana Methodism was further completed by City Councils in the larger towns. These were variously named, but they functioned in much the same way, that of Indianapolis dating from early in 1923. Later an Area Men's Committee was formed, established by the State and Area Councils. 125 laymen entered this group and became efficient in carrying forward the activities of the Church. It is not too much to say that the laymen of the Area Committee received a training in Christian principles and methods of Church work that was invaluable. After the Lexington Conference was taken from the Area and replaced by the Southern Illinois Conference the most arduous task continued to be that of Methodism in the State of Indiana, where religious progress was greatly retarded by lack of physical equipment of church plants suitable to modern Christian undertakings. Meetings of Area and State Councils from 1923 to 1928 were held in several cities, and were largely attended. The District Superintendents frequently passed a day or two together, jointly planning undertakings and events to come. The Area Men's Committee held notable sessions. The Area was not kept in feverish activity. On the contrary delegated

A TRAVELING PREACHER

and public meetings and assemblies were so spaced and timed that they were attractive and interesting as well as practical. A series of county rallies in the summer of 1923 covered a large part of Indiana Methodism with Christian teaching, presented by teams of pastors and laymen as well as of officials of the general Church.

BUILDING, WITH BRICK OR WITHOUT

It was not easy for me to rest contented while Indiana Methodism remained badly located and housed in the capital city, in Gary, Terre Haute, Greencastle, Muncie, Marion and several other centers. It seemed to be my obligation to aid willing and to move unwilling local and District officials to do something thorough and strategic about this. The effort failed in two or three cases, notably at Richmond. There the old First Church had become, it seemed, Unitarianized from its environment, and secularized. The membership and property were run down. Carpets and interior furniture and decorations showed extreme neglect. When rain came the people endured, philosophically or supinely, to be leaked upon. Several visits to the place and councils with officers on the part of the District Superintendent, pastor and myself were fruitless. The group that ran First Church were frankly disinterested in it, in Methodism and it seemed in the Christian life of the city. If "pride goeth before destruction," the total loss of pride, which appeared to have taken place in this old society, comes to the same end. Months of fruitless effort made it seem best to allow First Church, or a remnant of it, to amalgamate with Central, some reservations having been made as to the funds to be derived from sale of First Church property, and the use of part of them to aid Methodist people across the river in a building effort. This arrangement, though made part of the legal proceedings and agreement, was perhaps never fulfilled. *Sic transit—*Sick, down and out.

Organizations to build strategic structures were quite easily set up in some of our towns, and these required comparatively little attention from me. Among them were enterprises at First Church, Marion; Trinity, Ft. Wayne; Lowell Heights, South Bend; Noble St., Anderson, and the fine edifices at Attica, Michigan City, Fowler, McCordsville, First Church, Whiting; Main Street, New Albany; and Clermont. The leadership of Lexington Conference produced

ADVENTURES OF

Camphor Memorial, St. Paul, Minn., Jones Temple, Louisville, St. Mark, Chicago, and McKinley, Dayton.

The harder tasks in the erection of church edifices in the period under review were in Indianapolis and Gary where plans laid during the quadrennium 1920-1924 were brought to fruition during the following four years. Indianapolis Methodism had stood still for the quarter century prior to 1920. That is to say, it had fallen behind, because population had increased largely. In twenty-five years we had gained one church and had lost one. It was estimated that during these years of civic growth, forty or fifty thousands of Methodists had moved into Indianapolis, the greater part of whom had been lost to other denominations, or to any church life. One of my first duties seemed to be, "not to reason why," but to do or die. A survey was made of the city and of its Methodism, especially of the more progressive North End. It was found that there were many sections where our Church was unrepresented, or nearly so. A place was found in the most properous and growing region four and three quarters miles long by a mile and three-fourths wide with no Methodist Church except two little ones on the extreme edges. The fine Irvington suburb was struggling along with a totally inadequate building for our memberships. What to do and how to do it? To crown the story, almost all the societies of our denomination in and about the town, and especially the older and stronger ones, were without attractive buildings or facilities for modern activities, one or both. Our leadership, excellent in character as it sometimes was, had proved to be non-aggressive. The resident bishop found it necessary to start something on his own. A few earnest and active men were enlisted in new efforts. The result is seen in the great North, Broadway and Irvington structures and memberships, and in some other projects. The North Church, Indianapolis, High Street, Muncie and the Gobin Memorial at Greencastle are listed and pictured in the beautiful Area Volume published at the close of the '24-'28 quadrennium as projected enterprises. But the spade work had been done, and they were well on their way to success by that time.

A MIRACLE IN CHURCH DEVELOPMENT

The formation and growth of North Church, Indianapolis, is certainly one of the marvels of modern church organization and hous-

A TRAVELING PREACHER

ing. The report of this church in the latest General Minutes shows a membership above 2200 and a property worth more than \$500,000. Since this paragraph was first written North Church has added a large lot beside its main structure and has placed upon it a commodious institutional plant. There was no society at all when during my first six months in the city, a small group of men, less than a dozen at the start, were recruited as a nucleus of an adequate organization and building enterprise. They belonged to various Methodist congregations and lived in the general neighborhood of the location suitable for an important new undertaking. A very excellent man was reported to me as not attending the church to which he belonged. I said, "I hear you have not been going to Church services for two years or so. Why?" "I have grown tired of going around in a circle," was the reply. "Do you think you could travel, if you were shown a straight-away?" I inquired. "I believe so," was the prompt answer. After an explanation of the plan to start a new and great enterprise in the northern part of the city, this well-equipped layman joined the group being formed. He and a son are still at the task of advancing the interests of North Church to which he and others have made great contributions.

The first meeting of the group to form this Church had about ten or twelve present, several of whom, though helpful, never joined the society. Three of the very first persons in the group, Messrs. Fred Hoke, J. W. Esterline, and Frank Thomas are in the list of officials after nearly a third of a century of devoted and successful service. January 15, 1921 a meeting was held at which aggressive plans were laid. We had hired an experienced real estate appraiser to canvass and price suitable church sites, and it was found that the best and only satisfactory location was the corner of Meridian Street and Maple Road Boulevard. On January 27, 1921, the District Superintendent, Doctor C. E. Bacon, and I visited the Quarterly Conference of Maple Road Church, a small body of Methodists housed in a wooden building near our proposed site. We asked them to merge their organization in the new project, and they gave us such confidence that without being told where we proposed to go they voted the desired authority. Even then they were not informed that efforts were being made to obtain a splendid site close by their own property. It was learned that the lot which would be entirely suitable for our purposes was owned by a man who was temporarily in Texas.

ADVENTURES OF

After the Maple Road Quarterly Conference agreed to go into our venture, for it really was that, I wired him and asked his price for the ground needed. He replied \$25,000, a sum by the way bearing little relation to the ultimate value of the property. I wired again that we would take it, if he would contribute a thousand dollars. He agreed, and on the night of February 1, 1921, at the University Club, a meeting of the promotors of the plan, addressed by Mayor C. W. Jewett and myself, voted to purchase the site and my own check was made out for \$300 to bind the bargain. The whole sum needed to get the title was assumed personally by myself on the basis of good standing with bankers. The deed was made to me and so rested for some four years when it was taken over by the North Society.

The next step was promotion meetings to which the public were invited. The first one was in Tudor Hall, Meridian at 32nd St., April 17, 1921, at 3:30. My text was 1 Cor. 3:9. Cards for enrollment in membership were handed to those present, and a fair number signed their names. Another such meeting was held in the Masonic Hall, near College Avenue, with similar results. On May 6, 1921, at the home of C. P. Lesh, 3650 Central Avenue, the Official Board of the new church was organized, a name adopted and the future responsibilities were formally accepted. Lay leaders took over from that date, and the noble record made by North Church is in the annals of Indianapolis Methodism. It was my privilege to aid quite often in raising finances for the growing project, and to meet frequently with the officials to discuss the details of the enterprise up to the days of corner-stone laying and of the dedication on May 10, 1931. These services were conducted by me, Bishop W. F. McDowell preaching on the latter occasion. Among other items of aid to North Church was the sacrifice to its pulpit in September 1922 of the Area Secretary who had for some time ably assisted in my own office, the Reverend Jesse P. Bogue, able preacher and zealous promoter of the work of the Church. An architect for the new church was needed, and with the approval of the Official Board, my friend Mr. Charles H. Hopson of Atlanta was persuaded to undertake the task. As we have learned above, he was one of the best trained church architects, and one should say artists, in the country. North Church, like several churches of Atlanta and other cities, stands as a memorial of the noble conceptions and skill of a great church-builder.

A TRAVELING PREACHER

The extensive Irvington Church plant is, more than to any other, a memorial to the love, labor and loyalty of one layman, Charles H. Badger, and to the foresight and devotion of one of its pastors, Doctor W. L. Ewing, whose recent passing as Superintendent of Allegheny District, Pittsburg Conference, left sadness in all the centers of his successful ministry. The Irvington official board frequently called me into council during the first six months of my work in the city, and often thereafter. Whenever there was a crisis, Mr. Badger or the pastor came to my office to talk things over or to urge me to come over and help in financing progressive steps. When the central city circle and part of the buildings afterward incorporated with the church edifice came into the market the officials consulted me as to whether the church should attempt its purchase. My reply was to the effect, "It looks to me to be a colossal adventure for a people no stronger than you are, but if you have the courage and faith I would go after it." They did so, and prosecuted their effort with determined purpose. The corner-stone was laid by me, June 28, 1925. Mr. Badger lived to see the church dedicated, but was taken into the eternal sanctuary from the Irvington Church altar when the first communion in the new edifice was being celebrated. This church at present reports above 2100 members, with a property worth more than \$500,000, burdened with a debt which is being steadily reduced.

Fifty-first Street Church, corner of Central Avenue, is another project for which I personally purchased the site and assumed responsibility until the city council and the officials of the newly enlisted members could take over. This society had a limited career, having met heavy competition and having had some pastorates of a negative quality. Some years later it joined Meridian Street Church in its relocation movement in the North end of Indianapolis.

A CHURCH LIFTING VICTORY

The most perplexing but attractive problem that occurred in connection with the right location and housing of Indianapolis Methodism was that connected with Broadway Church. It was needed in the section farther north and itself needed to move to a better site in order to escape progressive degeneration. The pastor, Doctor W. B. Farmer, and some of the keener laymen realized the

ADVENTURES OF

situation and saw clearly that the church had long since passed its peak and had entered upon a steady decline. Doctor Farmer could not convince a majority of the official board that something must be done to assure the society a future of strength and effectiveness. The matter was put up to me. After several meetings with committees and groups a canvass was made, and it was found that there was but one location that would give Broadway Church a satisfactory future. First, however, the board must be induced to consent to a move and to agree to the purchase of the land required. Several preliminary meetings were held and a careful study of the history of the church on its present site and of the movements of its constituency, including its supporting membership, revealed impressive facts. A draftsman placed these for me on a number of sheets six feet high by three broad. Circles were drawn about the church building and also around the junction of Broadway and Fall Creek Boulevard, a half mile or so north. Figures placed in these circles showed that both the membership and the financial sustenance had moved until only a negligible part of either was south of the church. A much greater part of the constituency was already beyond any new location which was worth considering. These graphic charts were carried to the Quarterly Conference, April 4, 1921, and were explained fully, all questions involved being answered. The pastor and friends of the future development had done their best to create favorable judgment. I gave the best presentation I could make. The president of a woman's society and a man who was unfriendly to the project had taken much care to try to defeat approval. A vote was taken finally, and the greatest opportunity that ever came to the Broadway people was accepted by the narrow majority of 22 to 15.

The next effort was to secure the ground now occupied by the plant used by the Broadway congregation. It was in two pieces, with an alley between. The owners were two women who seemed to think that they owned a gold mine. They would not sell, nor even make a price. My son-in-law, M. M. Andrews, then in Indianapolis real estate, besieged the home of these women for weeks before getting their confidence and consent to dispose of their holding. Finally this was accomplished and the city government was prevailed upon to close the alley so that the two pieces of ground could become one.



CO-WORKERS IN SPECIAL FIELDS

Top: D. C. Roper, U. S. Sec. Commerce; T. A. Stafford, Sec. Pensions; A. L. Foley, physicist; R. B. Pierce, preacher. *Second:* C. W. Baldwin, preacher administrator; Bishop Paul N. Garber; Frederick W. Ninde, physician; John Crowley, editor. *Third:* David H. Burrell, philanthropist; Albert J. Beveridge, Senator; Judge E. H. Gary, U. S. Steel; Vice-Pres. Chas Curtis. *Fourth:* Bishop A. W. Leonard; Gov. N. E. Harris; Bishop Costen J. Harrell, F. D. Stone, Publisher. *Fifth:* Bishop S. C. Garth; R. M. Pierce, pastor; Bishop E. H. Hughes; Lt. Com. C. R. Pond, chaplain.

A TRAVELING PREACHER

Later came the money struggle. April 16, 1921, the situation was presented by me to the Broadway congregation and they subscribed \$31,300 towards the new site. The sale of the old church was one of the problems. Some members of another denomination came after a time, desiring to purchase. They offered \$60,000, which was as much as could be expected, but the church officer to whom I referred the matter, after meeting with the would-be purchasers, 'phoned me that they could never buy and pay for a sixty thousand dollar lot and building. "Why," said he, "they have only one man who can contribute as much as a thousand dollars." My reply was, "They are all workers. Their denomination wants the structure. They will pay for it." It was sold to them. They made a substantial payment and assumed the balance. Broadway had the money for their great new venture. The purchasers met their obligation in full in less than two years. I laid the corner stone of the church, Nov. 22, 1925, Bishop F. T. Keeney making the address.

What a constituency this now is—Broadway, Indianapolis! They report today nearly 3000 members and an institutional value of more than a million dollars, without debt. The present popular pastor, Doctor Robert B. Pierce, is the son of a long-time friend of mine, an able pastor of Rock River Conference, R. M. Pierce. The last report is that they will complete a costly building for the varied activities of an industrious and far-sighted people. It has been requested by the pastor and officials who have raised funds and made plans for a structure to cost over half a million dollars, that they be permitted to provide room there for the "Methodist Historical Library," incorporated and international. Adjustments are being made which should soon bring this arrangement into effect.

GARY METHODIST CHURCH AND JUDGE GARY

Certain fulsome accounts of City Methodist Church, Gary, Indiana, have made no mention of the vision of an able pastor, or of the splendid aid of a great philanthropist, without which that notable institution would doubtless never have been lifted out of the class of very ordinary churches. William G. Seaman, Ph.D., left a chair of philosophy at DePauw University to return to the pastorate, and was sent to Gary. He carried with him there the germ of a new

ADVENTURES OF A TRAVELING PREACHER

life for Methodism and for Christianity in that city. Several times, called into councils of our people there, my admiration was elicited by the personality of Doctor Seaman and of his lovely family.

Before coming to live in Indiana my only knowledge of Gary had been gained by driving through its long main street when traveling between Michigan and Illinois. Nor was Judge Elbert H. Gary, chairman of the board of the United States Steel Corporation, known to me personally before that time. His acquaintance, however, was soon sought, because action on the part of the great company of which he was the head was essential to the solution of problems of location and of funds for the promotion of Christian tasks in the steel center.

On going to New York to interview Mr. Gary and to add to what had been told him about the religious needs of the city which bears his name, it was a surprise to find that his personal secretary, afterwards to be secretary of the Corporation, was a relative of my own. He belonged to a branch of the family that dropped the final "e" from the English and Colonial spelling of our name. This excellent and most courteous kinsman introduced me to Mr. Gary, and he must have said something to him that assured the fine entree which was granted me at 71 Broadway from that day forward.

How could a suitable piece of land and sufficient funds for building the kind of plant really needed be secured for First Church, Gary? One of my colleagues, an excellent man, had sought aid from the steel directors, but in some way managed to offend an individual or two, a fact that had to be met and overcome. Doctor Seaman, with his whole soul in the undertaking, was persistent in his appeals to the company. My own occasional visits and suggestions in New York supplemented his pleas. Negotiations at length took such shape that a meeting of the special finance committee of the corporation was held at its office in New York, to which Dr. Seaman and myself were invited. A copy of the action taken there was given me at the time. It appears on a separate page. The initials are those of my kinsman, George K. Leet.

The "site agreed upon" was half a block of land next to the leading hotel in the central part of the city. The Methodist Episcopal Board of Home Missions and Church Extension and the local constituency in Gary later entered into this project so generously that the church

COPY

UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION
New York

FINANCE COMMITTEE MEETING, JUNE 24TH, 1924

"The Chairman, for the Special Committee to whom on May 27th, 1924, was referred back, for further consideration and report, the question of a

PAYMENT TO THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH
AT GARY, INDIANA FOR LANDS AND VARIOUS
BUILDINGS,

reported that, at a meeting of the Special Committee on June 19th, 1924, at which were present Bishop Frederick D. Leete, Rev. William Grant Seaman, and Mr. C. R. Kuss, representing the Methodist Episcopal Church, Messrs. Buffington and Gleason, of the Indiana Steel Company, and Mr. H. S. Norton, it was decided to recommend a payment, and deposit the same in advance, of \$325,000 for the purpose mentioned, and convey the site agreed upon, with the understanding that the Methodist Episcopal Church contribute, and deposit in advance, \$325,000, and, further, that all plans and contracts and proposed expenditures be submitted to the representatives of the Corporation for approval. On motion, and by the affirmative vote of all present, the report and recommendation were approved and adopted."

G.K.L.

G.K. Leet, Secretary.

ADVENTURES OF

was built and has now long been occupied and used in Christian and humanitarian activities. A membership above 2500 and a property value of over a million dollars are reported.

The part of the Finance Committee Meeting best recalled was the grilling given me personally by the numerous members of that body. Judge Gary was in the chair and was the only one of the committee who was of Methodist inclinations, though he was not at that time in the membership of the church. The principal part of the proceedings seemed to be the quiz directed at myself. All kinds of questions were asked, as to our work, our undertakings in Gary, where we had established a hospital, our future plans, and so on. Replies were made as carefully as possible, as it was evident that any false step would be apt to do harm. The men present, aside from our delegation, were all prominent figures in banking, in the steel business, or in other financial undertakings. At length one of these men evidently began to feel that the committee had gone about far enough with its interrogations. He said to me, "You must excuse us for all this questioning. You know we have to give an accounting to our officials and stock-holders for what we do with their money." That gave me an opening. Rising I said, "Gentlemen, you are perfectly right in asking what is to be done with so large an amount of money and property. We will be glad to answer any other inquiries you may wish to make. If we cannot give you all the information you wish we will obtain it for you. But there is something else to be taken into consideration. We are doing what we are able to serve with church and hospital care the people of your organization and constituency in Gary and in its vicinity. Very substantial aid is asked from you, but we are doing something on our part. We also represent a corporation, the Methodist Episcopal Church, which is spending about one hundred millions of dollars a year in this country in Christian and humane undertakings. Our plan requires what is for us a great expenditure of funds in the steel city which you have built and are promoting. And it is a fact that if you must account to your constituency for what is done with their money, so must we report to our people as well." The session came speedily to an end right there. The proposition was for the Corporation to give the land and \$325,000 in money, the Church to match this sum. One member of the committee said, "I move it." Another said, "I second the motion."

A TRAVELING PREACHER

The chairman put it, and all votes being favorable the expenditure in land and cash was authorized. The cornerstone of the new church was laid by me, May 10, 1925 and I dedicated it October 10, 1926. The history of the Gary Church has varied under successive pastors, but that much good work has been done is well known to the citizens of the steel center. My acquaintance with Judge Gary and with Mr. Leet continued, as will appear elsewhere, though my visits to New York were quite infrequent.

BRINGING CHURCHES TOGETHER

Sometimes the best way to build up the Church is to decrease the number of churches. Several church mergers in Indiana centers were proposed during my residence there. One succeeded at Richmond that I did not at all favor until there seemed no possibility of saving any part of First Church otherwise. Another failed which was supported by me without much conviction that it would prove a success. It was voted, nearly unanimously, by the official boards of Terre Haute First and Centenary Churches to become one body. The combination broke apart, however, before many months, and without any valuable result except a new and stronger determination that each church go forward in its own way.

One great achievement came from merger efforts, the union of the two Greencastle societies, College Avenue and Locust Street, which were too near to each other in a town that did not need both organizations. The leading people of the city and the president and faculty of DePauw University deplored the competition, some of which was quite unfriendly, between these college town churches. The pastors found the situation too delicate for them to handle. President Grose, because of local feeling, did not think it wise for him to intervene openly. I was called in for several board meetings which finally, at a session at which I presided March 20, 1923, eventuated in a combined organization. The result was the representative and successful Gobin Memorial Church. It does not seem to me that this desirable and successful merger could have been made, except for the splendid and self-sacrificing aid of the pastor at Locust Street, the church that was certain to lose most by the transaction. Doctor H. C. Clippinger, an alumnus of DePauw, father of H. Foster Clippinger, a trusted officer of the Fletcher Trust Company, Indianapolis, and a man of

ADVENTURES OF

excellent business judgment and of Christian idealism, used great tact in persuading his people to cooperate in making Greencastle Methodism united and strong. It was most fitting that the newly located edifice should be named for one of the greatest DePauw alumni and personalities, Hilary Asbury Gobin, a most popular professor and vice president for many years. His friendship and the conversation at his table are among my choice memories, and it was a sacred privilege to speak at his funeral, March 21, 1923. He was a wise counsellor and a truly spiritual force—altogether a man whose character and fame are worthy of commemoration. My own characterization of him, at his memorial service, was that of a preacher who was his own best sermon, a teacher who put humanities before all science, philosophy or theology, and a man of perennial and perpetual youthfulness. The building and development of Gobin Memorial Church took place during the six year pastorate of C. Howard Taylor, who followed J. E. Porter, College Avenue and H. C. Clippinger of Locust Street, when the combination of these churches was successfully accomplished.

On the evening of March 21, 1923, meeting with the Quarterly Conferences of King Avenue and Wesley Churches, Indianapolis, it was possible to aid them to combine and to form West Michigan Street Church. The result is a creditable organization with more than 600 members and a good property.

WRESTLING WITH INSTITUTIONAL FINANCING

It seemed to be expected of most Methodist bishops in my active days that they would aid money-raising campaigns by counsel, by attending and usually presiding in committee meetings and rallies, by commending methods employed, and at times by personal solicitation of funds in public or privately. There have been bishops who simply could not do these things, while others were exceedingly proficient as institutional financiers, as for instance Bishops Hurst, McCabe and Hamilton. Most others have dwelt between these extremes.

It was my privilege to give some aid to the projects of DePauw University, Evansville College, the Indiana Methodist Hospitals, the Wesley Foundations at Indiana University and Purdue and to some other institutional interests of Indianapolis Area. Evans-

A TRAVELING PREACHER

ville College affairs were exceedingly pressing. It became necessary February 15, 1921, in order to stabilize difficult official relations to permit myself to become chairman of the board, and to continue in this office for about four years, when a suitable layman was induced to take over that responsibility. At the meeting in which my election to this position occurred it was voted to build a \$400,000 building to house the main organization. The dedication of this Administration Hall as well as the dedication day address became my responsibility, June 16, 1922. An Indianapolis District meeting brought up to \$100,000 the sum raised for Evansville College by that single district. The whole effort for the state at that time was set for a million dollars, but some of the districts probably did not fully make good. Long after we moved to another location the peculiar organization of Evansville College led to complications which adversely affected its support and development as a church institution, but its life is important to Indiana, and Methodism has an investment there in which it will always be interested. At the time when it seemed to me that a layman president would be better for the college, the following action, signed by the Board of Trustees and dated June 8, 1926, was sent to me. "We receive with sincere regret the resignation of Bishop Frederick D. Leete as president of our Board of Trustees. In accepting this resignation we record our genuine appreciation of the great service he has rendered the institution during the years of his presidency, and hereby express our satisfaction that he is to remain a member of the Board and that we are to have the benefit of his continued counsel."

Participation in a successful effort to secure funds for DePauw, of which my service as a trustee lasted for six years or more, sometimes required association with high-grade partners in the undertaking. At one of the promotion banquets, held at the Claypool Hotel, Indianapolis, January 30, 1923, the speakers, aside from myself, were former United States Senator Albert J. Beveridge, the then Senator Samuel M. Ralston and Edward Rector, distinguished Chicago attorney, benefactor of DePauw and founder of four hundred Rector scholarships for young men in connection with this institution. Strangely enough all three of these distinguished men passed away within the four years succeeding this event. It would have devolved upon me to be a participant at the obsequies of Senator Beveridge,

ADVENTURES OF

orator, historian and statesman, a friend and fellow college fraternity man, had I not been abroad when they took place. It was on nomination and arrangement of Senator Beveridge that life membership in the American Historical Association, of which he was a prominent member, was granted me. One of Mr. Beveridge's letters to me is presented here. Mrs. Beveridge, sending me her husband's likeness from Beverly Farms in 1951, remarked, "I do remember that you and Albert were friends." I was one of the speakers at the memorial services in honor of the donor of Rector Hall and of the DePauw scholarships, a high-minded patron of ambitious youth, October 16, 1925, at Greencastle. The following from Mr. Rector is among personal letters which have been preserved. It is dated December 22, 1923, on stationery of Rector, Hibben, Davis and Macauley, Chicago.

"I am glad of this opportunity to say to you what I have frequently said to my friends and associates interested in DePauw that I feel that you have done everything that could be expected of you in our behalf. I fully appreciate, I think, the difficult position in which you have been and are placed by reason of the large number of appeals to the Methodist constituency in Indiana in behalf of various causes, and I do not see how you could have consistently done more in behalf of DePauw than you have done. I greatly appreciate your interest and the help you have rendered us. With sincere regards to Mrs. Leete and yourself and with best wishes, Edward Rector."

Another of the most prominent DePauw men and a long time President of the Trustees of the University, Hon. Roy O. West, at one time United States Secretary of the Interior, wrote similar expressions, some of which are still in my portfolio. It was remarked in one of my campaign addresses in its interest that "DePauw has acquired the habit of success." Under varied presidencies the excellent business leaders on its board and the general Methodist constituency in Indiana have brought prosperity and progress to its undertakings even in difficult times.

STATE UNIVERSITIES AND WESLEY FOUNDATIONS

It seemed advisable from the beginning of my residence in Indiana to become closely associated with the work of the Wesley Founda-

A TRAVELING PREACHER

BEVERLY FARMS
MASSACHUSETTS

November 30, 1923.

Bishop F. D. Leete,
Indianapolis, Indiana.

Dear Bishop Leete:-

Thank you heartily for your good letter of November 22. Of the many that have come to me, I appreciate none so much as I do yours.

As I said at the dinner we attended and at which you spoke, you have the mind of a statesman -- I am more and more impressed by that fact; and your deep sincerity is the reason why I so highly value your good opinion.

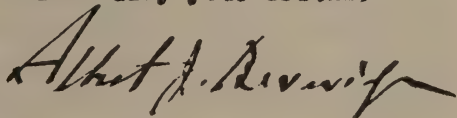
I am chained to the oar here writing other articles for the Saturday Evening Post; and, since I am doing them on a time limit and yet must be thorough and accurate, it is quite the hardest job I ever took on.

I hope you will be pleased with the articles that will be published from time to time. They are the result not only of intensive study, but of consultation with Harvard professors who have specialized on the various subjects, and with a large number of other people running all the way from railway president to labor leader and business man.

That is why I am staying here so long this year. But I shall be home again by the middle of December and want very much to see you and talk over many things with you. I want and need in my work, the benefit of your clear and far-seeing mind.

With every good wish and hearty admiration, I
am,

Fraternally your friend.



ADVENTURES OF

tions at Purdue and Indiana Universities. The Wesley Foundation of Indiana University was legally incorporated December 10, 1920 and because of official relationship my name heads the list of incorporators, as they appear in the copy of the Articles of Association which has been preserved and which is at this moment before me. A good deal of my time and resources were spent in assisting the men in charge of Methodist interests at these state educational centers, especially those strong leaders Doctors C. Howard Taylor and Clarence E. Flynn. The heads of the state universities were very cooperative, especially President William Lowe Bryan at Bloomington. This celebrated educator was more than a friend of the best undertakings: he was a Christian statesman in the highest sense of the term. He was not of our communion, but because the First Methodist Church of Bloomington had by far the largest student membership and attendance in the city, the President of the University taught there a large student Bible class for months at a time. I preached often in Bloomington during the remarkable pastorate of Doctor Clarence E. Flynn, later of Iowa, and now of Berkeley, a notable poet as well as preacher. President Bryan was almost invariably in attendance in the really great congregation, sitting not far from the front of the room. Once, on a very special occasion, I was able to persuade him to accompany the pastor and myself to the pulpit and to offer the morning prayer. A letter from Doctor Bryan was handed me at another time, on my arrival in the city. The message explained his necessary absence from the service and indicated his deep desire for a spiritual outcome of my visit to the town. A memorable episode was that of his arrival at the Indiana State Normal at Muncie, January 12, 1927, when I was addressing the faculty and student body on "Jesus as a Teacher." The head of the State University entered unexpectedly as the theme began to be developed. He slipped into a seat in the rear of the chapel. The president of the school, Doctor Benjamin Burris, a Methodist layman, arose when my discourse was finished and said that the institution was honored in the presence of the leader of educational forces in Indiana who had come to the city for an important meeting. He said that all present would be glad to hear President Bryan on the interest which he was promoting at the time, or on any other subject. The response was enthusiastic. Doctor Bryan came to the platform in the midst of the

A TRAVELING PREACHER

applause, and voiced a kind tribute of approval of my work in Indiana and of the address just made, and then said that he had no mind to talk at the moment about education. "Instead," said he, "I wish to add a few words on my own account to the discussion of the supreme quality of 'Jesus as a Teacher.'" Then followed a brief and most effective tribute to the Great Teacher and his sayings and what amounted to a challenge, exhortation, old-time Methodism would have called it, to all present to accept and to apply to their lives the wisdom of Jesus Christ. It was as admirably done as any preacher could have uttered such an appeal, and was as effective as it was most unusual on the part of a great scholar. It is not too much to say that during his long and distinguished career as an educator, the moral and religious influence of President Bryan was as valuable to his school, to the state and to the nation as perhaps any man's philosophy and pedagogy.

Several issues connected with the life and sustenance of the state educational institutions arose in political circles during my residence in Indiana, and were accompanied by some narrow-minded criticism. I did not hesitate to speak out freely in defense and support of these schools. It was undoubtedly not wholly on this account, however, that President Bryan followed me westward with strong endorsement to college leaders. Reference to this splendid courtesy will be made later on. One cannot forget other Indiana University leaders of the days when I went there so frequently for church, Wesley Foundation and University functions. The late Doctor Burton D. Myers, popular Dean of the Medical College, was a most loyal Methodist churchman and Foundation leader. Doctor Arthur L. Foley, distinguished physicist and authority on sound was a sincere member of First Methodist Church, Bloomington. It was on my invitation as chairman of the program committee that he made a very effective address at the Sixth Ecumenical Methodist Conference in Atlanta, 1931. Friendship and associations with such personalities as Doctors Bryan, Foley and Myers, as well as with other Bloomington people, enriched my mind and aided me in the work I was trying to do in the Hoosier State. A letter from President Bryan, March 19, 1927, is among valued correspondence of our period in Indiana. "My dear Bishop Leete: Once more I wish to give you thanks. You conceive of yourself rightly as a Bishop of the Folk, and therefore rightly interested

ADVENTURES OF

in all that concerns their welfare. The best reward that can come to you is the better life of the people which you desire to promote. Sincerely yours, W. L. Bryan."

It fell to my lot during the years we lived in Indiana to give commencement, baccalaureate, convocation or chapel addresses in many schools and colleges. Among the latter were Cornell College, DePauw, Indiana University, Purdue, Taylor, McKendree, Ohio Northern, Wesleyan of Conn., Evansville, Oklahoma City, Moody Bible Institute, Indiana Normal and the University of Kentucky. In some of these institutions I spoke several times and became well acquainted with a number of the leading spirits, to my personal profit and satisfaction. High school and public school addresses also enabled me to exercise a little influence upon the educational life of the state and its ideals. Other bodies which invited me to meet and to address them were the State Young Men's Christian Association, Anti-saloon League, State Baptist Convention, State Conference of Charities.

THE KU-KLUX WAR

We really had a war in Indiana in the days of the modern Ku-Klux Klan agitation. There were campaigns, skirmishes and some battles, with casualties. It is not surprising that a state which flirted with the Knights of the Golden Circle during the 60s should fall pretty strongly in certain sections for the revised and commercialized edition of white-sheet orators and terrorists which came out of Atlanta and spread its venom over many parts of the land. Its greedy originators were succeeded by scheming and dangerous leaders, at least one of whom had a record as a gross malefactor. An Americanism was taught by the order of the burning cross which would have been condemned with heat by the founders and fathers of democracy. A few excellent principles were used to appeal to honest people and to trap the unwary. The doctrines taught were sinister for the larger part, however, and the spirit shown by the chief agitators was gall and bitterness. It was the very time to start a backfire of good sense and kindness. A great Good-Will Service was held at Cadle Tabernacle, Indianapolis, December 15, 1925. This gathering was attended by representative Jews, Catholics and Protestants, as well as by masses of people who desired to protest against the intolerance

A TRAVELING PREACHER

and persecution which were in evidence all about us, creating many unwholesome situations and experiences. One of the latter, not so bad as others, was when a resident of an Indiana city who was being whipped by masked paraders recognized one of the latter as the sheriff of the county and a member of his own church.

It devolved upon me to preside in the Good-Will Mass Meeting. In introducing Doctor Samuel Parkes Cadman as the chief speaker of the occasion I related a story of his visit to England during the early years of World War I, when the United States had not yet entered the conflict. He asserted in an address he was making there in our defense, that we would doubtless respond in time to the exigencies of world peril. He remarked, "The Americans are a great people, when aroused." A man called out, "That may be, but when were they ever aroused?" Quick as a flash, Doctor Cadman replied, "I believe they were in 1776!"

The Ku-Klux agitation did much harm throughout the Middle West. It became my duty to keep our pastors out of it, so far as possible. A few burned up their influence by willing participation in its affairs. A number were literally forced to enter organizations they deplored, and afterwards I defended them as victims of coercion, as they truly were. Sometimes the order tempted our pastors. One of them, who was dedicating a church and needing funds, was sent an envelope containing a letter and money. He was to keep the money if he would read the letter. I was present to preach, and he asked me what he should do. The reply was, "What do you wish to do?" He said with emphasis, "I wish to return the envelope unopened. We will do without their help." I said, "Then send it back, and I will support you a hundred percent." There was some stir, but the people almost unanimously sustained our action. That preacher stayed in his appointment, never wavered, and won out in the community. On another occasion where the same attempt was made to advertise the hooded order and to gain our support, the money was declined on dedication day. Some time later it appeared that after I had left town, the pastor, doubtless under some pressure, took the cash, and the curse with the gift. A preacher was sometimes paid quite big sums to become a lecturer for Ku-Klux ideas and fallacies. The result was loss of ministerial positions and influence. We were glad that none of our leading pastors or chief churches went into the movement.

ADVENTURES OF

Indeed, Indiana Methodism, sorely tried in the mining regions and in a few other places, came through this period of testing with a record denominationally clean. Some of us, myself especially, were bitterly denounced at times by fanatic Kluxters, but that form of attack served as an ultimate means of strength in the stronger currents of popular thinking and life. Indiana, one of the most disturbed states in the Union during the height of the campaign of suspicion, hatred and abuse which marked and marred the period, won a great victory in behalf of order, decency and fraternity.

HOOSIER METHODISM COMES OF AGE

Centenary and other long-time celebrations broke out over Indiana Methodism during the period covered by this account. I also participated at this time in several anniversaries elsewhere. October 6, 1920 Bishop Anderson and I addressed an audience of three to four thousand persons in Music Hall, Cincinnati, in honor of the centenary of the Methodist Book Concern. I was called to Detroit May 12-13, 1922 to preach on the 100th anniversary of the Central Church charter, signed by Governor Lewis Cass in 1822. The church organization itself is older, and it has been noted above that its hundredth birthday occurred during our residence there in 1910. Doctor Lynn Harold Hough was pastor at the time of the charter celebration. A commencement address at Bethesda Hospital, Cincinnati, was given May 15, 1923. March 23, 1924, First Church, Penn Yan, New York, to which reference was made previously, invited me to preach on its one hundredth birthday.

There was living in Greensburg, Indiana, when I visited him in that city January 29, 1928, and for some time afterwards, the Reverend James B. Lathrop, who had passed his 102nd birthday on the preceding November 24. I had sat by his side at a banquet in Greensburg when he was 101 years old. On both occasions his memory of the old days, which covered most of the entire history of Indiana Methodism, was very clear. He recalled the election of Andrew Jackson as President of the United States. He told me that when he was pastor at old Vevay, Indiana, Edward Eggleston, author of "The Hoosier School Master," and his brother George Cary Eggleston, the poet, were among his young parishioners. "Edward," he said, "was very well behaved. George was rather lively. But they were both good

A TRAVELING PREACHER

boys." Brother Lathrop served in the Conference until he was retired on account of age and then became for some years a successful banker. He remarked to me, "Christian experience has been the life of my life."

An invitation came in 1924 to speak at Syracuse University, June 7, in honor of the fifty years of service rendered the institution by Dean Frank Smalley of the College of Liberal Arts, a life-long friend, once my Latin professor and fourteen years later my parishioner at University Church. My tribute represented him as 1, the figure who typifies the history of Syracuse University; 2, the unifying principle and bond of all Syracusans, and 3, an inspiring character and example. Dean Smalley was one of a number of Syracuse faculty members and others who at one time started a movement to elect me chancellor of Syracuse University. It appears here that this act was not held against my friend, tho' it was promptly indicated to those most active that no call was felt by me to undertake executive tasks in the field of education. Other interesting duties of mine were to preach the sermon at the 50th anniversary Jubilee of the Battle Ground Camp-meeting in Northwest Indiana, August 3, 1924, at the auditorium services at Ocean Grove, and on August 30, 1925, to preach and lay the corner-stone of the new church at Lake Worth, Florida, in my former field of service. The pastor, Reverend Lawrence Radcliffe, had been brought from Dakota to a successful career in Florida while we were residing in Atlanta Area.

Sermons were delivered by me in connection with centenary celebrations in Indiana as follows: Indianapolis Methodism, union service, Robert Park Church, June 6, 1920, Meridian Street Church, Indianapolis, October 30, 1921; Liberty, Indiana, December 11, 1921; White Lick Society, Mooresville, July 2, 1922; Knightstown, October 19, 1924; Whitewater, April 9, 1925; Franklin, November 1, 1925. It is something, even for a church society, to become a century old, and much enthusiasm attended these anniversaries.

A HOST OF DEDICATIONS

The great building activity of Indianapolis Area in the years 1920-1928 may well be attributed in large part to the aggressiveness communicated widely by the efficient Area, State and City Councils, the District Superintendents Meetings and the large and representative

ADVENTURES OF

Area Men's Committee. Frequent conventions, convocations and rallies in various parts of the field induced much thinking, strategic planning and sacrificial effort in cities, towns and open country.

The following were among the most important community or institutional buildings dedicated, ranging in cost from \$10,000 to more than \$200,000: Brightwood and Central Ave., Indianapolis, September 2 and December 24, 1922; Crawfordsville, October 12, 1924; Hamlet, February 8, 1925; Trinity, Evansville, March 6, 1926. The latter structure, costing \$210,000, is a tribute to the splendid pastorate of Doctor Alfred E. Craig of Michigan, Iowa and Indiana Conferences and former President of Morningside College, Sioux City, under whose administration the institution was often visited and addressed by me and where it was always evident that his fine character and his influence as an educator were fully recognized. He was also very useful on the board of trustees of Evansville College. He had the backing in Trinity and the support of the Iglehart family, one of the most notable in American Methodism, furnishing generous laymen and eminent preachers and educators to the work of the Church in America and Japan. One of the Iglehart brothers told me beside his fireplace the story of the three original Iglehart brothers, who mortgaged their business to help build old Trinity Church. They were succeeded by three sons who contributed equal large sums to make possible the splendid community structure which Doctor Craig invited me to help inspire and assist his people to build, and which we happily dedicated under his leadership.*

Nothing is said here of a large number of rebuilt and rededicated churches, some of them sizable enterprises, which active preachers and devoted people were able to offer to divine service during this building effort, perhaps as many as were the new churches erected. Several scores of new parsonage homes rewarded the faithful labors of pastors in the Area.

Corner-stone layings in Indiana, not elsewhere mentioned, were that of the south wing of Indianapolis Methodist Hospital, October 14, 1920 and the church at Greensburg, July 25, 1927. Institutional events of note were the dedication of the new building of the School of Commerce and Finance of Indiana University, in which I par-

* See Appendix C. for a list of churches not mentioned above which were dedicated in Indianapolis Area during 1920-28.

A TRAVELING PREACHER

ticipated at Bloomington, April 26, 1923; Gary Hospital, May 27, 1923; Rivervale Assembly Grounds on the old property of Bishop R. R. Roberts, July 23, 1924; Epworth Forest auditorium and grounds, Lake Webster, August 10, 1924; Orphanage at Mt. Vernon, Illinois, September 25, 1924; Orphanage, Lebanon, Indiana, October 10, 1924; Carbondale, Illinois, Holden Hospital main building, January 20, 1925; new building, Home for the Aged, Warren, Indiana, October 14, 1925.

PRESERVATION OF A METHODIST SHRINE

One of the most interesting episodes of my experience in Indiana was connected with the preservation of the most historic edifice of the Methodism of that state. In 1807 an old log church called Bethel Meetinghouse was erected some three miles from the present village of Charlestown, Indiana. It was about three hundred yards from the residence of Nathan Robertson, the first Methodist in the state, and near a pioneer fort where protection during Indian uprisings could be found. An earlier building, erected at Gasaway's in 1804, was burned before it had been roofed or floored. Old Bethel, after thirty years' use as a church building, suffered several removals, disuse and degeneration. Its purchase was authorized by the Indiana Conference in 1903 and was made by Doctor J. Edward Murr, to whose zeal and personal attention the restoration of the old church is chiefly due. In July 1925 the Indiana State Council appointed a committee, composed of Frederick D. Leete, J. Edward Murr and Joseph Morrow, to purchase a suitable site and remove the ancient First Methodist Church of Indiana to a new and safe foundation. This was done, and on Thursday, September 10, 1925, the Indiana Conference, together with representatives of the other Conferences of Indianapolis Area, namely, North and Northwest Indiana and Southern Illinois, met at Charlestown for the dedication of the permanent grounds of the old shrine. A concrete foundation had been laid in an excellent lot in the town and the church placed in the center and covered with a new roof with wide projections. Two worn logs had been replaced from the old Robertson barn, all the others being those of the original structure, treated scientifically for future preservation. This event also commemorated the 100th Anniversary of the first Methodist Conference held in Indiana, presided over by Bishops Roberts and

ADVENTURES OF

McKendree, which met in Charlestown, Aug. 25, 1825, in a small room still in existence near by at the time of the celebration. The first Christmas sermon preached by a Methodist in Indiana was that of Rev. James Garner of Silver Creek Circuit in Old Bethel in 1813. The tiny groups which met in the first days of its history were memorialized by a great throng of preachers and people on the beautiful September day of the meeting of Indiana Methodists at the Charlestown anniversary. Prayer was led by Doctor E. A. Robertson, great grandson of Nathan Robertson, builder of the ancient log church. Participants in the program were Doctors J. E. Murr, Clarence E. Flynn, Warren W. Wiant, Bert D. Beck, Cameron Harmon and myself. A brief Memorial Conference session was held in the room where the Conference of 1825 had met and the roll of that early session was called. Doctor W. S. Bovard, of a celebrated Indiana family of preachers, spoke of Present Day Methodism. Bishop Roberts' hymnal and that of James Garner and the latter's Bible and Discipline were exhibited. Who that was present could ever forget this unique occasion?

FATALITIES AMONG OUR LEADERS

The work goes on, but workers fall. Mention should be made here of the passing of a number of important laymen and preachers, whose funeral services were addressed or conducted by me while we were living in Indianapolis. Former Governor J. Frank Hanly, a stalwart in temperance reform and a well-known Methodist, an acquaintance of mine for some years, passed away August 1, 1920. Participation in the exercises held in his home was one of my first experiences in a new field. Three District Superintendents fell in active duty during my administration. The funerals of these excellent and effective leaders were largely attended and evidenced much sorrow. All three, Doctors Arthur G. Neal, James A. Beatty and Harry A. King were men of distinguished character, culture and efficiency. Doctor King, who was a colaborer of mine in both the Atlanta and Indianapolis Areas, was one of the most self-denying, modest and loyal comrades anyone could have. His funeral was attended by a hundred and twenty-five brother pastors. The first two of these District leaders left us for the better land in 1923 and Doctor King in August, 1927. While speaking at the Winona Lake Assembly news came to me that

A TRAVELING PREACHER

he had just passed away in the pulpit of one of the Indianapolis churches. The telegram unnerved me so that it was difficult to complete my task that day.

My old parishioner, Colonel Nathan P. Pond, Secretary and Treasurer of the *Democrat and Chronicle*, Rochester, New York, was buried in that city January 19, 1921. The invitation to return to Monroe Avenue pulpit to preach his funeral sermon led me to use a text of the Colonel's own selection, "Have faith in God." Colonel Pond was one of the most striking and best known figures in the Flower City, and he gave his pastor many evidences of friendship. April 17, 1922, I was called to Piqua, Ohio, to conduct funeral services for Doctor C. W. Bennett, for many years an agent and inspector of educational work for the Freedmen's Aid Society. A good and faithful man! Charles H. Badger, the lay creator of the Irvington project, Indianapolis, has been previously mentioned. His funeral was December 11, 1926, and on the 20th of the same month occurred that of B. F. Adams, donor of the Adams Foundation of First Church, Bloomington. Both of these men it was easy for me to praise as honoring the lay forces of Methodism. July 25, 1927, William H. Foreman, M.D., of Indianapolis was buried. He was Mrs. Leete's physician, and with his wife he had accompanied Mrs. Leete and myself on a trip to the Near East. Another loyal layman! The funeral of Judge Elbert H. Gary at Wheaton, Ill., and my address there, August 18, 1927, are noted elsewhere.

The young and only son of a good friend, Hon. James M. Ogden, whose work as Attorney General of Indiana and as President of the Indianapolis "Y" brought a fine Methodist layman into general prominence, was suddenly killed under the wheels of a trolley. When word came to me on the street that this fatal accident had taken place I hastened at once to the Ogden residence. The mother was under treatment in her room, but the father met me at the door. Before a word could come from me, he exclaimed, "I know what you have come for, but Another has been here already." What better evidence could there be of Christian faith and consolation? The Comforter was in that home before any preacher could arrive, and He took abundant care of hearts stricken by most grievous loss and woe. My own confidence in the deep reality of Christian experience was strengthened by this event. The funeral service occurred October 26,

ADVENTURES OF

1921. The bereft father and mother have kept their Christian confidence and devotion through the years. A very busy attorney and law professor of the University of Indiana finds time and interest for church and community labors and Mrs. Ogden has done an outstanding work for young people of Indianapolis.

Other notable preachers than those named above in whose funeral services it became my duty to participate were Doctors B. W. Smith, October 17, 1921, Homer Ogden, June 30, 1922, Madison Swadener, November 18, 1925, Charles Curtiss Edwards, able father of notable preachers, Loren M., Paul E., and John F. Edwards, January 5, 1926, Festus A. Steele, April 22, 1926, B. F. Ivey and A. L. Williams, February 22, 1928 and W. F. Smith, June 11, 1928. December 29, 1924, I also conducted the funeral of the wife of Doctor Virgil E. Rorer, distinguished pastor of Meridian Street, Indianapolis, and previously of Arch Street, Philadelphia. Mrs. Rorer was a splendid colaborer with her husband whose daughter, Adelle, cared for the home after the passing of her mother.

COMMITTEE AND PERSONAL CONSULTATIONS

No one who has not had the experience of executive relationships to hundreds of preachers and churches could imagine the vast total of committee meetings and the myriads of personal interviews which take place in the course of the years. These pass unnumbered, but certainly have much to do with the success or failure of Christian undertakings. An extra task and privilege in Indiana, for the initiation of which I was responsible, was regular consultations between Protestant leaders in the state. At first four of us met, representing Presbyterian, Baptist, Christian and Methodist denominations. Sometimes we brought together the whole force of our assistants, in my own case District Superintendents mainly, with whom we discussed our common problems and plans. Later Evangelical, Protestant Episcopal and Reformed Churches were brought into the circle. Outside of one or two only of the smallest denominations we enjoyed complete harmony and cooperation on the part of the religious forces in the state during my days there.

Not a little of my time was given constantly to matters brought to my office or mailed to it by the 22 District Superintendents of the Area, almost without exception a competent and responsive group



SOME OUTSTANDING MEN IN THREE AREAS

Top row: Warren W. Wiant, pastor and superintendent; Harry A. King, college president and superintendent; LeRoy M. Dunton, college president and administrator; Charles W. McCaskell, pastor and superintendent. *Second row:* Edmond J. Hammond, home mission supervisor and builder; Hon. James M. Ogden, Attorney General of Indiana, useful layman; Clarence E. Flynn, pastor and writer; Paul L. Hillman, superintendent and General Conference secretary. *Third row:* John L. Brasher, gospel preacher and evangelist; I. Garland Penn, Freedman's Aid secretary and college advisor; Charles C. Wilson, superintendent and church builder; E. E. Cavaleri, pastor and evangelist. *Fourth row:* Herman R. Carson, Christian Education and pension leader; Raymond M. Shipman, superintendent and General Conference committees; B. O. Lyle, superintendent and hospital administrator; J. T. Scull, Jr., superintendent and pastor.

A TRAVELING PREACHER

of leaders, to whose ability and usefulness sincere tribute is due. Among others whose urgent tasks occasioned many conversations were President A. F. Hughes, struggling with Evansville College issues, C. D. Royse, Finance Counsellor, Joseph L. Stout, of the orphanage at Lebanon, Indiana, for whom as in some other instances it was possible for me to secure a substantial bank loan, and Doctor George M. Smith, General Superintendent of the four Methodist hospitals of the State. The constructive work of the latter has not yet received its full measure of appreciation. The Indianapolis Methodist Hospital became, and with one exception remains, the largest healing institution which Methodism possesses. Among those who were met frequently to discuss epochal undertakings were Doctors E. M. Ellsworth, of First Church, Marion, Howard Taylor of Bloomington and Greencastle, J. W. McFall, Broadway and Jesse Bogue, North Church, Indianapolis, Heber D. Ketcham and C. H. King, High Street, Muncie, W. L. Ewing, Irvington, Wm. G. Seaman, Gary and Charles H. Smith, later distinguished by his long pastorate at First Church, Ft. Wayne. Many excellent and successful pastors and officials of the Area, as it was then, are named in two beautiful volumes published by Indianapolis Area in 1924 and 1928. Doctors Freeland A. Hall, Warren W. Wiant, strong preacher, still active as Superintendent at Columbus, Ohio, Frank K. Dougherty, John T. Scull, Jr., and Alfred E. Craig, frequently mentioned elsewhere, were among the wise and loyal counsellors in this field.

MEETING A LABOR LION IN HIS DEN

A committee representing the Ohio coal-miners asked me, during the later days of our experience in Indiana, to go with them to call on John L. Lewis, head of the Miners' Union, seeking a relaxation of union requirements, so that the coal mines of that state could be opened and work be furnished to employees. It was the more agreeable to me to go with this group because the miners of Indiana and Southern Illinois, all in the Indianapolis Area, were also idle. Their families were being fed and clothed by the communities and churches. We went to the Union headquarters February 14, 1928 and found that the massive, beetle-browed John L. commanded a suite of offices which occupied a whole floor of a large office-building in Indianapolis. Not a large number, if any, of the governors of our states had at that

ADVENTURES OF

time such an official center and equipment. The interview had been arranged for in advance and we were promptly escorted to the place of meeting, and the great man, then young and black-haired, soon appeared. He seated himself in a large office-chair, leaned back and condescended to hear our tale of woe. The details of our conversation have mainly passed from memory, but it is my recollection that none of the existing facts of poverty, want, and public aid were denied. That would have cut no figure in the discussion, because everyone present, including the czar himself, was familiar with the situation and knew that the representations made by the miners and their friends were not in the least degree exaggerated. The details were rehearsed and our plea was made. Mr. Lewis asserted that the acts of the Union were in the interest of labor. My memorandum says that after some urging we "secured a letter from him agreeing to meet mine operators of Ohio in conference on the wage scale, hoping to end the strike." The result proved that the interview was not altogether in vain, but I have never quite recovered from the inferiority complex occasioned by our humility of demeanor in the vicinity of an all-highest. We were impressed, it appeared and was said to me, with the feeling that the interest of the big boss was not so much in the human beings in miners' homes as it was in the success and prosperity of the Miners' Union.

HONORING A MISSIONARY HERO

One of the loveliest opportunities of my residence in Indiana was connected with the meeting of the Board of Bishops in the state capital in June 1922. Among those who attended that session was the veteran Missionary Bishop for Africa, Joseph Crane Hartzell. His family as well as himself had been friends of ours for many years, and among them the splendid preacher son who was taken away in early youth, Morton Culver Hartzell. When Secretary Hartzell was elected missionary bishop for Africa his prayer was, "God give me twenty years." The petition was granted. He was in active service in the then Dark Continent for just two decades, and then attended the meeting of bishops in Indianapolis. The occasion was too important to be overlooked. It pleased me greatly to organize in his honor a union meeting of Methodists, who packed the large auditorium, galleries, aisles and lobbies of Roberts Park Church to overflowing. This his-

A TRAVELING PREACHER

toric meeting-place never witnessed a more numerous gathering, and certainly could not have contained one. The old hero, with his expressive countenance, his eyes still flashing with living fire, and his vigorous and graphic speech, was at his peak of ability to describe the remarkable incidents and experiences of a wonderful life. The throng was responsive, and cheered him with enthusiasm. His message was like that of a true Apostle of Christ, which indeed he was. All present were instructed, thrilled and inspired. It is doubtful if Bishop Hartzell was ever much happier than he was made by the tribute to his life and its story that was paid him on the afternoon of June 25, 1922.

The various experiences of the sixteen years passed in Atlanta and Indiana which were connected with board meetings, general denominational duties and travels in America and abroad and the Ecumenical Conference are described in part elsewhere in this book. It was a frequent duty, accepted gladly, to speak at temperance and citizenship meetings, including the State dry convocation, at patriotic events held by the Sons of the American Revolution of which I was State Chaplain, and by the Sons of 1812 which I joined as a charter member in honor of my grandfather, Sergeant Levi DeLand. We had several German churches in the Area, not connected with our Conferences. I helped raise some money for their building efforts and was a regular member, speaking often in its meetings, of the Brotherhood of New Jersey Street Church, Indianapolis, a splendid group of Methodist men. A letter came to me in the fall of 1949, containing an invitation to attend or at least to write to an anniversary meeting of this organization, to be held during the last of November. Of course I responded.

THE COMING GENERATION

As one parent and grandparent to another you are challenged to acknowledge that the following item, which has been reserved for the end of our Indianapolis Area story is the most important recollection of all. Our three children presented us, during our residence in Indiana, with six additions to our two "grands" already reported, Elizabeth Keefer Marks and Frederick Leete Andrews. These were and are, for all were living when these paragraphs were reviewed, as follows: Dean Leete Keefer was born in Chicago, August 19, 1920, the first son of our older daughter. Leete, as he is called, graduated

ADVENTURES OF

in chemistry from Knox College, and became during the war a chemist in a T.N.T. plant, where he was required to serve until after the conflict ended. He married Jean F. Riedel, March 4, 1942, and entered the employ of the United States Rubber Company as a chemist. He is now in the Corporation's sales department, making an excellent record. Leete and Jean are a splendid pair, young and accomplished, she in music as he is in chemistry. Their son, Jay Randall, was born January 7, 1948, at Waterbury, Connecticut. Jean Leete Keefer is the name of their daughter who arrived May 7, 1951.

Barbara Jean Andrews brightened the home of our second daughter, Jeanette Fuller. She was Hoosier born, at Indianapolis, September 8, 1922. Her training was received at Oxford School, Hartford and Skidmore College. She married Richard Williams Olmsted, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Olmsted, who served in World War II in the Medical Corps of the United States Navy. He became a pediatric resident at New Haven Hospital and later opened his own office in Stratford, Connecticut. Barbara, "Bobbie" was an army physical therapist at Halloran Hospital and became a First Lieutenant. Doctor and Mrs. Olmsted are one of the best of army couples, and are the parents of Gail Alden born February 5, 1946, at Buffalo and Richard Williams, born in New Haven, January 17, 1947, children of many American traditions. Jonathan Leete made up a trio for the Olmsted family October 20, 1949. The middle names of these additions to our tribe recall their descent from John and Priscilla Alden, Roger Williams and Governor William Leete of Connecticut Colony. A fourth Olmsted child arrived March 18, 1952, and was named Peter Andrews. He survived less than a month and was buried in Hartford.

Myron Richard Andrews, younger brother of Ted and Barbara, and the third child of our daughter Jean, is by birth another Hoosier, who arrived in Indianapolis, December 9, 1923. He was educated in Hartford schools and at New York Military Academy. The Army claimed him during World War II, and he was sent to Leyte, Okinawa and other Islands of the Pacific, suffering without adequate preparation distressing experiences in the service of his country. After his return he completed his education at Colgate in 1949. "Bobo," as he was called when very small and "Meadows," as he named himself when, a little older, he was with his grandparents at Wawatam Beach, is an independent lad who in his teens hitchhiked from Hartford to

A TRAVELING PREACHER

California and back and later to our cottage on the Straits of Mackinac and thence to Hartford. He also visited Wawatam Beach on his way to seek a real estate career in Denver, where it is reported he has made a definite place for himself and is succeeding well. "Dick" was a very young lad when we left Indiana. He had been well aware of my habit of having a bit of candy in my pocket and of giving mints to the children. The family were amused by the following very natural episode. As I was standing in front of our garage a few days before our departure for Omaha the little lad said to me, "We're going to miss you, Grandpa." He added, after a slight hesitation, "on account of the peppermints, you know." February 1, 1952, a plane trip took me to Denver to attend Dick's wedding to Miss Rae Storer of that city.

Helen Leete Keefer entered this world of joy and sorrow in Winnetka, Illinois, April 6, 1926, graduated from Stevens College, Columbia, Missouri, and later went to Northwestern University. She is a member of the Gamma Phi Beta sorority, as were her grandmother, her Aunt Gertrude, her mother, her sister and several others connected with the family. June 21, 1947, she was married by me in Wilmette, Illinois, Methodist Church, to William Hampton Chambers of Lexington, a graduate of the University of Kentucky, and they went to Seattle, Washington, to begin life together. Their first son, Ronald Matthew, was born in Seattle, April 11, 1949. Nancy Leete brightened the Chambers household, July 15, 1950. Scott Hampton arrived August 29, 1951. "Bill" Chambers, son of a Lexington doctor, is the tall athlete, who just before his marriage, swam the Strait of Mackinac. It has been asserted that he was the first to perform this feat. He is now at work effectively with Boeing Airplane Company.

Another Keefer joined the connection at Winnetka, June 16, 1927, named Charles Fuller a long time after his grand uncle, Mrs. Leete's brother, Charles Spencer Fuller of Altadena, California. Charles attended Winnetka schools and the Western Military Academy, Alton, Illinois. He joined the merchant marine and traveled widely in the Pacific, giving good service for some months, after which came experience in the U. S. Navy. He then attended college in Illinois taking a course in journalism at Florida Southern College, Lakeland, editing a paper there, and then finished his education by means of a

ADVENTURES OF

journalism course in Northwestern University. His first assignment, after school days, was on the Elgin, Illinois, Courier-News.

The first of the generation being listed who bears the Leete family name is Frederick DeLand, III, born in Indianapolis, to Henrietta S. and Frederick D. Leete, Jr., January 23, 1928. "Fritz" attended Park School, Indianapolis, where he received athletic letters, as he later did in college. He passed the tests for an eagle scout and also obtained the highest rank in sea-scouting—quartermaster. He is perhaps the youngest man to obtain by examination a pilot's license on the Great Lakes. He attended and graduated from Wesleyan University, his father's alma mater, located in his mother's early home town, Middletown, Connecticut, in the class of 1949. He is much interested in photography, and expects to follow his father in insurance, but at the time is an Ensign in the United States Coast Guard. He was married by his grandfather, on June 17, 1951, to Judith Hall, accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roland S. Hall, of Mountainside, New Jersey in the First Methodist Church, Westfield, New Jersey.

The youngest of our grand-children is Mary Woolstenholme Leete. She was named by myself, "Marigold," to match her lovely hair, a dark auburn, which is unusual in our family, since the days of Marigold's great-grandfather. Her middle name derives from her mother's English ancestry. She came to us all in Indianapolis, five years after her grand-parents had left the city, November 13, 1933. She has decided musical ability, and has done well both with the violin and the piano. She made the highest marks in her studies in the grades and in Shortridge High School, where she played first violin in Shortridge orchestra. In college examinations she attained a Radcliffe rating and was accepted in the fall of 1951 at Wellesley College.

If our nine grand-children are not as good and delightful in all respects as are yours, this is not known to the present writer, or to the tribe's fond grandmother. The housing shortage that followed World War I was still being experienced when we went to live in Indianapolis. There would have been no place at all for us in any creditable part of the city had it not been for the foresight and care of Mr. Charles H. Badger, referred to above as the lay creator of the present Irvington Church. Mr. Badger was an official of a real estate



NINE GRANDCHILDREN

Dean Leete Keefer; Frederick Leete Andrews; Elizabeth Keefer Marks; Barbara Andrews Olmsted; Helen Keefer Chambers; Myron Richard Andrews; Frederick DeLand Leete III; Charles Fuller Keefer; Marigold W. Leete.

EIGHTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY OF MRS. LEETE

Home of J. M. and Jean Leete Mullin, Long Lots Road, Westport, Connecticut. *Front row:* Mrs. Olmsted, Miss Gertrude M. Leete; Mrs. Dean Leete Keefer; Mrs. Frederick D. Leete; Mrs. R. W. Olmsted, holding Gail Alden Olmsted; Mrs. Mullin; Mrs. Frederick Leete Andrews. *Back row:* Myron Richard Andrews; John Mylert Mullin; Dean Leete Keefer; H. B. Olmsted; R. W. Olmsted, M.D.; Frederick L. Andrews.

A TRAVELING PREACHER

company, and knowing that a Methodist bishop was to be sent to Indianapolis, was able to hold for us, against all comers, a place in the Balmoral Apartments, Meridian Street. The location was good, and we managed pretty well in rooms not too large or well lighted for our needs. Two years later, partly in order to be near and give aid to the development of North Church, which the family joined, we built the house numbered 3620 Washington Boulevard, which was erected at a time of high costs, and therefore not the most profitable investment, but was a very comfortable residence. We spent six years there, being made happy by the fact that as at no other time we were very accessible to our three young families. A number of Christmas anniversaries found us all together at 3620. What gay times we had, even when one of the number, being sick, had to sit at the top of the stairs, bundled up, but joyfully looking down at a lighted tree, an improvised Santa Claus, and mysterious packages of various colors, shapes and sizes. Even now, twenty years later, a letter quite frequently mentions the celebrations at the Washington Boulevard home. Our move westward came at a time when it was necessary to sell the house at a loss, but we had made good use of the property while it was ours.

THE LAND OF CORN AND CATTLE

Omaha, home of the Union Pacific Railway and metropolis of the Nebraska ranges, was our next stopping-place in the journey of life and my official headquarters. My assignment was to the Methodist churches and institutions of Iowa and Nebraska. We had been given farewell gatherings in Indianapolis, and also at South Bend by officials of St. Paul Church. A fine dinner was served at the historical Tippecanoe mansion of Col. George Studebaker, whose hospitality was very gracious and who requested me to address the large group of men present on "The Whole Duty of a Methodist." We were met at the station in Omaha by the District Superintendent, Doctor C. C. Wilson, by the pastor of First Church, Doctor C. E. Allen, by the other Omaha pastors and many laymen. I preached at First Church the next morning, June 17, 1928 and a reception was given to us by the Methodist people of the city the next evening. As usual in a new Area it was necessary to plunge at once into a congested schedule of District meetings, Cabinet sessions and interviews with committees.

ADVENTURES OF

A very delightful episode which occurred early in my Omaha experience was the reception of the following letter from the President of the State University of Iowa:

Iowa City, June 26, 1928

"My dear Bishop Leete:—

Our mutual friend, President William Lowe Bryan of Indiana University, has just written me of your wonderful help to the State University of Indiana during your residence in Indianapolis.

I hope we will have opportunity to explain to you the work here in our School of Religion, together with that of the Wesley Foundation and the other church activities in Iowa City.

I trust I shall have an opportunity to meet you before long.

With all good wishes, I am

Sincerely yours
W. A. Jessup"

Soon after this a letter came into my hands that had been written a little earlier to the President of the University of Nebraska, as follows:

Bloomington, Indiana
June 15, 1928

"My dear President Avery:—

Bishop Frederick D. Leete, who has been resident in Indianapolis for the past eight years has been transferred to Omaha. His territory includes Nebraska and Iowa. I wish to say that Bishop Leete has been a powerful supporter of the State University of Indiana. He has strongly sustained the Wesley Foundation, but has gone far beyond that. He has spoken again and again, when and where his word would be most influential, in behalf of the state educational institutions and has in every way defended these institutions. I am sure you may count upon his hearty friendship and support of higher education in your state.

Very truly yours
W. L. Bryan
William Lowe Bryan

President Samuel Avery,
University of Nebraska,
Lincoln, Nebraska."

The above mentioned letters of President Bryan, the strong and popular head of the University of Indiana, wholly unsolicited by me

A TRAVELING PREACHER

and unexpected, gave me a splendid introduction to the leading educators of my new field. Both Presidents Jessup and Avery invited me to address their institutions and made me at home in them, as did also the heads of the Teachers' Colleges, Normal schools and non-Methodist centers of education of Iowa and Nebraska. Our own church has five colleges in these states, together with two others that are strongly under its influence. My speaking engagements not only included addresses in chapel, convocation, commencement and other exercises at our Cornell, Iowa Wesleyan, Simpson, Morningside, John Fletcher and Nebraska Wesleyan, but also in addition to the two state universities, the state college at Ames, Iowa, Drake University, Des Moines, Doane College, the state teachers' colleges at Wayne, Peru and Kearney, Nebraska, and the Presbyterian Theological Seminary, Omaha. Appearances in these educational centers furnished opportunity to get into contact with Methodist young people attending them and to exercise some influence in their affairs. My opportunity for service in educational circles in Iowa was increased by President Jessup, who was a loyal Methodist and who in school and home-life represented high Christian ideals. It was on my nomination that in 1932, about two years before he moved to New York as Director of the Carnegie Foundation, he was made a member of the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church, serving in that position throughout the remainder of his life. After Doctor Jessup became Director of the Carnegie Fund his family resided in New York and became members of Christ Church. The distinguished pastor, Doctor Ralph W. Sockman, pays high tribute to the Jessup family and its head.

A MAN-KILLING TASK

Omaha Area, as then constituted, comprising the states of Iowa and Nebraska, was large in every respect, in distances to be traveled and in numbers of churches and institutions. Des Moines should have been a separate episcopal residence and was made one later. The three bishops who preceded me in Omaha were pretty well used up there, Bishop Bristol with four years, Bishop Stuntz whose eight years finished his career and life and Bishop Keeney who in four years suffered serious accidents and sicknesses. The church is slowly coming to an adjustment which should finally place a resident bishop in

ADVENTURES OF

each of the capital cities: of Kansas, Topeka; of Nebraska, Lincoln, where are the state and Methodist universities and the political center and Des Moines.

The extensive and puissant Methodist Area to which we had been assigned contained about six climates. One sometimes drove through several climatic zones in a single day. Starting from Fort Dodge in sunshine, going southwestward, my car once carried me into rain, light and heavy, and then into a snowstorm which came so fast that finally it was necessary to get out every little while, not to wipe but to shovel off hard-packed snow from the hood and windshield. Later came hail, the stones not quite as big as some that once struck our car north of Sioux City, which it seemed would break through the top, but quite large enough to be unpleasant and dangerous. After a time the elements began to amend their ways and finally in the late afternoon Omaha was entered on dry ground. On one of our trips something went wrong, and my sensitive members nearly froze underneath my car. On another occasion Mrs. Leete had to be taken to a friendly farm home while on a day of light snow, but bitter cold, the Danish farmer and I struggled with a locked wheel and brake. I did most of my own driving, but once when depending on some one else it was my ill fortune, not only to be driven but driven into, receiving injuries that might easily have been fatal.

THE GREAT GUMBO!

Those were the days of Iowa gumbo! If you never tried to drive in it you have missed something strenuous and exciting. It certainly surprises one to be moving along smoothly and find himself suddenly pivoted around and traveling in the other direction. Or if there has been much rain it checks one's expectancy of making good time on a journey to land suddenly, and certainly to stay for a time, in a deep wallow of clinging mud. The gumbo of Iowa differed from much of the clay of Georgia in that it was brunette, while the other was blond. The experience of finding myself suddenly headed, not for Oskaloosa but for Ottumwa, my starting-point, reminded me of the time when Doctor H. A. King, driving me down a long clay hill in Georgia, was suddenly turned about in the midst of the descent and we were headed up again. There was then not one through cement highway in the State of Iowa in either direction. The first trip we made from Omaha

A TRAVELING PREACHER

to Chicago by auto, March 21, 1929, required that we be pulled by state trucks or tractors out of mud-holes or water in seven places. As we were time-limited, precaution had been taken to phone the State Highway Commission at Ames for direction. "Come to Ames and get instructions," was the reply and this was done. They routed me around paving construction on roads where state vehicles would infallibly carry us through. No other method would have enabled us to get to Chicago quickly. It became necessary on another occasion to get from a Southeastern Iowa Conference closing Monday to the Nebraska Conference in Lincoln opening Wednesday. Southwestern Iowa was a sea of mud. I crawled over a greasy road for some miles when it became evident that another appeal to the highway commission was required. Ames again directed me to come there, straight north from my location. On arrival the decision was that we must go to Sioux City, cross the Missouri there, and drive down the western side of the river to Fremont, and so to Lincoln. This meant about 200 miles out of the way, but we made it. There was never as much trouble in driving over the long sand stretches of Nebraska, and of course the roads are better now. Distances are so great, however, and the work so widespread in all the towns and cities that each of these states deserves and should have its own episcopal leadership. The Episcopal Church when I was in the Omaha Area, with only a fraction of our membership, had two bishops in Nebraska and I think three in Iowa. All of them seemed to find enough to do and their reasonable competition with our work could be distinctly realized.

Since the Area comprised the whole of two states no such compact organization as that we had in Indiana could be formed or maintained. Centrality and coordination were secured through the twenty-two District Superintendents in the field. These men, as a rule, were among the ablest and most cooperative of such officials. It has been my lot to preside in conferences in all parts of the United States and it is my judgment that the Omaha Area superintendents were equal to any in the Church in their knowledge of Methodism, their administrative skill and their loyalty to the work. They belonged to the same order as that of the staunch North Indiana Cabinet mentioned in this volume. Regular and rather frequent meetings of these men were held in Omaha. Almost invariably the number present was twenty-two, the complete roll. A strenuous couple of days were given

ADVENTURES OF

to the problems of the field, including its six colleges and other institutions, numbering twenty in all. Common plans for general efforts were matured. Transfers between the Conferences in the Area were made natural and easy, with the result that not many men from outside were needed and few of the undesirable peripatetics of the Methodist ministry came our way. Most of our abler men could be cared for in the diversified field which we occupied, with of course occasional justifiable exchanges with other Areas. It was my endeavor always to protect churches and pastors under my own administration. Able counsel in crises was given by such men as Doctors Wilson, Hull, Goman and others. A safe and sure cooperator was Doctor B. Johansen, and Doctor Paul M. Hillman, now Superintendent of Omaha District, son of President John L. Hillman, was one of the best students of Methodist procedure and law, as well as a loyal supporter, to be found in the Church. In Iowa, one remembers many names of useful leaders. Among these are Doctor R. M. Shipman, whose preacher father was a striking figure at Conference and Doctor J. F. Boeye, whose daughter Katherine was a missionary in China who married Bishop Ralph A. Ward. One of our Iowa pastors was W. H. Spence, whose son made a best seller out of his father's "One Foot in Heaven." One of my Conference presidencies occurred in Doctor Spence's charge at Mason City. I visited him there during his last illness. He was a good and useful man, but not all the episodes recorded in his son's book were ever verified to my knowledge. Doctor Clarence E. Flynn, preacher and poet editor of a quadrennial report of Indianapolis Area, came to Mason City from Bloomington, Indiana. After a successful pastorate in that excellent appointment, he went to California where he still resides, Mrs. Flynn having been taken away. He is writing remarkable poems, teaching, and is engaged in religious activities. His daughter, Nancy, is one of our prized friends.

PULPIT COMMITTEES, WISE AND OTHERWISE

Quite a bit of episcopal administration is given to dealing with the other end of the Methodist system, that managed by laymen and pastors. Ambitious preachers, or unsettled ones, have been known to persuade the group of laymen who are on pastoral relations committees to join with them in arranging exchanges which were undesirable at the receiving end, if not at both ends and the middle. There are

A TRAVELING PREACHER

also committees who are not conscious of the fact that the little black book empowers them to cooperate with, but not to displace the district superintendents and bishop, and sometimes also the pastor. It fell to my lot, especially in case of the strongest churches, to meet with few instances of such a nature as one in Indiana and another in Nebraska. An independent committee chairman in one of these cases opened dealings with a preacher at a distance and even announced in the papers the success of his negotiations. He was warned of probable embarrassment and mortification. My reports were, and they came officially from the other end, that the man involved was only leading our lay brother on, using his correspondence to increase his desirability and remuneration where he was. When it was intimated that I was not well informed there was nothing to do save to let the case ride for a fall, which came shortly. A more humbled man has rarely been seen than was this chairman when he had to inform the church and public that the proudly advertised appointment had fallen through. The other similar case was in Nebraska, where the papers one morning announced that a man more than a thousand miles away had become the pastor of one of our prominent churches. No knowledge whatever had come to me of this affair, and the Conference Cabinet and other people involved were wholly or almost entirely uninformed. The man never came, though in some ways he was worthy. The incident was so straightened out that the large committee realized its error in manner and matter, and was greatly relieved that the appointment was not made. No other pastoral relations committee in Indiana, Illinois, Iowa or Nebraska caused me any trouble or labor beyond what was required in order to adjust situations that came up. At least a dozen of the chief churches placed the selection of new pastors squarely on my shoulders, promising to assist my efforts to care for them in every possible way.

Intelligent and patient cooperation at First Church, Omaha, where were some laymen of the caliber of W. F. Callfas, M.D., and W. Dale Clark, President and now Chairman of the Board of Omaha National Bank, and at First Church, Des Moines, was greatly appreciated when on coming to their region changes in pastorates proved to be needed in both of these metropolitan societies. Several months were required in order to care for the men involved, but finally, Doctor Charles J. Brady was brought to Omaha for a long successful

ADVENTURES OF

pulpit service there, followed by another at St. Paul's Church, Cedar Rapids, where he retired and now lives. Doctor James Brett Kenna similarly served for years in Des Moines. Then after an extended pastorate at First Church, Ann Arbor, he went to Country Club, Kansas City, Missouri. Nothing less than confidence in the efforts necessary to solve difficulties of adjustments and willingness to be guided by circumstances which arose from time to time during a period too protracted, but unavoidable, would have produced results which were permanently gratifying.

It was sometimes difficult to appoint the older preachers suitably without a good bit of persuasion of the representatives of the churches. This was especially true at Conference time when pressure was on to get young and sometimes unseasoned men into places for which they were not half as competent as were a number of men who were quite up in years. It is not probable that a contract with a committee was ever made by me save once. I was a poor promiser. An unusually large group of church officials had come to interview me. My proposal for them was an elderly pastor from the other end of Conference whom they did not know well. They insisted that their pulpit needed youth. Looking from one end of the long circle to the other, and smiling, my comment was, "You folks do not look to me like spring chickens. Are you ready to surrender your own places to youngsters?" Evidently not! Complete silence! "The man offered you," was my assertion, "is the best selection for your pulpit available now in the entire Conference. Do not oppose his coming, and I will agree to take him away at the end of a year, if you wish me to do so. But let me make this prediction: at the end of the first year, if anyone should propose to remove him, you will put up a battle to prevent this." The appointment was made without much more being said. Within a month that preacher was generally acknowledged to be the ablest man in the pulpits of the city. He was over seventy when appointed, and he remained there with supreme satisfaction to the church until he retired five years later.

WORKING ON LOCAL CHURCH PROBLEMS

It is astonishing how much time can be required of a bishop by church committees and also by preachers. Much more attention is often given to the problems of the smaller churches and their pastors

A TRAVELING PREACHER

than to those of the most outstanding men and societies. A great many consultations to which bishops are invited, or which occur in their offices, have reference to building and debt-paying programs. Some years of experience may make one quite well acquainted with precedents in such tasks and able to pass along successful methods of planning and financing local church enterprises. This was almost as necessary in Omaha as in Indianapolis and Atlanta Areas. There was no such large city opportunity as that of the capital of Indiana. Omaha Methodism was poorly housed, in considerable debt, and too much split up into small fields. We were much better off relatively in Lincoln, Des Moines and Sioux City, though there were problems there, as well as in several other cities and towns of the two states in the Area. Many meetings were held with Omaha committees by the efficient Superintendent, Doctor C. C. Wilson, and myself, and by each of us separately, and we had to discuss matters very often by ourselves alone before suggesting ways and means to needy enterprises.

Sometimes one must receive outsiders to discuss Methodist affairs and to make requests. A notable instance was when a college president who belonged to another denomination came with a group to request the appointment to our church in the place where his institution was located of an ambitious young preacher of his acquaintance. As our own people were not willing to accept him the appeal had to be refused.

One of the longest and most unpleasant interviews ever held in my office in the Omaha National Bank Building was with officers of an insurance company. The chief spokesman, president of the company, which did not seem to be a very good organization, was one of the least attractive individuals one could meet. His face looked like a map of passion and trouble, and his voice when he was in earnest seemed to me only to be described by the word "Nasty" as pronounced in the south of England. One of our churches was indebted to his company for a building loan. They had not kept up with their payments, partly because business conditions were not good, and because they were overloaded. The man adopted the air of a browbeater, tore into me as if the money was due him from me personally, became more and more vehement and even ugly, told me that our preacher there was no good and that I should replace him at once and compel

the people to settle their debt. It was not possible for me to talk much, as he said enough to keep the air in motion and filled with noise. At last he said something so positively vicious that I arose and mildly said, "You are evidently not aware that it is no part of my duty to handle the business affairs of a local church, or to impose my will upon them. The fact that my residence is in Omaha makes me no more responsible here than in Sioux City or Des Moines. If you have finished what you came to say, the interview might as well end now." Then up stood the other man, a Vice President, and in a pleasant voice and with a look at me which seemed to say, I have little agreement with the statements of this bounder, he inquired, "What would you advise us to do?" "That is another matter," was my reply. "Let us sit down again and talk it over." Then, no longer looking at his companion, I said to the gentleman, for he proved to be one, about as follows: Your company did not consult any of the administrative officials of the denomination before making your loan, or with respect to its details. You drove quite a bargain with an inexperienced preacher and board. You charged the highest legal rate of interest, you required the members of the board to take out personal insurance in your company, and you exacted from the trustees personal notes and bonds involving all their own property. Times are difficult. Hearing that someone from the company was coming to interview the pastor and officials I went to the church last Sunday to look over and appraise the membership. My previous opinion was confirmed, that they are mainly people who live in rented houses, or whose homes are only partially owned, and that financially they are doing about their utmost; chinning the bar, so to speak. The situation is not hopeless, however, for the membership is hard-working and honest. As for the pastor, were he to be moved, another as good as he could not be found for that place. My suggestion is that you handle this church case as all business concerns, and probably yourselves, have been dealing with their slow loans: cut down your interest rate to the level asked of other borrowers, promise a reduction of principal, as hundreds of creditors have done, conditioning this accommodation upon payments to be made by the church, say that you intend to be patient and as helpful as possible and see what will happen. It may influence your action to know that the property can not be sold or rented to your advantage if you foreclose. It was learned afterward

A TRAVELING PREACHER

that my suggestions were followed in the meeting held that night. The church was not attacked or dispossessed. The indebtedness on its good plant has been discharged, and it is one of our more successful societies.

RELOCATION AND MERGING OF PROPERTIES

Omaha Methodism was cut up into little pieces, several of whose units we tried to relocate to their advantage, for various reasons not being able always to do this. There was a tiny church situated on the brink of a chasm, as well as on the top of a hill. A cemetery and a synagogue were its associates. The members and pastor there were not able to solve their problem, which Superintendent C. C. Wilson was aided in settling by moving the project down the ascent to Ames Avenue where a creditable brick edifice was erected. Experiences in Detroit and also in Indiana recalled a good way to handle mergers so that they were merged. Two of three little churches in Omaha were without much of any future prospect and the other needed aid. A paper was prepared by me for the use of Superintendent Wilson and the pastors in such legal form as would bind these small societies and their properties so that they could be combined, with no possible escape from the transaction. The business was accomplished successfully, though later one of the three boards would have backed out, if its property had not been given legally. It was my pleasure to preach in the three buildings, and at least twice, as plans matured, in behalf of the united organization in the Military Theatre. Some aid had to be given to the money-raising, and at various commemoration services. We called the Wesley Foundation director from Lincoln to man the enterprise, Rev. A. K. Williams. The task of organization and building was managed for more than ten years by Doctor Williams, and St. Paul Church now reports a property valued at more than \$100,000, with no indebtedness. Doctor C. C. Wilson, after retiring from district work, remained for many years in the community and constantly aided a project in the initiation of which he had so large a part. This church has assuredly the best opportunity in Omaha Methodism, at least after that of First Church.

The town of Omaha had in our day a few tiny Methodist church projects that could not be saved by an earthquake, though one or two of them still have a simulacrum of life. It was possible, when the

ADVENTURES OF

good and effective congregation of Hanscom Park were having some financial trials, to propose to the pastor a scheme of money raising which worked very effectively for several years. The Goodwill Industries were started in 1933 and an address was made by me at the first anniversary, March 21, 1934. Omaha seemed to be the hardest one of all the cities of my experience, in which to raise funds for church and institutional purposes. This may have been due in part to pioneer traditions. The city still had a cowboy mayor when we arrived. It was charged that he was kept in office for a long period of years by the lowest elements in town, saloon, gambling hall and brothel keepers. Omaha has many splendid citizens and a climate which we regarded as the best in its region. Its rail and highway facilities are now good, but ideals might have been much improved, and perhaps have been bettered. A write-up in a magazine in 1947 indicated that an era of civic betterment was under way.

EPISCOPAL ACTIVITIES AND ANNIVERSARIES

General convocations in Omaha Area seemed too expensive in time and money to be practicable and therefore much time was taken with District Conferences, twenty-two of them, often hundreds of miles apart. Two or three addresses were made by me at most of these, and many conversations took place with preachers and laymen. The five annual conference sessions of the Area, together with those assigned me for presidency in other Areas, required from six to eight weeks of every year, to which were added two annual Bishops' Meetings and the sessions of the great benevolence boards, which effective bishops were supposed to attend. These bodies met in various parts of the country, more widely than is the case now.

An unusual number of Anniversary events demanded attention during the period of my life now being considered. A few of these were in the East where the enterprises of the Church are older. Immanuel Church, Kenosha, Wisconsin, invited me there for a seventy-five years' celebration on September 1, 1929. An old appointment of mine, First Church, Little Falls, New York, called me to preach for its hundredth anniversary, November 20, 1932. An invitation from First Church, Chicago, where Doctor John Thompson was having a wonderful pastorate, came to me to preach at its one hundred third anniversary, September 30, 1934. Another request

A TRAVELING PREACHER

was to visit the oldest Methodist church edifice in America, St. George's, Philadelphia, November 19, 1933. The sermon which Doctor F. H. Tees invited me to preach there was delivered on the one hundred sixty-sixth anniversary of the society and the one hundred sixty-fourth anniversary of the church building. The Mid-West of the United States is a younger country than the East, but we had many centenary anniversaries, among these that of Iowa Methodism at the Upper Iowa Conference, at St. Luke's, Dubuque, June 25, 1933, and that of First Church, Burlington, Iowa, Doctor J. F. Boeye, pastor, April 22, 1934.* Why all this fuss over the passage of time? It is my observation there is much added interest and a strong, incentive toward Christian activity which is aroused by the recollection of past labors, sacrifices and love. And it seems incontrovertible that those who pay little or no attention to history will make little history. The gathering together of the Michigan and Detroit Conferences in 1910 under the auspices of Central Church, when Detroit Methodism became a hundred years of age, and the exercises which then took place, noticeably quickened the life of Methodism and of all Michigan Christianity. I cannot forget the baptism of grace which resulted from that remarkable series of events.

CASH, CASH; WHERE IS THE CASH?

A good part of my life has been given to encouraging, aiding, or conducting financial campaigns for church institutions, forty of them in Areas which I have served. They are colleges, hospitals, homes for children and the aged and a few others. Always they want money, because always they need money, to pay debts, to man their offices and to expand. There was no plutocratic institution in Omaha Area. All were under some form of necessity. I was asked for counsel, organization, persuasion and sometimes to engage in personal solicitation for funds. The latter, of course, was no part of my prescribed task, but there were circumstances that required efforts of this kind.

My first task in Upper Iowa was to complete an action that was unpopular with the smaller part of the constituency, namely, to agree to the separation of the old Upper Iowa University from official connection with the Methodist Church, and to put to vote the measures

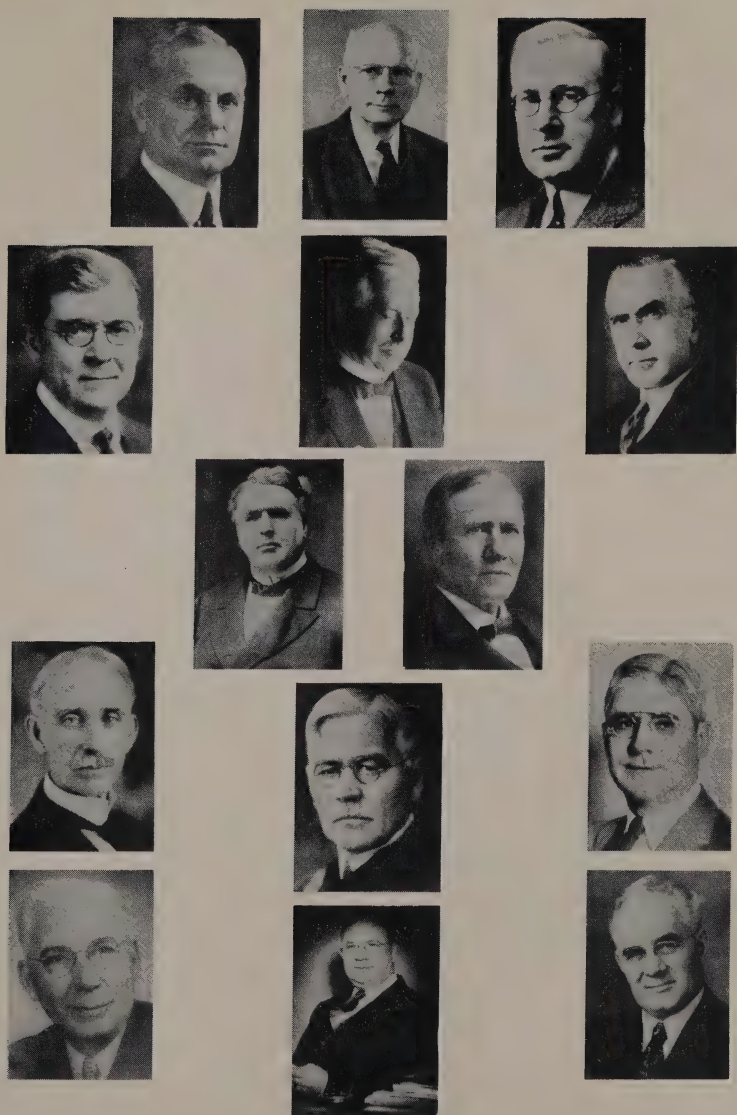
* See Appendix D. for a list of other anniversaries in Omaha Area during the quadrenniums 1928-1936.

ADVENTURES OF

by which this was effected. There appeared to be no escape whatever from this deed. The Upper Iowa Conference had two Methodist colleges, Upper Iowa at Fayette and Cornell at Mt. Vernon. The latter school commanded the support of the great majority of the people in the territory, but had become impoverished by reason of an unfortunate gift and an investment to protect it. At least a million dollars was required quickly in order to redeem the situation. Upper Iowa also needed endowment, but it appeared that the more responsible laymen and givers had stoutly declared that they would no longer support either institution in any large way if both were to be retained as wards of the Conference. My predecessor in office, being confronted by a problem apparently solvable in no other way, had consented to the preliminary steps by which Upper Iowa University was to set up housekeeping on her own. This plan was carried out under my administration in a very generous way. The Conference claimed no part of the resources contributed by its influence through many years. All properties and invested funds were turned over to independent control without conditions or claims upon them. Since that day Upper Iowa has gone on its own way, doing appreciated service to its own region and constituency and to the general work of the Church. Cornell put on its campaign successfully, under the aggressive leadership of President H. J. Burghstahler. Cornell asked me to help with the dedication of a Pfeiffer memorial organ and an improved chapel, December 1, 1931.

Iowa Wesleyan University at Mount Pleasant had a creditable and persistent financial agent, and calls there were merely consultative or to give commencement, baccalaureate and other addresses.

Simpson College, Indianola, under the consistent, steady management of President John L. Hillman, presented no critical issues during my time. It would perhaps have been possible then to take over Des Moines University property and place all or part of Simpson in the capital city. Much correspondence came to me from Des Moines about this and it was said that numerous persons there would have generously supported such a partial or complete relocation of the college. The trustees did not give the idea, which did not originate with myself and for which it did not seem wise for me to strive, the support necessary to secure entrance into the near-by city, and the project was dropped.



MEMORABLE COLLEGE PRESIDENTS

Top row: Alfred E. Craig, Morningside; Merrill J. Holmes, Illinois Wesleyan; Walter A. Jessup, University of Iowa. *Second row:* John L. Hillman, Simpson; Samuel Dickie, Albion; Bishop Charles W. Flint, Syracuse. *Third row:* James R. Day, Syracuse; Charles N. Sims, Syracuse. *Fourth row:* Henry N. Snyder, Wofford; I. B. Schreckengast, Nebraska Wesleyan; Bishop Charles C. Selecman, Southern Methodist. *Fifth row:* Samuel J. Harrison, Adrian; John O. Gross, secretary Methodist Board of Education; H. J. Burghstahler, Cornell and Ohio Wesleyan.

A TRAVELING PREACHER

Morningside College, under two presidencies, after the excellent administration of Doctor Alfred E. Craig, had its ups and downs in the years 1928-1936, requiring considerable thought and some effort to keep the wheels going harmoniously. My visits and addresses there were many. A series of lectures which I gave in the college chapel at the request of the science department, on March 22-24, 1933 were largely attended. The topic was, "Scientific Aspects of Christianity." The main contentions in the three lectures had received quotable approval from some of the leaders of American science before their delivery. The three propositions stated and illustrated were that Christianity has a firm historical basis; it presents a body of truth; its supreme vindication is through trial by experience; it is subject to convincing tests in the laboratory of life. It was urged that these lectures be repeated elsewhere, but too many other matters have taken thought and attention.

The most inexcusable, unpopular and personally costly debt whose troubles ever afflicted me was that on the Wesley Foundation and college church at Ames, Iowa. One could hardly dream of such an extravagant beginning and underground foundation as was inaugurated there long before the place had ever been heard of by me. The whole project was a mess, with few people of the city or state willing to make any serious effort to get it out of its difficulties. Many meetings took place in Ames, Des Moines and elsewhere in which local and Conference boards and committees struggled with the problem of saving the site and plant, which was done, though the campaigns held to raise money did not pay the full debt by any means. My work with other Wesley Foundations, with presidencies of the boards at Bloomington and Lafayette, Indiana, and in Iowa City bring back pleasing recollections.

A FRAGRANT MEMORY

It was a great privilege to know and in a measure to cooperate with so remarkable and really great a personality as Isaac Butler Schreckengast, President of Nebraska Wesleyan University. He was one of a number of college presidents who have been nobler and more impressive than even the institutions they served. I cannot forget a student demonstration that occurred in the Nebraska Wesleyan chapel when in speaking to a crowded room on "Luminous

ADVENTURES OF

Lives," I remarked, "Some of you sitting here will more fully realize, twenty-five years hence, that once you were in contact with a luminous life." No name was given but the words were scarcely uttered when the chapel resounded with such spontaneous and ardent applause as one seldom hears in a decorous gathering of students. Everyone present, faculty included, seemed to catch instantaneously the meaning of the reference made. It was really "the perfect tribute." And how they sorrowed when on Sept. 13, 1935, we gathered in First Church for the funeral services of a man who seemed to many a veritable saint. My address on the latter occasion was doubly difficult, first on account of the general sorrow of the college and the community and also because of certain irrelevant conversation from an official of the institution which was endured while several of us were waiting in another room for the time to enter the pulpit.

DOCTORING HOSPITALS

Hospitals, by their very nature, except in boom times, are almost invariably poor and needy, and sometimes sick. It was so with the six Methodist hospitals in Nebraska and Iowa. This is not so true in times like the present, but there seems to be no end to the demands made upon these institutions for free service and by their medical staffs for new apparatus, facilities and supplies. A good many complications arise from unreasonable expectations of some churches, pastors, physicians and communities. It is frequently found that food, medicines, linen and other articles are stolen by employees, delivery-men or visitors. Sometimes directors or other officials secure commissions on purchases for the institution, or make unreasonable charges for services they render. Changes in personnel at the head and sometimes all through an organization are more or less frequently required, and may embarrass those connected with the administration. A few occasions, during nearly a fourth of a century of relationship with hospital work, brought me into difficulties which had to be met with some courage and firmness. One was connected with the reorganization of a board of directors. Another was a matter of unusual vehemence on the part of a small city in demanding large expenditures on the part of the Methodist Church in caring for a hospital located there. It finally seemed best to be very frank in dealing with the civic leaders. It was incumbent upon me, since no one

A TRAVELING PREACHER

else would do so, to tell them plainly that the city, rather than the Conference, was using most of the facilities of the institution. In that way it saved itself taxes for the maintenance of a city hospital, while contributing meagerly to the support of the work we were doing. The people of the town were told quite bluntly that before we would raise larger sums to support the medical and surgical service we were giving we would expect the authorities and leading citizens to put reasonable amounts of their own money into an undertaking from which they themselves chiefly profited. The statement was carefully and justly phrased, of course, and it produced some excellent results. Had this not occurred it is possible that Methodism might have withdrawn from the field, leaving the city to care for its own sick as well as it could.

Certain difficulties of administration made it seem wise to accept membership in the board of the Nebraska Methodist Hospital, Omaha. Quite a number of the meetings of this body were held during my relationship there, and they took a great deal of time and thought. Doctor H. E. Hess in charge from 1933 to December, 1940 and now Doctor B. O. Lyle have done excellent work for this institution. The main wing of Bryan Memorial Hospital, Lincoln, which buildings include the old home of Secretary William Jennings Bryan, was dedicated May 29, 1930. My theme was one used in two or three other places, "The Value of Eleemosynary Institutions to the Community."

DENOMINATIONAL BOARDS AND COMMISSIONS

The general work of the Church demanded, during our residence in Omaha, much more of my thought and effort than formerly. Membership in the Commission on Unification since 1914 and until the union in 1939, required attendance at very important meetings, none of which were missed, at Pittsburgh, Washington, Atlantic City, Chicago, Evanston, Cincinnati and Westminster, Md. Some of these centers were visited on this business a number of times. The Hymnal Commission held rather long sessions, among other places in Asheville, Cincinnati and Chautauqua. My recollection is that I attended every meeting until the completion of the new Methodist hymnbook in 1936. It was incumbent on me from 1932 to 1936, as chairman of the Commission on Evangelism, to be present in all its

ADVENTURES OF

sessions. They were held in Chicago, Philadelphia and Cleveland, four times in Chicago. My membership on this Commission continued up to the day of Methodist union. All effective bishops were on the Boards of Foreign and Home Missions, whose gatherings called us together each year. My connection with the work of the Board of Education extended over eight years. In 1932 resignation from this body seemed best, in order to escape becoming president, for which office the nominating committee were about to present my name. At that time my work in the Area and elsewhere was so pressing that it seemed impossible to assume added responsibility. My resignation made way for Bishop Leonard, who became president at a later time. From 1932 to 1936 I was a member of the Commission on Central Conferences.

A position which demanded most painstaking labor on my part was on the Ecumenical Methodist Council. As chairman of the program committee which selected Atlanta as the seat of the Ecumenical Conference of 1931 I attended various meetings, and after 1931 acted as president of the Ecumenical Methodist Council, Western Section, representing the Americas and the Orient until 1945. During these years we met in Chicago, Baltimore, Columbus, Kansas City and elsewhere. It will easily be understood that assignments to general Church Boards and Commissions entail not only much travel and many days spent in their sessions, but also a large amount of correspondence and planning in relationships with small groups charged with various tasks.

Little has appeared in this account concerning District and Annual Conferences. These are routine work, but are of course absolutely necessary, and in a large field are numerous. The 22 districts of Iowa and Nebraska were circled several times, usually requiring from the resident bishop from two to four addresses or sermons each. In this way the plans and ideals of the Area were spread into every local center. The most momentous trip of my experience in this type of service was one taken by Mrs. Leete and myself in company with the genial superintendent of the Northwest District of Nebraska Conference, Doctor C. W. McCaskill and his talented wife. This District was once an annual Conference. It is a place of magnificent distances and of a variety of vegetation, of birds and beasts and of natural scenery. Stops to preach were made at five places, on the way

A TRAVELING PREACHER

from Omaha to the border of the Northwest District, at Grand Island, Lexington, North Platte, Sutherland and Ogallala. My preaching engagements from Lewellen around the circle to Ainsworth were in 31 churches, besides an address to some 25 pastors at the home of Doctor and Mrs. McCaskill and a Mothers' Day sermon at First Church, Scottsbluff. This trip took the days from May 7 to May 25, 1933. Some of the people came many miles to the services that Doctor McCaskill had planned. Congregations were large, considering the population of the towns and ranges, and the people were intelligent and alert. It was found that tiny centers and open country often numbered in their personnel graduates of the leading universities of the country. Large high and common school audiences were addressed in three of the towns. Several dinners and suppers were on the program as we went from town to town, to every charge in the district save one, which was too far away from any other place to be reached in the itinerary. We were tendered a luncheon at the Methodist hospital when we were in Scottsbluff.

A WORLD OF WONDERS—NEW AND OLD

The visitation tour which is described here required something more than 2200 miles of driving, from Omaha and return. After we entered North Platte Valley, and until we arrived at Ainsworth and started on our last homeward lap, new experiences came to us frequently. We were interested in the tilling of irrigated farms along the North Platte. We saw ranch homes and settlements, and journeyed over wide stretches without trees or houses. We saw little valleys with luxuriant vegetation. There were animals, such as badgers, we had never seen in the open. Where there was a little water we saw curlews, avocets, said to be becoming scarce, and several varieties of ducks. There were prairie dogs and prairie chickens in some places. It was a surprise to see large flocks of blackbirds with very yellow heads, and lark buntings, the males adorned with striking wing-patches of white. A little park was visited in Chadron. It had a ravine near by where we had our closest sight of Maryland yellow throats, beautiful little warblers, of rose-breasted grosbeaks and of several other species of the feathered tribe. Doctor McCaskill was a keen student of bird-life, and his conversations during this part of our trip were most instructive.

ADVENTURES OF

The meeting that was held at Crawford was followed by a hasty trip up to Hot Springs, Sylvan Lake and Custer in South Dakota, witnessing many marvels, including the great herd of buffalo in the Government reservation. From Rushville, on our return, we went to Clinton on the edge of the Sioux Indian Reservation. We visited Lyons' curio store and its remarkable collection of Sioux craftsmanship. It was rumored that the Great White Father himself was soon to visit the reservation. A magnificent Sioux robe and headdress, ornamented with eagle-feathers and elaborate bead-work, had been made for the coming visitor. The caretakers insisted that I put it on and allow them to photograph the outfit, which is what they did, my face peering out a mere trifle from the gorgeous garment. Alas, it appeared later that despite three thousand dollars' expense in devising and preparing this gift for the President of the United States he did not come as expected. One wonders what became of the extravagant creation intended for him. Frank Lyons' stamp collection was also a very interesting exhibit in Clinton.

What an experience we had in the cattle-ranges, the waste lands and the territory of the Platte and Niobrara rivers! Who can ever forget it, or the fine Methodists and other Christian people whom we saw and met and who are a credit to the Church and Nation we love?

HONORING A GREAT OREGON PIONEER—JASON LEE

The travel-tour just described, in many ways as amazing and enlightening as any in Europe, recalls another one, the next year, June 27 to July 8, 1934, when the "Jason Lee Special" came through Omaha Area on its way from New England to Oregon. Methodism justly celebrated, as did the State of Oregon, the centennial of the journey of Mr. Lee from Massachusetts to the site of the Mission to Indians which he established on the Willamette River, about twelve miles below the present city of Salem. The unique call of the children of the forest, the Flathead Indians, a delegation of whom came to Washington seeking "the white man's book," Doctor Fisk's selection of Jason Lee to be the man to respond to this challenge, together with the heroic travels and strategic undertakings of the "pioneer of Protestant Christianity on the shores of the Pacific," justified the attention of the whole Church. A finely equipped

A TRAVELING PREACHER

autocar was prepared, and was driven from coast to coast under the supervision of Doctor E. D. Kohlstedt of the Board of Home Missions. The original Jason Lee pilgrimage was covered as nearly as the route was known and as it was convenient to do so, and anniversary meetings were held along the way. Edward Winter Moon, a Mohave Indian Christian, was one of the party in the "Oregon Special," and participated in the services. My portion of this trip began in Des Moines, where in First Church, June 27, my sermon theme was "The Romance of Christian Missions." My other dates were at Adair and Council Bluffs, Iowa; Omaha, where the topic was "The Wonderful Book, A Thrilling Journey and a Mighty Leader"; Lincoln and Epworth Park; Grand Island, where Doctor J. S. Stowell also lectured and Edward Moon both spoke and sang; Hastings; Kearney; North Platte and Scottsbluff. The efficient pastor, Doctor R. N. Spooner, had arranged at the latter place for a great Jason Lee Memorial Service at Mitchell Pass, the opening through which the early adventurers traveled towards the far west. A cavalcade of perhaps 500 automobiles accompanied the "Special" and its company the several miles from Scottsbluff to this spot of scenic as well as historic interest. Part of the services of the day were held in the open among the hills and buttes. My theme was "Pioneers of America." Three Lees were the illustrations: John, Puritan founder of Massachusetts towns; Jesse, Methodist herald in New England and Jason of Oregon. The program was completed in First Church, Scottsbluff, where only a part of the big crowd was able to get into the auditorium. The events which closed the tour through Iowa and Nebraska were probably as unique and impressive as those which took place in any other part of the country during the celebration.

YELLOWSTONE PARK AND THE BAD LANDS

We were right on the border of Wyoming and close to South Dakota at the close of the Jason Lee commemoration, and Doctor and Mrs. McCaskill, whose beautiful home was in Scottsbluff, and ourselves decided to drive our cars to two of the most interesting spots in the United States. It is not necessary to describe the Yellowstone. It has been seen by the eyes of multitudes and has been pictured to vast numbers of book and magazine readers. We went through Twog-

ADVENTURES OF

wotu Pass in Wind River Range to Teton Lodge, Moran, and then to the Thumb and beyond, meeting with surprises on every hand. Moose, bear, elk, beaver, and other creatures of the open were near us. We looked down in the canyon upon ospreys, nesting on craggy pinnacles below, or sailing about under the rim. We saw of course Old Faithful, illustration and symbol of many a discourse, Mammoth Springs and all the other sights, but best remembered is our stop over night after we left the park at a little settlement of cabins called Blackwater Lodge. We occupied a well-equipped double cabin and went to the spacious community building to pass the evening. We happened to be alone in a great lounging room, with rugs, trophies, divans and an excellent piano. We reclined there upon luxurious settees and were treated to a delightful piano recital, given by Mrs. McCaskill wholly from memory. My notebook preserved the program in part, as follows: Caprice Viennois and Old Refrain, Kreisler; Souvenir, Drdla; Danny Boy, Irish folk song; Lullaby and Waltz in A Flat, Brahms; To a Wild Rose, McDowell; Minuet in G, Beethoven, and the Sextette from Lucia, Verdi. What an evening! No wonder one recalls Blackwater Lodge as a house of joy. After her husband passed away, Lucile McCaskill became a most acceptable organist and choir director in prominent churches. She accepted a position of this kind at First Church, Honolulu, in 1948. Before she could get well established in the new place she was struck by a bus and killed—a great loss to the work of our Lord and to her many friends.

We went from the Yellowstone to Douglas, Wyoming, through the Shoshoni National Park, seeing the brown stone cliffs and chimney rock, through Hot Springs and Rapid City to Wall, South Dakota. Then after a night's rest we drove through Dakota Bad Lands with their panorama of red, yellow and gray walls to Kadota where we spent a day with engine trouble. We visited Pierre, the capital city, where we called upon a relative on my mother's side of the family, Attorney Charles E. DeLand, a notable barrister and writer. He was the author of several stories, of the annotated "Corporation Laws of the Dakotas," of the "History of the Sioux Wars," and of "The Mis-Trials of Jesus." This excursion de luxe carried us rapidly by way of Tracy, Minnesota, and Wausau, Wisconsin, to our summer home at Wawatam Beach, Michigan, to spend a brief vacation, dur-

A TRAVELING PREACHER

ing which I preached as usual at Ames Memorial, Mackinaw City, and also at Central Church, Detroit, besides holding a cabinet meeting of Michigan Conference in Grand Rapids. A little later, in August, I attended in Traverse City, Michigan, a meeting of the Commission of Interdenominational Relations, with delegates of the three principal Methodisms of America, who were there seeking plans of union. It was at this council that Vice President of the United States, Charles Warren Fairbanks, an interested member of this body, made a remark so emphatic that meeting him shortly afterward I thought it best to give him the sign of absolution. He smiled with understanding of the symbol.

BISHOPS' TOUR OF EVANGELISM

It seems that this part of my life was a time of many journeys, and that is truer than the present account will disclose. In 1935 the bishops of our Church felt that a more aggressive attack should be made upon the chief problem of Christianity. An announcement appeared quite widely in the papers of the country, a part of which was as follows:

"The Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church are distressed over the low state of public and private morals. They are convinced that if greed, lust, intemperance and crime are to be met and overcome the Christian Church must be quickened in its earnestness. It must give itself to much more vigorous attacks upon worldliness and sin. It must cultivate deeper devotional life and evangelistic zeal. A cross-country tour is to be made by teams of four or five bishops of the Church, beginning November 25 and closing December 13. Regional meetings will be held, for preachers, laymen and young people. More than a dozen episcopal leaders, together with many prominent educators and laymen, will participate in the programs arranged. Cities to be visited are New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburgh, Columbus, Indianapolis, Minneapolis, Des Moines, Kansas City and Denver. Other centers are cooperating in associated conferences."

The part assigned to me in these conferences on Evangelism took me to Arch Street, Philadelphia, November 26, 1935, where my themes were "The Call of Christ" and "God's Plans for the Remaking of the World." My topics at Foundry Church, Washington, were

ADVENTURES OF

"Productive Christianity" and "The Warm Heart," December 2. I spoke in Columbus, Ohio, King Avenue Church, December 4, on "The Immediacy and Marvel of the Christian Task," and "Power for Saving Ministry." Wesley, Minneapolis, was next and the themes, December 6, were "Christ's Fishermen," "Christ's Joy and Ours." At First Church, Des Moines, our own Area, under my presidency, December 9, Bishops Mead, Magee and Cushman were the speakers, together with Doctor C. E. Schofield and Reverend J. S. Throckmorton. Other teams elsewhere were met by large audiences. The spirit of the evangelistic conferences was carried into smaller centers, and the general results of this series, coming as they did shortly before Watch-night, the week of prayer and special meetings in numerous churches, were believed by many leaders to have been very fruitful.

Among my evangelistic labors during the eight years we resided in Omaha was a week at First Church, Fairmont, West Virginia. The able preacher and pastor in charge was Heber D. Ketcham, member of a distinguished Methodist family in Ohio and brother-in-law of Bishop W. F. Anderson. This excellent administrator had previously given effective service while we resided in Indianapolis. High Street Church, Muncie, developed new strength in his care. Later we knew Doctor Ketcham in Florida, and visited back and forth between his home in Mt. Dora and ours in DeLand. He gave some valuable contributions to my Methodist Bishops' Collection of source material for history and biography. The week at Fairmont was that of January 13-19, 1930. One is never satisfied with his own efforts to win people to Christ and to quicken the spiritual life of a church, but it was said that the labors of the pastor and myself were profitable.

It became my duty to preach in the First Presbyterian Church of Sioux City during an Easter Week for the united churches of the town. Something about union meetings is likely to leave an empty place in one's soul. We do have such an organ, faculty or nature, and the week in Sioux City did not satisfy this entity in me. The music was poor, the pastor seemed cold, the congregations formal and the atmosphere lacking in vitality. We went through the week. The affair did not break down, nor did it break up much of the fallow ground that produces fruit in character and godliness. This effort

A TRAVELING PREACHER

was made April 10-14, 1933. Quite different experiences were those of a Minnesota Conference retreat at Waseca in April, 1934 and of the Omaha Holy Week of 1936.

MEETING ABLE WOMEN OF METHODISM

No one will question the fact that the leaders and indeed the rank and file of the Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Societies of Methodism have belonged to the highest type of womanhood which the world has produced. It was my honor and privilege to address national officers and conventions of both of these great societies on numerous occasions. We entertained meetings of General Executives in Rochester and Indianapolis. It was while in the Omaha Area, however, that my principal seasons of speaking to our leading women took place, sometimes at a distance from our home city. The national meeting of the Woman's Home Society was held in October, 1928, in Wichita, Kansas. My duty there was to preach the annual sermon at First Church, Doctor James Brett Kenna, pastor, on the morning of Sunday, the 14th, the theme being "The Art of Christian Living" from Philippians I, 21. The Topeka Branch meeting of the Woman's Foreign Society was held in Omaha in October, 1929, and at First Church on the morning of the 13th my sermon theme was, "Christianity's Broad Acreage," St. Matthew 13,38. The same organization was addressed in Salina, Kansas, October 2, 1930 and at Wichita, October 4, 1931. Also in 1932, October 22, I spoke for the General Executive of the Foreign Society in Tulsa, Okla., at a banquet at the Mayo Hotel, on "A New Earth Wherein Dwelleth Righteousness," and the next morning at First Church my theme for the annual sermon was, "The Might of Consecrated Womanhood," using items in Acts 16 and the Epistle to the Philippians as the Scriptural basis for the presentation.

Perhaps my most gratifying experience in speaking to Methodist women occurred at the National convention of the Woman's Home Society at First Church, Des Moines, October 10-15, 1935. Strangely enough the successful pastor here again, as in Wichita, was Doctor Kenna. Having been requested to give noon devotional addresses and to preach the annual sermon a series of topics at 12 o'clock daily were as follows, "The Romance of the English Bible"; "The Romance of Prayer"; "The Romance of Christian Experience"; "The

ADVENTURES OF

Romance of Unification"; "The Romance of Methodism"; and on Sunday the sermon text was St. John 8:12.

It was never my experience to address a larger or more inspiring audience of women than that of a session of Southern California Conference in Long Beach in 1931. On Women's Day, June 24, my theme was "Woman's Greatest Career." Attendance upon missionary and other similar meetings of Methodist women enabled me to hear very profitably some of the excellent addresses which these representatives of our church delivered to their associates. They were often of superior merit and worthy of any occasion. Mrs. Leete was for some time a member of the National Board of the Home Society and one of its Vice Presidents, and this fact brought us into contact with women who were leaders of Methodism. We knew well the presidents, especially Mrs. George O. Robinson, a parishioner of ours in Detroit, and Mrs. W. H. C. Goode who was connected with activities at General and Ecumenical Conferences. Mrs. W. F. McDowell, able president of the Foreign Society, and of course her husband, were friends of many years, as were Bishop and Mrs. Thomas Nicholson, the latter a talented executive and speaker in the foreign work. Unforgettable was Mrs. General Logan, once offered \$30,000 to write the tragedies of Washington. "I know them," she told me, "but I will not write them for any price."

This volume contains, however, names of numerous eminent Methodist women of our acquaintance, including a number of missionaries and philanthropists. We have known in Florida Mrs. Ellis L. Phillips of Enterprise and New York, a helper of good causes, Mrs. W. J. Harkness of DeLand, Founder of the Florida Chain of Missions, and also Mrs. Theodore Strawn, for many years after her husband, owner and manager of a citrus packing house and groves at DeLeon Springs and good supporter of the Church. Detroit brought us into contact with Mrs. S. S. Kresge and New York with Mrs. Henry Pfeiffer, generous benefactresses. Miss Ella M. Watson, Lincoln, Nebraska, was an able friend of missionaries in far fields and an organizer of local support for work abroad. Among valued correspondents and women who gave us inspiration were Mrs. Bess Streeter Aldrich, of Elmwood and Lincoln, Nebraska, author of "A Lantern in Her Hand" and other significant fiction, and Mrs. Etsu Sugimoto, of Tokyo, alumna of our Ayoma Gakuin. Mrs. Sugimoto

A TRAVELING PREACHER

wrote "A Daughter of the Samurai" and other excellent books. She taught Japanese language and literature for some years at Columbia University. She wrote me that all her possessions were destroyed in World War II. An interesting letter came from her just before she was called to the Father's House in 1950. One of the most generous helpers of my historical undertakings has been Mr. C. M. Goethe of Sacramento. Mrs. Goethe was a Glide of San Francisco and her mother was called "the most philanthropic woman of her generation." The Glide family gave the site, building and endowment of Glide Memorial, a leading church of San Francisco. Sarah A. Wood of Rochester has been cited in this book as an admirable Christian benefactor. Maria Orme Allen, head of Folts Mission Institute, Herkimer, deserves to be mentioned among the capable Methodist women we have known. She was at one time a parishioner in Rochester. Miss J. Winifred Hughes, Secretary of Alumni of Syracuse University, has had a very useful career and has found some items needed in this volume. Professor Minnie Mason Beebe taught for years in Syracuse University and her popular "Kolledge Klan" in University Church is unforgettable. The excellent reportorial service rendered the Church by Mrs. C. W. Turpin has given her a wide circle of friends in the Church.

EPOCH-MAKING CONVOCATIONS

The two most significant and influential Methodist gatherings in America in the years we are considering were the Sixth Ecumenical Methodist Conference, held in Atlanta, October 16-25, 1931 and the Sesquicentennial of American Methodism in Baltimore, October 10-13, 1934. At the latter meeting, held in the Scottish Rite Temple, my assigned theme was, "The Use of Prayer in the Work of Unification." The reunion of Methodism was the underlying theme and motif of the whole convention. I was one of the presiding officers, and a service was conducted by me on the morning of October 13, presenting as participants J. W. Hawley, Clovis G. Chappell, Merton S. Rice and Bishop Edwin H. Hughes. In the afternoon of the same day, Mrs. Leete and I drove Editor and Mrs. D. B. Brummitt and Mrs. Doctor Earle A. Baker to the scene of the unveiling of a memorial to the memory of Robert Strawbridge at Sam's Creek, Maryland. The day and place were beautiful, though genuine relics of Strawbridge are

ADVENTURES OF

scarce. The address of Doctor T. Ferrier Hulme, representative from England at the celebration, was one long to be remembered.

THE MOST THRILLING ECUMENICAL CONFERENCE

The greatest Methodist Conventicle of my experience from the standpoint of representation, attendance, program and of effect upon the life of the Church was the Sixth Oecumenical, as the English spell the word, held in Atlanta, in October, 1931. My unanticipated connection with the business and program committees in London in 1921 and presidency of the Western Section of the continuing body of the Fifth Ecumenical brought me not only into the same groups in Atlanta, but also resulted in chairmanship of the program committee and a place among the presiding officers. There is no doubt that responsibility for the choice of Atlanta as the site for this meeting of World Methodism rested mainly upon me. The Conference had been held in Canada, in New York and Washington and three times in London, and it seemed that it should be brought to the South. One of the southern members of the committee, but from a border state, said to me, "You will have trouble in Atlanta with the color question." My reply was, "You forget that I have lived there. We'll not have a bit of trouble." And we did not, less, I suspect, than if we had gone to an average northern city. The thing to do was to have a previous understanding in the key city of the South. Some of us went there early. A group of leaders, white and colored, was called together. We planned exactly what to do as to seating. The floor of Wesley Memorial, whose auditorium was the largest in the Methodism of the city, numbering some 3500 sittings, was reserved for delegates with their families, without reference to nationality or race. As to the rest of the house an indefinite division, to be reduced or increased as seemed best, was made by the local colored and white people. This was agreed to by all the leaders, and was stated by them to their own congregations. Not a ripple of misunderstanding resulted. On my suggestion the resident bishop of the Church, South, was invited to preside over the opening communion service. Bishop Warren A. Candler seemed happy to do this, and he presented to assist him one of the colored bishops present, together with Bishop McDowell, Doctor J. C. Broomfield, later a bishop of the Church and

A TRAVELING PREACHER

three preachers from overseas delegations. This was a most impressive service, creating only favorable comment.

American Methodism, except in the northeastern section, had never before had visual and audible contact with world Methodism. This was a great experience for the vast throngs which so surpassed the sittings of Wesley Church that the larger meetings had to be transferred to the city auditorium. The presence and addresses of bishops, preachers, educators and leading laymen from India, China, Japan, Mexico, South America and various European countries, as well as Great Britain, made the Conference a liberal education for all who attended. The Atlanta papers and those of the southeast generally gave much space to the addresses, discussions and acts of the ten crowded, thrilling days of the session. Methodism as a world-wide connection was advertised very widely and effectively. Four group or sectional meetings were held afternoons in First, St. Mark, Ponce de Leon and Trinity churches. These were intimate and practical in character, and were largely attended. Many high points of the program might be mentioned, but none were greater than the Communion, the Religion and Science, the Evangelistic and the closing services. The Religion and Science meeting was so crowded that it was only by the aid of policemen that the speakers and myself conducting them were able to get into the city auditorium when we arrived a few minutes late. The three eminent scientists were personal friends who became known to me in the days of my study and writing on Christianity in Science. They were Professor Arthur L. Foley, head of the graduate physics department of Indiana University and author of a college textbook on physics, Professor Charles F. Scott of Yale, winner of medals in electrical engineering and Professor William McDougall of Duke, psychologist and philosopher. It is not necessary to state that this was a top-notch program and was so received. In evangelism Ensor Walters, one of the succession of Presidents of the Wesleyan Church of England and the famous Gipsy Smith were at their best. A striking feature of the Ecumenical was the presentation of a musical and dramatic spectacle called "Heaven Bound," as a gift to the Conference by 500 Negroes of Atlanta. I can never forget the appeal made to the emotional nature of Bishop W. F. McDowell, who was seated near by us. His heart was at the time

ADVENTURES OF

very tender from recent bereavement, and tears of happiness were in his eyes when some of those represented as seeking to enter heaven arrived at their destination with joyful faces and great acclaim.

The closing session of the Sixth Ecumenical Conference was made notable everywhere by reason of a radio address received from Washington and given by the President of the United States, Mr. Hoover, and by a memorable address given in the auditorium personally by our fellow-Methodist, Vice President Charles Curtis, for many years a Senator of the United States and a loyal churchman. Mr. Curtis was once attacked as having become a prohibitionist for political reasons, but in my autographic collection is a letter written to a friend of mine, Reverend G. H. Prentice, many years before, on March 21, 1889, on the stationery of Case & Curtis, lawyers, Topeka, Kans., which testifies to the value of prohibition in his home state and which concludes, "If the law should be adopted in other states (and be enforced as it ought to and can be), I know of no reason why it would not be a good thing for the state."

All who had a share of the responsibility of planning and conducting this immense and significant Methodist meeting worked together with complete harmony. The Eastern Section furnished their share of the committee men and excellent participants in the program. Four Georgians are especially memorable for services which they rendered, Bishop W. N. Ainsworth, and Doctors T. D. Ellis, John S. Jenkins and Wallace Rogers. Many have commented upon the effect the Ecumenical meeting and relationships had upon unification movements on both sides of the Atlantic, and particularly in the United States. It has often been said that the consummation in 1939 of the establishment of a unified Methodist Church in America was advanced by many years as a result of what was done, said and experienced in Atlanta.

The western section of the Ecumenical Methodist organization comprised the Methodist denominations and missions of the Americas, North and South and of the Far East, Japan, China and India particularly. It was surprising what an amount of correspondence and councils and of the arrangement of visitations was associated with my task of President of this Ecumenical body during the years from 1931 until my resignation in 1943. Much aid was given by two secretaries for some years. One of these was the genial and painstaking

A TRAVELING PREACHER

editor of the Southwestern Christian Advocate, Doctor A. J. Weeks of Dallas. After his passing from this life, the Secretaryship was taken by Dean Paul Neff Garber of Duke Theological Seminary, later elected to the Episcopacy. His valuable and very difficult years of work in Southern Europe and Northern Africa, from which he returned to serve in Richmond, Virginia, is part of the history of Methodism during a most trying period of history.

DIVERSE DOINGS IN OMAHA AREA

A good many ministerial institutes and young people's rallies invited attendance and participation on my part during the years we spent in Omaha. I spoke to the Iowa State Sunday School Convention at Boone April 25, 1935. A union meeting of the Protestant churches of Council Bluffs was addressed by me in March, 1936. Invitations were accepted to speak in several Omaha churches of other denominations, among which were the First Presbyterian and the large Kountze Memorial Lutheran Church twice, once during Holy Week and once at an evangelistic conference. Several times I met with and talked to the Omaha Chapter of Pi Gamma Mu, of which Mrs. Leete and I are members. An Easter message was given at the request of the Federated Women's Clubs under their auspices over Radio station W.O.W. March 25, 1932. At a meeting of the Nebraska Chapter, Sons of the American Revolution, an organization with which I have long been connected and of which I am at the time of this writing Florida state chaplain, a patriotic address was delivered to their officers and members at the Cornhusker Hotel, Lincoln. A citizenship statement and appeal in the Omaha Naturalization Court in the presence of a large company of new Americans, was received by them with evident interest. One of the most magnificent audiences ever addressed by me was that of a Municipal Thanksgiving service in the Shrine Temple, Des Moines. Governor Dan Turner of Iowa was the presiding officer, and Thanksgiving dinner was enjoyed in the Governor's home with his lovely family. A similar experience took place in the household of President and Mrs. Walter A. Jessup of Iowa University. The children of such Christian households as these obtained a heritage which constitutes a *noblesse oblige* above that of any other type of royalty. Financial compensation for work done outside our denomination was never sought and was rarely accepted by me. There-

ADVENTURES OF

fore it was the more gratifying to get such a letter as the one sent by Governor Turner, "We enjoyed having you with us Thanksgiving Day, and while your trip to Des Moines was made at considerable sacrifice I want you to know that the people here were helped by your splendid sermon. I have heard several express themselves, and they were the people who have influence in the community. With sincere regards from all the Turners." I have met governors and senators from whom no letters of approval seemed desirable, but those of men like Chase Osborn of Michigan, Daniel Turner of Iowa, Nathaniel Harris of Georgia, Spessard L. Holland of Florida and some others are prized possessions.

We did not have as many dedications in Omaha Area as in the Indianapolis and Atlanta Areas,* but there were quite a good many such events, and some outside our own territory, such as First Church, Green Bay, Wis., July 28, 1929, and North Church, Indianapolis, May 10, 1931. The Centenary Church, Beatrice, in some respects the most beautiful house of worship in Nebraska, was dedicated June 1, 1930. It is a memorial to the artistic taste and self-denying devotion of the pastor, Charles W. McCaskill and the loyal laymen who supported his daring enterprise. It was a terrific undertaking in those days, in a community of the size and degree of wealth of Beatrice, to erect a Methodist Church which with its landholding is rated well above two hundred thousand dollars. Laymen of the Board and committees came to Omaha several times in seasons of crisis to get my opinion as to what they might attempt and hazard. They were encouraged, even when it seemed that they were going pretty far. I have always had faith in a church undertaking which is worthy of the labor and sacrifice of a loyal constituency and an able preacher. Several times when called upon to conduct a public money-raising effort for the Beatrice building enterprise my appeals met a generous response. This splendid edifice, with the fine paintings which Doctor McCaskill gave for its reception rooms, has now been in use for years. The debt has been discharged, and the present membership is around a thousand.

It was not so often as formerly my duty to conduct funerals and to preach memorial sermons while in the midwest area. Mr. O. P. Miller, a distinguished layman and Methodist official living in Rock

* Appendix D. lists some important Omaha Anniversaries.



A FEW OF MANY EPISCOPAL COLLEAGUES

Methodist Bishops. *Top row:* Horace Mellard DuBose; John Gowdy; William Newman Ainsworth; Leslie Roy Marston. *Second row:* Herbert Welch; Willis Jefferson King; John McKendree Springer; John Wesley Robinson. *Third row:* Richard Campbell Raines; Brenton Thoburn Badley; Jashwant Rao Chitambar; Hoyt McWhorter Dobbs. *Fourth row:* Raymond J. Wade; Ralph Spaulding Cushman; George Amos Miller; William Clyde Martin.

A TRAVELING PREACHER

Rapids, passed away in 1928 and a journey was made to his home to deliver a commemorative discourse. Doctor E. J. Lockwood, long a prominent pastor of Upper Iowa and successful leader of St. Paul's, Cedar Rapids, left us in 1929 and a memorial sermon was given by me on May 29th of that year in St. Paul's pulpit. Doctor W. L. Ewing was then the presiding pastor and President Burgstahler of Cornell made a commendatory statement during the service. The funeral of Doctor J. B. Trimble, fatherly Nestor of Northwest Iowa, was held in Grace Church, Morningside, Sioux City, July 1, 1929. The capable District Superintendent, G. H. Bond, presided. Doctors Notson, MacDonald, and an especially noteworthy preacher, H. E. Hutchinson, participated in the service. All four of these men were leading figures in the Northwest Iowa Conference. My text was I John 5:5. The theme of the discourse was "Personal Creativity of Christian Faith." Two funerals were conducted in Michigan, that of a personal friend, Doctor A. R. Johns, talented pastor at Muskegon, who was taken away during my presidency of Michigan Conference in Petoskey, the service being September 15, 1934, and that of Mrs. H. C. Walters, Detroit. The latter was the wife of our summer neighbor at Wawatam Beach, Attorney Walters. She was also a niece of our old friend and parishioner in Detroit, Rev. J. M. Gordon. The date of Mrs. Walters' memorial service was January 16, 1936. The minister of Hanscom Park Church, Omaha, Doctor John Wesley Kensit, a man of excellent character and ability, passed away after a short pastorate in Nebraska, and his funeral occurred November 7, 1935.

RETIREMENT AFTER FIFTY YEARS' WORK

The work of the Omaha Area was in many respects as satisfactory an assignment as any of my life. Of course the task in its entirety was impossible, because of the extent and climatic variations of the territory. One could not be everywhere he was asked to come, or do all he felt he ought to do. One severe sickness and operation, through which little time was lost, however, and one automobile injury when being driven over a snowy road to a church service, did not permanently impair my health. Nevertheless consciousness came to me after passing eight years in the states of Nebraska and Iowa that two four year assignments there were enough for any Methodist bishop.

ADVENTURES OF

They were also more than anyone else had ever been able to bear. It was time to move, but under our law there was for me only one more possible quadrennium. No Area would prefer to have a bishop come for so short a time. The tenure of other bishops in their Areas had been so limited that few openings were likely to occur. I had preached for half a century, with administration as a bishop 24 years, and it was the decision of our family and myself to accept a provision of church law and ask for retirement.

The announcement that I would voluntarily retire from active episcopal service was made to the leaders and councils in Omaha Area a year or more before the General Conference of 1936. A gratifying number of requests were received from individuals and also resolutions were sent by responsible bodies that my decision be reconsidered and that my official work continue. On the other hand, one man, rather prominent in the Church, said to me of my declaration of intention to retire, "What did you do that for? Don't you know that a lot of fellows in the General Conference will be only too pleased to elect another bishop?" My rejoinder was, "Why not let them do it?" My mind was fully made up as to my own action, though I was a trifle, but, only a little surprised, that Bishop George A. Miller, younger than I, physically strong, with much experience in the Philippines, Panama and South America and with a masterful knowledge of Spanish, was allowed at the same Conference to retire without any adequate effort to retain his valuable services to the Church.

The old General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, especially after the fiasco of the Des Moines session of 1920, was a body that I was not loath to see replaced by the present Jurisdictional Conference system. The new plan has its perils, and in one or two Jurisdictions made none too impressive a beginning as to elections, but it is not subject to the positive evils of the old General Conference of the larger group in Methodism. Certain small bossisms and various forms of pressure located and assigned bishops in the old regime. Some bishops, myself included, had no ambition for the Areas most sought after, and never allowed friends even to suggest our names for them. Strenuous political campaigns were sometimes instituted, not only for the election of bishops, but for their location in preferred places. It has also been known that a bishop in what was thought one of the best places has declared that he would resign if

A TRAVELING PREACHER

assigned elsewhere. He was not moved. Most of these unfortunate episodes were made possible by the fact that a majority of the delegates to General Conference had never been there before. All the Areas of the Church were represented on the large committees. This meant that they came from all parts of the country and from foreign Conferences. The members of these committees often did not know each other, and the greater number never had seen the city to which a bishop was assigned, or the bishop to be stationed there. A few officers of the Episcopal committee and of the standing committees became virtual dictators of episcopal careers. For my own part, though no committee or sub-committee ever made trouble for me, there was no longing to see again any of these unwise bodies, or be submitted to their action. This was just a mild feeling, of course, but one could taste it. So my little speech was made, Bishop Miller made his, some kind words were said about us and we became free men.

Two more items on this subject. It has always amused me to recall that some years before, when the life tenure of bishops was being debated by certain agitators, a bishop stated quite positively that he had no intention of sticking on in the episcopacy as long as he could. At that time something led me to say to myself, "You will be quite likely to stay in office as long as possible, and someone else will surrender the place to others at a suitable time." This is the way the event proved. Once, at a meeting of the Board of Bishops some of us were taken for a drive. Bishop Berry said, as we went along. "I don't know what I will do with myself when I retire." "Bishop," was my comment, "it is not possible for me to comprehend that idea. There are so many things one has always wanted to do and never has had time to do them, that when we retire we can be as busy as a boy killing snakes." The latter simile is not a very attractive one, but retirement from official responsibilities not only did not end my activity, but to some better purposes changed its direction and details.

PART V

TRAVELS AND PERILS AT HOME AND ABROAD

TRAVEL ADVENTURES IN THE HOMELAND

The thought came to me very early in life that my ministry would be enriched by reading, study and travel. It therefore became my habit to read much, not only in theology, which was my paternal education and atmosphere, but in factual subjects, especially science, history, language and literature. My earliest thinking years were those of the natural selection controversy, the textbooks of which—Darwin, Huxley, Wallace and the others were sought eagerly. Later came the more idealistic writings of Faraday, Kelvin, Gray and many more. "Sketches of Creation," a book written by Alexander Winchell, first chancellor of my own alma mater, Syracuse University, fascinated me when very young, and my experiences in the laboratory of Doctor W. A. Brownell of Syracuse High School and in field exploration under his direction led me to acquire permanent interest not only in geology but in other scientific studies. Several general works in Literature, even including Taine, created an appetite for the best fiction. Someone early gave me "D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation," a work often criticized, more or less unfairly, but which brought to me by means of its graphic and moving narratives, a decided intellectual awakening and a profound historical appetency. Of the languages Greek was my lasting choice, and for many years this great instrument of thought was cultivated, especially its finest product, the Greek New Testament. A deep-seated need of travel also came to me, that my studies might find illumination and illustration.

My first venture away from home was the trip from Western New York to Michigan to visit my grand-parents previously mentioned. Then came the move in very early life to the south, followed in later years by many journeys between north and south and constant goings up and down the southern South for many years. It must be confessed

ADVENTURES OF A TRAVELING PREACHER

that many of the shady places in the latter described by Josephus Daniels, Jr., in "A Southerner Looks at the South" have been wholly missed by me. Nor have well nigh a score of years in the extreme southeast brought appreciation of "Cross Village," which seems to me to picture a Florida largely inhabited by licentious Negroes, ignorant "Crackers" and rattlesnakes. A pest on such descriptions of a part of the country which contains so many attractive and inspiring scenes and people! When reading some of the narratives and smelly novels written by Southern authors, one thinks of the saying, was it by Huxley, or quoted by him? "God save me from my friends; I can take care of my enemies myself."

East and West, too, from Plymouth Rock and Cape Cod to Mr. Shasta, the Golden Gate and Long Beach, have been visited, often many times. On one of our trips a straw hat of mine was contributed to the mighty and beautiful Columbia River, without return of the same. We went to a marvelous Exposition in California, and someone took us on a hasty visit to the old-time opium-dens of San Francisco. Never since has "slumming" interested me. We saw the big trees of the west, cousins to some we viewed in Japan, and the universities at Berkeley, Palo Alto and Los Angeles. We attended one of the flower festivals, saw a good deal of San Diego and a little but quite enough of that exotic and artificial resort called Palm Springs. We drove from this dubious oasis through the lonesome dreary country towards Arizona. The following lines were penned beside perspiring waters 280 feet below sea level as describing impressions received:

VANITY

The thoughts that fill an idle mind
Are empty phantasy,
As futile as the desert wastes
Beside the Salton Sea.

One of our best sights was when we visited and marveled upon Boulder Dam, and admired the great system of irrigation which it controls. We had once spent some interesting days around the Norris installation in Tennessee. Our most thrilling approach to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado was by way of Salt Lake. We drove our little Jordan from Omaha to Utah, where we met the Mission Conference

ADVENTURES OF

at Bingham Canyon. We were taken up the winding railway above the town and through the lofty workings of the largest open-face copper mine in the world. It had once been my experience, when living in Michigan, to go down into the Osceola mine, some 4300 feet, next to the still deeper Calumet mine, not open to the public, the deepest source of copper. Both incidents are forever memorable. We returned to Salt Lake City after preaching, lecturing on Palestine and reading the appointments in the narrowly walled Canyon. We went from the capital city to Ogden, where with Doctor W. F. French, the pastor, and his wife we inspected our church plant, to whose indebtedness we later gave some aid. We saw once more the old Tabernacle in Salt Lake City, hearing there a series of excellent daily concert programs by Professor Frank W. Asper on the Utah organ. The temple, state house, our own church, the Davis Home, and other buildings were visited. The City Library also attracted my attention, and some time was spent in working there, as my habit has been in all parts of the country. This repository of literature was found to be the cleanest one to which my studies have taken me. No dust on the shelves: no dirt on the books! The town has plenty of *aqua pura*, not only in the hydrants, holding back mountain streams, and in plentiful drinking-fountains on the streets, but for use in buildings and libraries. The contents of the shelves on which repose the Salt Lake City collection of volumes, pamphlets and manuscripts are surprisingly representative. Several of my own books were there, among publications of leading branches of the Christian faith.

JOURNEYING ON THE HEIGHTS

We were soon on our way to the next Conference, New Mexico, and we had time to explore some of the scenic marvels of the continent. We drove, walked and lived for about ten days more than a mile and a half above sea level, the loftiest spot we reached being Highpoint, 9015 feet above salt water. We had absolutely no engine trouble with our little Jordan. Two hundred and sixty-nine miles from Salt Lake City brought us to Bryce Canyon, snow-capped mountains being visible almost all the time. The site of the Lodge where we put up is one foot under 8000 feet high, but Bryce rims are some 324 feet above that. Sunrise Point enthralled us in the morning by

A TRAVELING PREACHER

the beauty of dawn which it revealed, but the glory of Sunset Point at night surpassed most of the views and pictures we ever beheld. Inspiration Point gave us revelations of the vast valley of the Canyon, with its white-tipped castles, turrets and pinnacles of brown, red, yellow and gleaming gold. No language can describe pictures and images of loveliness which are beyond artist's brush, or the imagination of those who will never realize them until they are seen by their own eyes. Various objects and colorings in the mighty Canyon reminded us of Amber City, Futehpore Sikri, and a touch of Baalbek and Petra. Palaces, cathedrals, statues, illuminated casements and a myriad other forms and images exhibit workmanship infinitely beyond that of *objets d'art*; which are made, not created, as in case of nature.

We drove from Bryce Canyon to Zion Park, another indescribable miracle of its Maker, reached by hairpin highways and tunnels, where we saw the "three patriarchs" and worshipped at the Great White Throne. We had returned to the direct route and then motored to Bright Angel Point, where we saw the sunset from the north rim of the giant Grand Canyon of the Colorado. Eighty-three hundred feet high, we looked across the deeps and down upon the lower south rim from which the vast majority of tourists view one of the noblest of the panoramas of earth, and we could see there the hostel where we had resided on a previous stop beside the mammoth ravine. The cottage we occupied on the very brink of the Canyon's north side was an excellent viewpoint, but we visited others and made quite a descent that enabled us to see the Colorado River to better advantage.

We were surrounded by a good deal of snow during the latter part of the tour just briefly described. Driving through Kaibab Forest we saw deer and the big white-tailed rabbits, said to be found in only one other place on earth. Their great brushy appendages are able to cover from their enemies the dark bodies of their owners, even when snow surrounds them. Marble Canyon bridge over the Colorado River, then said to be the highest in the country, was crossed on our way to Cameron, Flagstaff, Gallup, Holbrook and a long detour through the three petrified forests, remains of ancient vegetation often seen and described. We passed through and patronized a Pueblo Indian town on the way to Franciscan Hotel, Albuquerque, to our

ADVENTURES OF

mail, and to the duties of a session of New Mexico Conference. The return to Omaha through Las Vegas, Raton, Trinidad, La Junta, to Syracuse, Kansas, was an affair of mountains, rain, gravel, mud and not a little water on the road. We had to drive from Syracuse over four hundred miles east to Maryville to get past the worst floods along the Republican River. We were barely in time to get across the swollen stream before it became impossible for some days to do so. "All's well that ends well!" Of course, a few years later, we could not have endured such activities as have been partially sketched here, but the recollection of their mingled joys and hardships enriches our memory.

MANY MOUNTAINS

What a variety of mountain scenery this continent affords. My first experience with them was in the Adirondacks which, though by no means lofty, are full of beautiful scenes. Our family, when young, spent several summer vacations at Big Tupper Lake. Twice this health-giving locality restored me after near breaks from over-work, once after a revival in Rochester. On one occasion in the very early spring, when snow and ice were all about, my most successful day of trout-fishing took a guide and myself to the Bog River falls. A foam-covered eddy only a few feet in circumference was on my side of the stream. No sooner was a hook dropped beneath its surface than it was taken by a big trout. This was repeated time after time, the guide, who didn't get a bite from his bank, throwing up his hat and shouting every time one was pulled out. An episcopal fish-story? There are some but I was not in the episcopacy. As a serious-minded pastor I counted some fifteen or twenty brook trout, weighing from one to four pounds each, as the catch for this occasion. Friends back in the city could once have testified that they ate these fish, or part of them. Besides, the falls are still there to confirm this tale, and more to the purpose my health was recovered, enabling me with renewed lung-power to go back to work.

This quite Lowell Thomas-like interlude may be followed by a statement that my goings about have carried me to the White Mountains of New Hampshire, the Green Mountains of Vermont, the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts, the Alleghenies, Cumberland, Smoky and Blue Ridge ranges of the east and to and through all the

A TRAVELING PREACHER

western mountains. Two little jingles in papers read many years since during western travels are still remembered. One was an unjust aspersion on two great states, but I think it was written after one of the terrible grasshopper raids which devastated them at that time. It was said to be on the outside of one of the covered wagons in which a family was driving westward. Painful experiences were revealed in these lines:

"Goodbye, Kansas, Nebraska,
We bid you a long adieu;
We may go to Hades sometime,
But we'll never come back to you."

Our own experiences in that region, so full of interest and satisfaction, and which belie the justice of this declaration, have already been given.

On the northwest coast we have seen Mts. Shasta, Ranier and Hood. The other disparaging scrawl which stamped itself on my memory is this one:

"The average Portlander, if sufficiently good,
Expects when he dies to go to Mt. Hood,
But he'll be disappointed, for where he will go
They cannot maintain a mountain of snow."

Of course everybody knows that all the Portlanders, when they die, if not before, will go to Mt. Hood, but that no Seattleites will have a look-see at the glories of this beautiful peak, except as they visit Portland.

We came home from one of the church meetings in California by way of Vancouver and Victoria and the Canadian Pacific Railway. No mountains in the world could be more picturesque and beautiful than the Canadian Selkirks. The journey to Fort William on Lake Superior is one of frequent charming prospects, and when you go from this port, as we did, across the largest inland sea, down St. Mary's River and through the Georgian Bay to Owen Sound you have the materials for a delightful memory.

Even in the older days of travel we were not as completely strangers when we were away from home as we sometimes thought. When the train stopped at Banff in Rocky Mountain Park, Alberta, the first person approached on the station platform called me by name.

ADVENTURES OF

Similar incidents have taken place in the Bon Marche, Paris, Westminster Abbey, London, on an Atlantic steamship, and in Osceola copper mine, Upper Peninsula, Michigan, more than half a mile deep in the earth.

TRYING TO BE A MOUNTAINEER

My only mountain climbing on foot was during our first far Western tour. Risking one's limbs and life on high places never seemed attractive to me, especially in later life when my good Indianapolis friend, Doctor F. B. Wynn, physician, naturalist and Christian gentleman, fell to his death while ascending a peak in the northwest. I did almost climb Pike's Peak when a companion and myself found that excursionists had purchased all the tickets on the trains up the mountain on the only day when we were to be in the vicinity. We decided not to be deprived of the ascent. Probably we recalled the stories of early adventurers and their motto, "Pike's Peak or Bust!" What a labor we had! Mountain climbing is not merely up, it is up, down, then up again. How many peaks we ascended, thinking surely this is the last one before the top, I could not say. When we were on the steeper grades our heads were light, but our feet were heavy. We also became short of breath, but we kept "on the upward way" until we were well above timber-line. Then came a sudden rain, and we took shelter, which fortunately was close at hand under a shelving rock. We were dry and warmer in our cave, but what of the future? The prospect of a climb up the final steep cone in the dark or of a stumbling night descent was not at all pleasing. Finally we heard the whistle of what was known as "the sunset train," laboring towards us from below. An inspiration—sometimes a good deal better than perspiration, came to me. I said, I'm going to go out, stand in the middle of the track and wave. They will have to stop or run me down. We learned afterward that such episodes were not unexpected. Stops are made frequently to pick up distressed climbers. Of course we had to pay for the elevator, but the ascent was well worth while. The sun was just ready for its plunge below the edge of the world, as we unscientifically say, when we arrived at the summit. We had only about fifteen minutes of the glory of a mountain top sunset, but that quarter of an hour was worth all and more of the fatigue our exertion had cost us. Clouds from the recent rain filled the valleys and low spaces,

A TRAVELING PREACHER

but we were above them all. And they were jeweled with all the colors of the spectrum, with tints of mingled and unbelievable hues to add entrancement to the scene. Trying to express the feeling that comes to one in the presence of one of the great master-pieces of nature brings back another memory of the same period. A wordy individual was with a party going from place to place in the west. Everywhere and always he was the one who expressed himself in unrestrained exclamations. Finally a place of matchless wonder was reached, and the extravagantly wordy man was nonplused. "What shall I say now?" was his query, to which a laconic person, who had been overfed with adjectivitis, replied, "Mum's the word."

AMERICAN RIVERS, LAKES AND BAYS

What a pity it is that the old-time excursions on the rivers of our country are mainly of the past. This is one of the effects, tending to counter-balance their many gifts to us, of the coming of the multitude of motor-cars that rush about the country everywhere. Crossing the Detroit River as a child, going through the tunnel under it before it was open to traffic and going up and down it between the Huron and the Erie, have left many images in my memory. My companion and myself, in days of palatial steamers, enjoyed the Hudson River. Trips on the St. Lawrence in both directions gave us mental portfolios of views of a noble stream, made more impressive by the sight of massive Montreal and quaint Quebec, cities that repay frequent and lengthy stops. The Ohio, Mississippi, Missouri and Tennessee, often crossed, but now without means of comfortable modern conveyance upon their powerful currents, have presented panoramas of picturesque sites and vistas of beauty.

When presiding in Conferences in Wisconsin my friend, Doctor E. C. Dixon, then of First Church, La Crosse, gave me a personally conducted tour to and about the Dells of the Wisconsin from Kilbourn. The formations there are unique and well worth the expenditure of a sunny day with a good companion. Our residence beside the Mohawk for several years made that river very familiar. View it from the Deerfield Hills, from the roll-way at Little Falls or in the valley which contains the antique red brick house of the doughty General Nicholas Herkimer, and you will know that the old Dutch stream is among the beauty spots of the land. The Herki-

ADVENTURES OF

mer House was built of brick brought from Holland. The general was taken there after his strategic Battle of Oriskany. His amazing victory over St. Leger's regular French and British troops and Brant's blood-thirsty Indians, who tomahawked and scalped many of the Valley's sturdy farmers, is credited by responsible historians with making possible the success of American armies and of saving the nation at Saratoga. Herkimer passed away from blood poisoning, which not long afterward could have been easily prevented, lying with his old Bible, still preserved, and showing that it had been well used, on his breast, and with the confidence of the Christian warrior in his heart. The house, the barn with its strongly fortified cellar, the neighboring cemetery with the hero's monument, and all the grounds are now cared for as a State park. A few miles farther east also on the southern side of the Mohawk valley is the old Indian Castle Church. It is surrounded on three sides by woods in a part of which is an old Indian Cemetery. When the tiny edifice, whose structure is of ancient hewn logs, was dedicated, Nicholas Herkimer represented the Dutch, Sir William and Sir John Johnston the English and King Hendrick and Little Abraham the Indians. The bell in the Church was stolen in a raid during the French and Indian war, and was dropped into the Mohawk for safe-keeping. It was found and restored to its place after the war. A silver communion set, sent to the Indians as a present from Queen Anne of England, was taken by a surviving remnant of the tribe to Brantford, Ontario. All the facts and traditions which connote themselves with this tiny edifice were related by myself in a paper written for the 150th Anniversary and read there by Hon. Titus Sheard, of Little Falls, a member of my congregation.

My ancestors of Guilford and other places saw more of the beauties of the Connecticut River than have been witnessed by me, but they did not see Moccasin Bend of the Tennessee from the top of Look-out Mountain, site of a spectacular battle of the War between the States. At almost any time, but especially in the light of the setting sun, or in the glory of spring and fall foliage, this is also a thrilling sight. Experiences on the St. Johns, Florida, have been mentioned elsewhere. A relative owns a delightful spot on the bank of the Potomac. Mrs. Eugenie DeLand Saugstad and her husband, both of whom long taught in McKinley High School, Washington, the one

A TRAVELING PREACHER

art and the other manual training, built in good part with their own hands and with many embellishments their home on a part of the old George Washington estate. Cousin Eugenie painted the ceiling mural in the dining room of the headquarters of the Eastern Star building in Washington, and among other works the portrait of her father, Hon. Theodore L. DeLand, for forty years in the treasury of the United States and, as mentioned before, the specialist on whom President Theodore Roosevelt relied in his work in Civil Service. The Saugstad home looks across its lawn to the majestic dome of the Capitol, with the broad Potomac in the foreground. We have viewed the historic stream from this point of vantage and from several others. If it were true that Washington threw a dollar across this or some other river it would have been only a token forerunner of billions that have been thrown from its banks in the exercise of a type of democracy that responds lavishly to pressure groups and blocs and sometimes to ruthless robbers of the treasury.

We have seen and have sometimes traveled along or even on many other American waterways; from the Genesee, on which I have canoed, and the Susquehanna and Delaware, to the Chattahoochee and the Suwanee, and from the Detroit and the Wabash to the Des Moines, the Platte and the Red. Lakes, bays and sounds also have come into our view and often to our boating experience, among them Lakes Champlain and George; Keuka, on the banks of which in my childhood father's family once summered; Seneca, Otisco and other beautiful bodies of water in central and southern New York, Onondaga, upon whose placid surface early Syracusans looked down from the tops and slopes of Mt. Olympus. One must not forget big, low-lying, often steaming, Okeechobee in southern Florida, over which we journeyed with much interest and some pleasure.

How many amazing scenes come to one around the shores of the United States in its great harbors, bays and sounds. New York Harbor is a constant panorama of varied sights, Chesapeake Bay a lordly prospect, and we were once pretty frightened on Biscayne Bay, a little south of Miami, when a hurricane threatened and rain and wave drenched us to the skin; Mobile Bay, San Diego, San Francisco of the Golden Gate, Puget Sound and eastward to Green Bay and Georgian Bay. This list of beauty spots on and about the waters of North America must not pass over one that will never again be just

ADVENTURES OF

as it was the first time that we viewed it. The overseas railway trip from South Florida to Key West was once a dream. As the East Coast train slowly made its way from key to key one was surrounded by

Ocean and gulf and palm-fringed shores
And many a hidden cove,
Where pirates bold in perilous days
Buried their treasure trove.

The cloud-flecked waves were jeweled on bright days with rainbow hues. Sometimes one could look down from the car windows and see fish of various kinds sporting in the depths, or lying quietly beneath us. Occasionally the distance displayed the form or smoke of a steamship, while nearer by small boats were anchored or were darting past on their way to or from the many good fishing grounds along the chain of islands. Key West was then a sleepy Latin-American village, not the bustling, maritime city which the wars made it. The railway was badly wrecked by hurricanes. A time came when we went that way partly by road and partly by ferryboats. At last the present highway of concrete was completed, with massive bridges, forty or more of them, one of which is seven miles long through the water. It is a grand drive from Cocconut Grove and Florida City to Key West and back, but something of the old slow train ride has been lost forever.

BEAUTY SPOTS AND HISTORIC SCENES

"See America first" is good sense, for the observance of this maxim will prevent disparagement of one's own inheritance here, while it enhances the marvels which are found in the Old World. If there is any portion, or even a single state of America, which does not contain something of surpassing magic, mystery, charm or historic significance, I have never entered its borders. See America! Why not? Of course my own opportunities have made it rather an inexpensive and easy matter, because my official duties for twenty-four years carried me all about the land. Board sessions, committee meetings and conferences, before and since this official circulation, took me to the corners of the republic. It was a simple matter, between sessions of these bodies, to view scenic localities and historical monuments. If it be thought that it would have been more profitable to sit in

A TRAVELING PREACHER

libraries with good books, the reply may well be that one who sees much is able to read to much better purpose. One who goes sight-seeing is apt to have a book in his hand a large part of the time. There are people also who are rarely without a worth-while volume ready for use wherever and whenever a little waiting spell presents itself.

Everyone who can do so should see Plymouth Rock. My Leete ancestors of 1639 did not arrive there, but the poor little rock, the old relics in the museum and the graveyard where so large a part of the Pilgrim colony, including Mrs. Leete's ancestor, Edward Fuller, were buried during the first bitter winter after their arrival, should stir a sense of patriotism in any lover of the United States, whatever his own family origin. And it is strangely true that recent immigrants are often as loyal to this country, its ideals and its sacred sites, if not more so, than are descendants of the first settlers.

Niagara Falls is a must experience for those who wish to be able to say that they have seen America. It should be viewed several times, or at least from both American and Canadian sides and from the river below the falls, in order to appreciate its magnitude and majesty.

There were with me during one of my first contacts with Niagara some of the young people of the Little Falls, New York, church of which I was pastor. Most of them were knitting-mill people who had never before been far away from the home town. They were excited by the sights and sounds which came to them, and by something else. We went down to see the rapids below the torrent, and after we came up in the elevator again, seventy-five cents the round trip, one of the youngsters said with a sigh of satisfaction, "Vanderbilt himself couldn't spend his money any faster than that." The crowd in the ascending car, who had recently attended an Epworth League Convention in Toronto, sang "When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there," a piece then new and popular. What was my surprise, when we stepped from the elevator, to see near us J. M. Black, the author of this song. It was much to the delight of my companions to be introduced to Mr. Black.

Our continent has many waterfalls that are more beautiful than Niagara, though they are not as vast and gorgeous. New York State contains Trenton Falls, whose camp-meetings I attended in youth, and Chittenango Falls, below which I once caught a large rainbow trout. They are among entrancing works of nature. One of the hap-

ADVENTURES OF

piest of days was one spent by Mrs. Leete and myself with Doctor and Mrs. James R. Joy and Bishop and Mrs. Herbert Welch on a drive from Portland, Oregon, to Klamath Falls, a place to enjoy rapturously and to dream over long afterward.

One must of course see the caves of Kentucky and Tennessee. My son was driving us on the long road from Cave City to Mammoth Cave, and as it was night and he was weary, he fell asleep. But the way happened to be straight, the ruts deep and the Lizzie well-trained, so no harm came to us, and we passed half the dark hours in the midst of the marvels of the mighty cavern. Places to see and revisit are the Natural Bridge of Virginia, Lincoln's birthplace in Kentucky, the Wesley Oak on St. Simon's Island, Georgia, McKee's Jungle Gardens, Bok Tower and the Bird Sanctuary, and several springs of Florida, Silver, Rainbow, Sanlando, DeLeon, Wakulla, the Gulf coast of Alabama and Mississippi, the winding trails of the Ozarks in Arkansas. These are master-pieces in the galleries of memory.

The battlefields of America are as scenic as any I have visited elsewhere, among them Yorktown, Gettysburg, Petersburg, Kennesaw and Chickamauga. We were escorted by the able and genial Methodist layman, John A. Patten of Chattanooga, the first time we visited Lookout Mountain, where Joe Hooker, who joined the Methodist Church in his old age, fought the battle above the clouds, and Missionary Ridge, up which one of the most gallant of charges was made by Sherman's troops, and the site of the stand made by Geo. H. Thomas, the Rock of Chickamauga. Mr. Patten seemed to know every stone and tradition of these scenes of struggle, and well he might. His father was one of the men who without orders of superiors, under deadly fire, scaled the face of Missionary Ridge. The family remained there permanently. One of my sacred recollections is that of a little service, attended only by Mrs. Patten and her children, which I was asked to conduct at the grave of their much-loved husband and father, when in their home in 1916.

ON THE BIG WATERS

The first taste of the sea which came to me was in childhood on a Mallory Line steamer from Jacksonville to New York. Only one clear memory remains, that of my first and worst attack of *mal de*

A TRAVELING PREACHER

mer. The youngsters aboard, among whom my activities were about as great as any, had been racing up and down the deck when we came to the breakers, and we did not have the judgment to stop then. I was the first person aboard to be seized by such distress as caused me to rush to the side of the ship and pay tribute to Neptune. Much unnecessary attention was given me. Why does everybody consider seasickness a cause for merriment? The passengers crowded about me and even brought up deck chairs and constituted themselves a court of advisers. They said things like this (how the anger of it comes back to me), "A good chew of tobacco will cure you," "Take a dose of oil, and you'll feel better," "Tie a piece of pork to a string, swallow, and pull it up again." Cruel? Surely, but not without revenge. The afternoon was nearly gone. Came the supper bell, and the healthy, laughing passengers crowded down to the dining-saloon. A sympathetic younger officer of the vessel had stayed with me to keep me in good spirits. Soon a procession began to come in haste from below, at first one or two, with handkerchiefs at their lips, then more, then groups, looking pasty white as they hurried towards staterooms and lavatories. Is it surprising that the sailor and I met them with ironic interest? We asked, "What's the matter?" "Why such speed?" "How about a chew of tobacco or a little pork?" So, we evened things up. Never afterward, not even coming up from southern islands with a cargo of sweet-smelling yellow sugar, or on the queasy Irish Sea, or on a dancing ship off Alexandria, Egypt, waiting for the waves to go down enough to allow us to get into the harbor without bumping on the bottom of the channel, did it become necessary for me to yield completely or even seriously, to the nausea produced by what Shakespeare, who wrote about everything in earth and heaven, called a "seasick, weary bark."

Short sea trips worth noting were those upon the waters of the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea. Both of these bodies of water are famous for sudden storms and occasional hurricanes, but our experiences there were fortunate. We had a lovely trip once from Key West to Tampa, the weather comfortably warm, the skies white-fleeced and bright and the waters gently moving and restful. It was most interesting to visit and speak in one of our little churches in Key West and in others in the south and on the west coast of Florida.

When the assignment to preside in the Porto Rico Conference in

ADVENTURES OF

February, 1917 came to me round trip tickets were purchased, not only to San Juan, but around the island to Ponce. When we arrived in the lovely harbor of San Juan we were met by the Methodist Superintendent, Manuel Andujar, a loyal Methodist born in Spain. Our life on the island itself was not altogether as calm and peaceful as that upon the surrounding seas. On shore, we were dashed over mountains and nearly over their cliffs by Spanish drivers who seemed to have no sense of danger or concern for life.

Preaching tours carried me all about the part of Porto Rico assigned by interdenominational arrangement to Methodist care. Audiences were vari-colored, ranging from lily-white Spanish to darkest African black. A remote mountain village welcomed us with the help of the most uproarious band I ever heard, unless it was one in Southern Italy. The pulpit platform from which I preached was honored in one town by the presence of the mayor, the judge and the chief of police, also the postmaster. The latter gave us a feast (!) in his home. The dignitaries just mentioned were among those about the table. A circle of children and behind them dogs stood back of the seated guests. Delicacies went from the first circle to the second and what was left to circle number three. The hospitality shown was superb. Various pictures and diplomas of honor decorated the walls of the living room. Among the latter was a document issued by scoundrels in Chicago, for which the postmaster had doubtless paid from \$25 to \$100, assuring sundry and all that our host was one of the "Coming Men of America."

What exploiters we have in the good old U.S.A., source of dirty movies, rotten liquor, political maladministration and of cheap, little frauds, such as the proudly framed paper to which reference has been made. My autograph collection contains a letter from James Calvert, one of the first Wesleyan missionaries from England, whose labors converted the cannibals of Fiji. This message of 1868 is an appeal to Dr. Morley Punshon of Toronto to use influence with the government of the United States to prevent an American consul from prosecuting a most unjust claim against some poor inhabitants of Fiji. The conduct reported in this letter is disgraceful, as is the story of many episodes of more important affairs with which we have been connected in lands afar. We should hang our heads in shame on account of the mis-government of distant dependencies by party hacks sent out

A TRAVELING PREACHER

from Washington. Honorable exceptions should be made, among these Leonard Wood and General Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and when this account was written the administration of Japan by General Douglas MacArthur. Schools and churches were by far our best gifts to Porto Rico. We went there on the Steamer Carolina and returned on the Brazos. As this was in 1917 steamers were in danger from submarines on part of the route, and some had suffered damage. We had a war-scare, but nothing came of it.

A VISIT TO THE VIRGIN ISLANDS

A little night trip from Porto Rico took me to St. Thomas on a round-bottomed boat called the Marina. There was reason to be glad that this crossing of the straits began at bedtime. The Virgin Islands, which had been purchased from Denmark in 1916 but were still in its possession as the Danish West Indies, were very interesting. The deep and lovely harbor at St. Thomas, with the city circled about its shores and its castle of Bluebeard, not the one of French literature but another pirate who murdered his wives, is well worth seeing. The place was then cosmopolitan. The German consul drove through the main street in a dogcart, holding bright yellow reins over a fine horse, looking neither to right nor left. The port physician, also German, said to me that the consul was the best hated man on the island. My stopping-place was the home of the Wesleyan preacher. There was quite a Methodist parish there—from England, of course. The chief business of the port was coaling ships, and it was a sight to see many blacks, women as well as men, toiling and freely perspiring on the wharves and boats, as they carried big baskets of fuel. Sunday afternoon we were out on the placid and smiling waters of the harbor. Several German warships were stranded or ashore. Admiral Dewey's flagship, the Olympia, was one of the vessels anchored near. The central sight was the splendid Danish battleship, the Valkyrie II, soon to leave for home. We had a remarkable and thrilling picture when we saw the sailors in bright uniforms under the command of the ship's officers and with a smartly-dressed naval band near, lining up on the spacious decks for a demonstration. A flag was to be raised—the Danish emblem, of course. But no! As our little boat danced on the gentle waves and we looked up at the ship we were electrified to see the national emblem most beautiful on earth to our eyes slowly

ADVENTURES OF

drawn upward to float proudly over the waters of the harbor. Then the Danish band, with excellent timing and harmony, delighted our ears with the strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner," played as a tribute of respect to the nation about to take over possession of the island and its sisters, St. John and St. Croix. What could be more thrilling from the standpoint of patriotism than such an event and its entire setting in surroundings and history? Band music never is so melodious as when it comes over waters. Our inspiring hope then was that the nation whose flag was honored would develop and serve the interests of the islands we had secured from Denmark in accordance with the highest requirements of their inhabitants as potential citizens.

EUROPE THE NEXT ADVENTURE

The first voyage to foreign shores is an event long planned for, as a rule, and well remembered. The need of travel leads one, or should do so, to read history and works descriptive of other lands. A preacher is often better equipped for sermons by seeing the world and by observing the acts of its people, than he is by courses of study or by reading books alleged to be religious. The latter tend in a given period to be much alike, repeating in various ways the jargon of the day. The people whom we served never objected to short absences of their pastor for purposes of self-improvement. You may say that they would have consented to longer periods of rest from their usual pulpit diet. Who can disprove this, or can prove it? At all events we went abroad occasionally, as inexpensively as possible. We never had large means, but we did have the habit of economy. We saved our fees and balances and took passage for Italy in 1909 on the North German Lloyd steamer Neckar, Captain A. Traue. This boat became the Princess Louise during the first World War, we heard, and it was sent to the bottom. It was an old craft, anyway, of less than 10,000 tonnage—a one-class boat, with no chance for snobbery. "Believe it or not," the cost of the voyage from New York to Naples was \$45 each. Not very extravagant for a sixteen day trip, lengthened to eighteen days because it became necessary to make the port of Genoa before sighting Vesuvius, and to land there the Metropolitan Opera Chorus of New York, who were fellow-passengers.

We were accompanied in our first foreign tour by a Detroit photog-

A TRAVELING PREACHER

rapher and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Spellman. The Captain of our boat was an amateur in this art, and since Mr. Spellman was able to give him valuable hints our party of four were quite approved. We were taken all over the boat, and were shown its machinery, instruments, storage and steerage, though the latter on the run back to Italy was not largely occupied. We were told that between Europe and New York there had been twenty-two hundred steerage enrollment. That was the day of the cheapest immigration fares and of indescribable crowding in quarters which became exceedingly foul.

The Neckar was comfortable and the meals excellent, better than on many famous ships of later times. The Metropolitan musical stars were not with the chorus, who were on their way back to Italian homes, and were a friendly, merry people, full of pranks, enjoying gamboling and music. An *aria di bravura, cantabile* or *buffa* might come up any hatchway, or a symphony from the stateroom one was passing. We were given two formal concerts, and they were performances of much merit. The solos were not a great deal below the standards of the chief Metropolitan singers, as one heard them in those days in New York and Atlanta. Taking this troupe to Genoa gave us a free trip to the beautiful birthplace of Columbus. The fine monument to the discoverer, his rather uninteresting dwelling, the splendid harbor, several imposing churches, one affording magnificent views of shipping and city, and the famous *campo santo* fascinated those of us who had not previously seen such objects of historical interest. My companion, who was never given to punning, when she saw the high apartment houses of Genoa and the manner in which the departed were stored in the galleries of the vast *campo santo*, remarked most aptly, "The Genovese, both in life and in death, are in tiers."

ITALY IN THE OLD DAYS

The approach to Naples and its imposing harbor was a revelation to us, as it has been to multitudes throughout the centuries. Capri was as beautiful as the great volcano beyond the harbor, smoking rather placidly at the time, was massive and picturesque. The great city which encircled a large part of the bay was far more sightly at a distance than when we landed and were repelled by its filthy streets. This was long before Mussolini cleaned up, which in justice even to the miscreant he became later, the dictator of Italy really did. We

ADVENTURES OF

have visited Naples a number of times and know the difference between the once unspeakably dirty town and the modern city it became when it was washed and swept. The Fascist regime made another great change. When we arrived the first time we heard that someone had said, "Naples is a town of seven hundred fifty thousand people, of whom two hundred and fifty thousand are beggars." Never anywhere did we find so many and so importunate mendicants, except perhaps in old times in Dublin. Beggars were all about, singly and in packs, like hungry dogs. Many were prowling around looking for victims of their art, or perhaps it would be fairer to say they were seeking means to keep famished bodies alive. Large numbers were asleep in angles of the walls or in gutters. Contact with these swarms of human discards was most unpleasant, whether or not one yielded to their pleas. "See Naples and die" was a Delphic oracle, meaning whatever one might make of it. One of our party, disgusted by fleas, Neapolitan hack-drivers, dirty streets and foul smells, exclaimed, "See Naples, and you are dead."

Naples contained some attractions of much interest despite its wretched condition; valuable treasures of the past in its museum, an excellent aquarium, ancient relics at Herculaneum and Pompeii, and mighty Vesuvius. We ascended the volcano, by cog-wheel and by climbing. A wealthy American tourist hired bearers to carry his wife on a jouncing seat. They stopped two or three times, insisting that their contract had expired, and that they must be paid again to go farther. On the way back down the mountain the men dropped the poles in the rear of the seat on the volcanic ash of the cone. The front bearers ran or slid down the steep places while the madame bounced up, down and sidewise, in a manner that should have been valuable as a flesh-reducer. Our own group stood for some time on the immense ring of the crater, watching the bubbling lava and the escaping steam which threatened another eruption, such as had shortly before poured disaster down one of the slopes of the mountain. Finally, at more risk of burning my shoes than of being swallowed up in the abyss, I ventured down the inside banks a dozen or twenty feet to the floor of the crater and indulged in a very brief walk which soon became too sulphurous and sultry, making it seem better to clamber back up and begin the descent of the cone to the railway and the return trip.

A TRAVELING PREACHER

THE GRAND CIRCLE IN EUROPE

The temptation in describing a first visit to Europe is to go into too many details, especially for an experience which so many have enjoyed. We went through Italy, Switzerland, Germany, the Low Countries, England and Scotland, taking in about what everyone did at that time, that is, first of all, the ancient churches and the marvelous and frequently mammoth art galleries, through whose jeweled spaces tourists with guide or guidebook toiled in exhausting weariness of eye, mind, back and foot. We finally learned that the way to get any worth-while impressions and memories from works of art is to see a portion of the best of them, for a brief period of time and often.

This initial visit to the older world enabled us to see the chief temples and treasure-houses of Naples, Rome, Florence, Pisa, Milan, Venice and other Italian cities and the similar monuments of past glory in Munich, Berlin, Brussels, Paris, London and Edinburgh. Many special items will always be keenly remembered. One recalls the violin of Paganini in Genoa, the Pompeian relics in Naples, and the catacombs of St. Calixtus, where it has been claimed that fifteen Popes and about two hundred thousand Christians were buried. Other famous sights were the Mamertine prison in Rome, which was possibly occupied by Saints Peter and Paul and certainly by Vercingetorix. We were intrigued with the portiuncula of St. Francis in Assisi, the art places and Giotto campanile of Florence, the piazza of St. Mark's and the Grand Canal of Venice, the quaint old buildings of Nuremberg, the Sistine Madonna and Hoffman pictures of Munich, the dome and *Unter den Linden* in Berlin and the beautiful structures of Brussels. Paris was studied thoroughly, except for its Bohemian center and night life. The surpassingly wonderful, wearisome Louvre claimed us on several occasions. One could spend a lifetime there, but not with profit, since life is more and better than art, however it may be stamped with genius.

A letter written to one of our children when we were in Italy says: "Our week in Rome was quite satisfactory. We really felt as if we had done the great city pretty well. We were four or five times at St. Peter's and I was twice up the dome over four hundred feet high, the

ADVENTURES OF

same day, from which feat I had a swollen ankle and went around lame for a couple of days. We saw Hadrian's tomb, the Appian Way, the Capitoline museum, the Forum, Colosseum, baths of Diocletian and Caracalla, St. Paul's Without the Gates, Pincian gardens and other historic relics. A comic monk took us down the catacombs. He was always saying things more or less humorous. Finally, after he had said something disrespectful of Protestants, he remarked, 'I know I am bad, but I am good bad.' On the way here (Florence) we went round by way of Assisi to see the places sacred on account of the memories of St. Francis. One of the strange things there is the sight of two large churches of different styles, built one above the other. In a crypt under the lower church is the tomb of St. Francis, hollowed out of solid rock."

London is a treasure-house to all peoples of English descent. We worked faithfully there to see and make the most of its wonders; the Thames, the Parliament buildings, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, the Tower of London, the National and Tait Galleries, Buckingham, Windsor and Hampton palaces, Kew Gardens, Hyde Park and the haunts of Dickens and Doctor Johnson. Of course, as Methodists, we were eager to go to Wesley's City Road Chapel and to his tomb, library and prayer-room, which we did with painstaking. Of course we went over to Bunhill Fields cemetery and stood with reverence by the grave of the marvelous home-maker, mother and guide of her children, Susannah Wesley. George Fox and Daniel Dafoe were buried in Bunhill Fields.

The journey of 1909 also took us to Scotland, where we visited Edinburgh, Glasgow and the Trossachs, of the latter of which we have the usual misty recollection. We admired Edinburgh, with its castles, Arthur's seat and the Sir Walter Scott monument. The Firth of Forth bridge required a delightful drive, but there for the first time in our lives we saw a well-dressed middle-aged woman, with an intelligent face, so beastly intoxicated that men rolled her into a carriage like a bundle of rags. Glasgow seemed to us rather awful. During our Scotch and North of England observations we had a sense of the superiority of American women. Of late, we do not feel so proud of the personal habits of the women of this country as a whole. We now have our own feminine smokers, beer-guzzlers, cocktail

A TRAVELING PREACHER

drinkers and bar-maids, products to some degree of the sayings and example of national leaders and of the White House. Our return from Scotland to the United States was made on the Megantic from Liverpool to Montreal. The passage was neither stormy nor pleasant. The trip through the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the noble river past Quebec to Montreal was a delightful one, and constituted a gratifying conclusion of our initial venture to other parts of the world.

WORLD WAR I BATTLE-FIELDS, ECUMENICAL CONFERENCE, ENGLISH CATHEDRALS

This heading is a synopsis of a second circular tour of Europe. We liked the southern route so well that on a second visit to Europe we were eager to repeat that approach to the continental nations. Our ship, the Canopic, White Star Line, went to Boston, the Azores, Lisbon, Gibraltar, Naples. We had a party of seven, including, besides Mrs. Leete and myself, our daughter Helen, Mrs. W. D. Keefer, our son Frederick DeLand, Junior, my sister, Miss Gertrude M. Leete, and her friend Miss Maie Cook, and our niece, Miss Gladys Fearon. We spent four hours in Boston, and we were five hours on the Azores. We were familiar with the location of the Methodist church in Naples, Via Cimbri, 8, and we visited the morning service, July 3, 1921. The pastor, Reverend Agostino Mangiacapra, recognized me, and it was an honor at his request to assist in the administration of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper and to make an address to the Sunday school. An excellent attendance and the presence of perhaps a dozen students of the University of Naples, of which the pastor was a graduate, seemed to us convincing proof of the validity of Methodist work in Italy. Most of our party were seeing Italy for the first time, and we repeated much of our previous experience there, giving direction to our party, attempting to supplement the very faulty leadership of a guide furnished us by a travel bureau. We had some difficulty in helping undo the positive ignorance and errors of this principal of a New England high school. He told our young people that there were no flowers in the Alps, but the plants themselves soon refuted him. So did the torture-chambers in the Low Countries belie his statement that the inquisition did not extend to northern regions. None of us ever wished another travel conductor. The man was as

mean in money-matters and as tyrannical with women who were alone as few uneducated men would have been. The bureau dismissed him soon after this journey.

My text, when preaching in the American Church in Venice, July 17, 1921, at a service in which Doctors Maynard and B. M. Tipple as well as many tourists were present, was St. John 14:6. We went to Lakes Como and Maggiore, to Genoa again, to Nice, from which place we took the celebrated Corniche drive, and thence over the French Alps to Switzerland. This range, while not as spectacular as some others, is packed with loveliness, and the ride in large charabancs was very exhilarating. The Geneva Protestant monuments and the tall straight-backed chair of John Calvin (was it one of the divine decrees?) were impressive. The famous organ recitals of Breitenbach at Lucerne, including his remarkable storm piece, and the national water celebration there delighted our party. We spent much time in Paris, straining strength and eyesight in the Louvre and Luxemburg palaces of art. We attended a service at the American church, Doctor A. E. Kirk preaching, and then we went to the battle-fields of World War I. The conflict had not been over long enough so that its scars were covered. We saw at Chateau Thierry, in the Methodist museum, the remains of the plane in which Quentin Roosevelt, one of the intrepid sons of President Theodore Roosevelt, came to the end of his earthly career. We looked through the vast field of American graves at Belleau Wood, and heard the tale of trickery which caused the United States to pay twice over for the ground where lie so many deliverers of France and of civilization. We visited Soissons, with its avenues of deformed and ruined trees, Chemin des Dames, hills 108 and 210, blasted bare, with immense craters where soldiers had been blown up. There is still in my possession a German iron cross, picked up by me on one of the war's great heaps of stones and dust where thousands of fighting men lost their lives. One cannot mention a tenth of the fields of carnage and the cemeteries we walked about only a brief time after armies struggled there. We had no idea then that the awful conflict which had so recently occurred was to be followed only a few years later by one far more disastrous and bloody. Louvain, Bruges, Zee Brugge and its mole were shown to us by a man wearing a Victoria cross.

A TRAVELING PREACHER

Our company went to Waterloo, to pay our respects, not to Napoleon, but to Wellington. Thence we went to Amsterdam; to the quaint, picturesque Isle of Marken, and to the Hague with the broad beach at Scheveningen, the orange house, the peace palace, and to many continental places of fame. Our unsatisfactory conductor then escorted us to England, where some were so fortunate as to get away from his services, while others had more or less trouble with him until they reached Montreal on the return.

In Britain we once more visited Cambridge and Oxford, and then some of the places from which the Leete family sent its first emigrant, William Leete, his wife and child to America in 1639. We found at his residence, The Ferns, St. Noets, Huntingshire, a Mr. Herbert Leete, surveyor of the county, and a very distant connection. He accompanied us on a motor trip during which we visited Thrapston, Huntington, Hail Weston, Midlow Grange, Southoe and other points where we saw ancient churches, graves, monuments, homes and other objects connected with the history of the Leete family, as described in the sumptuous genealogy published by Mr. Joseph Leete. The Wesley room at Lincoln College, Oxford, claimed our eager attention. Its more attractive embellishment by the joint labors of Bishop John W. Hamilton and Sir Robert Perks, and to which we were among many who contributed moderately, took place some seven or eight years later. The magnificent ancient and rich volumes and manuscripts of the Bodleian library, with its first Gutenberg and first American Bibles, was a center of much attraction. We went again to Hampton Court, and enjoyed a boat ride on the Thames. The war memorials in the noted Crystal Palace were viewed with special interest. We went to Stratford on Avon, Warwick and Kenilworth. Back in London we spent a little time in Hyde Park hearing self-appointed orators and propagandists of all sorts of causes, isms and fanaticisms, with a repertoire ranging from Communism to Jesuitism. There were some wholesome speakers who supported Christian truth and social justice.

A GATHERING OF WORLD METHODISM

The reason why 1921 was selected by us for this European tour was because the Fifth Ecumenical Methodist Conference, to which I

ADVENTURES OF

was a delegate, was to be held in London in September. This event is passed over here, as it is reported with many other meetings which I have attended.

One of the delights of England is the number and glory of its cathedrals. Mrs. Leete and I had seen St. Paul's, the masterpiece of Sir Christopher Wren, and I had often quoted the proud saying *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice*. (If you seek his monument, look about.) We had spent a considerable time in the churches of Westminster and especially in the services and among the monuments to immortals which ennoble the ancient Abbey. We had also viewed Canterbury, with the memorials of Thomas à Becket. This time we went also to Winchester, with its Alfred monument, to Salisbury with a side-trip to see the Druid remains at Stonehenge; to Ely, Peterborough and Lincoln, with its priceless thirteenth and fourteenth century glass; to York minster and castle, and to Durham, best of Norman cathedrals. It is Norman to the roof, with massive pillars, alternately round and square, the whole length open and with much light. During the round of cathedrals we stopped over at Epworth, the home of the family of John Wesley. The church of Rev. Samuel Wesley, father of John, founder of Methodism, and of Charles, its sweet singer, was shown to us by the rector, the Reverend J. Greaves, who later took us through the old rectory, where we saw the kitchen in which the famous Susannah Wesley fed and regulated her nineteen children. They were brought up not to cry out loud, to have genteel manners, and to understand the meaning and true experience of Christian life and conduct. The tombstone on which John Wesley preached, when denied the right to speak in his father's pulpit, reminded us of the smallness of mind of the Church of England concerning the famous man whom later leaders acclaim, asserting that he never left the established Church. He did not have to leave; he was put out, and he and his followers were persecuted by the drinking, profligate clergy of the time. We attended service in the Wesley Memorial chapel, September 18, 1921. There was a reverent congregation, totally in contrast with the sodden drinkers who sat guzzling through most of Saturday night, filling the parlors and bar of the hotel. We escaped them by finding a room with an excellent Methodist landlady.

Our 1921 five weeks in England closed with a review of the beauti-

A TRAVELING PREACHER

ful scenes and literary haunts of the Lake Country. Keswick, once famed as a center of Christian mysticism, was noteworthy because the lounge of the hotel had so many somberly dressed and important-looking women smoking long, black cigars. This sight was quite novel to us at that time. Grasmere, Dove cottage, the church with the graves of Wordsworth and Hartley Coleridge, Ambleside, Nab cottage, Rydal Mount, Windermere, Orrest Head with fine views, home of Christopher North, Elleray: what names, with many reminders of one of the best periods of English literature! Then Liverpool, the Empress of Britain of the Canadian Pacific Line for Quebec, Montreal and home. We found British steamers cleaner, with poorer cooking and more lifeless religious services, than in case of other boats.

THE NEAR EAST CALLS US

We had always wanted to see the lands at the eastern end of the Mediterranean, and especially Palestine. An opportunity came in 1927 when on March 12 with Doctor W. H. Foreman, Mrs. Leete's physician in Indianapolis and Mrs. Foreman, and with no conductor this time, we left the pier at the foot of 57th St., New York, on the Roma, 33,000 ton crack ship of the Italian navy, the third time for Naples. We were very partial to the Southern route. We left America in a fog. The weather continued to be "froggy," as our granddaughter Barbara used to call it sometimes at Mackinaw. The sea was not rough, but was called "*grosso*" on the chart for most of six days, and then became "*agitato*" until we neared Gibraltar. We had a fine view of the Rock, but did not stop. The sun came out brightly, and we had clear views of the shores both of Spain and Africa. The sea became "*mosso*" and the sky "*sereno*" as we sailed the typical Mediterranean blue, arriving off the port of Naples with the waves "*calmo*." We went to Capri the next day, visiting once more what a Detroit friend used to call "the blue Grottoo." We were at Pozzuoli, where an ancient mole is said to be partly a remnant of St. Paul's landing-place when he was on his way to Rome. He stopped here with Christian disciples for a week. We went to the Methodist *Casa Materna* at Portici and again viewed the remains of Pompeii. We took the famous Amalfi drive beside the sparkling Gulf of Salerno, lunching at Hotel St. Catherine. We saw again the Farnese collection and bronzes in the Naples museum, the aquarium and Villa Nazionale. Then we took

ADVENTURES OF

train for Rome, passing Caserta, ancient watering-place of royalty, and Monte Cassino, where we saw the famous abbey founded by St. Benedict of Norcia, vortex of one of the bloody struggles of World War II. Rome again, at the Savoia, and a ride in the Pincian gardens and the grounds of Borghesi palace, where the flowers of spring were in glorious bloom. On Sunday, March 27, we attended service at the Methodist sanctuary and heard a sermon by Doctor S. W. Irwin.

We might have had an audience with Mussolini during our visit in Rome if we had been willing to stay there a few days more. But we weren't and didn't. On the Roma going to Italy we heard the Italian dictator lauded to the skies by S. S. McClure and Senator Luiggi. Mr. McClure, formerly of the well-known magazine, was as completely a fascist as a non-Italian could become. The Roman senator was an elderly aristocrat, not at all the person to be naturally allied with socialism. His replies to my questions during a long personal interview were made in as perfect English as is spoken by anyone. On St. Patrick's Day I wrote the substance of illustrated lectures given the passengers and the conversations held with these men on the accomplishments of fascism. Mr. McClure talked to me of "the corporate state" and of the way all branches of industry and commerce and all interests are made part of the government and are required to serve the common good. Property is respected. Genius is utilized. Mr. McClure said that "leadership is the problem of government. The press is free to help but not to harm Italy. Labor may produce, but not strike. Capital is employed, but directed." He said that "the American press is a prostitute. Pulitzer originally debauched it and Hearst developed its evil activities. In Italy all are contented, save only theorists. There is no chance there for pacifists, agitators and perverters like so many American college professors. After war in Italy, communists ruined business with strikes, and pacifists perverted the soldiers. Mussolini made all the people workers, as most of them preferred to be, and not strikers. All are soldiers and defenders of Italy. In America," said Mr. McClure, "what has the freedom of the press secured? License to spread vice, blasphemy and false teaching." There was more in the same vein, and even now, despite the facts which have occurred, one must note a number of very good principles in the above list of accomplishments, some of



FRIENDS AND CORRESPONDENTS IN A WIDE FIELD

Top row: Bishop Ju Sam Ryang, Head of Red Cross, and Martyr Korea; Mrs. Etsu Sugimoto, authoress and teacher, Tokyo; José L. Valencia, Philippines Methodist Bishop. *Second row:* William E. Sangster, Westminster Central, London, President British Methodism; Bishop Chih P. Wang, China; Sydney Walton, C.B.E., Editor British Weekly; Bishop Ralph A. Ward, China. *Third row:* Sir Edwin Arnold, Poet, Author, "The Light of the World"; Lord Josiah Stamp, British economist and scientist; Sir Robert Perks, parliamentarian and eminent Methodist layman. *Fourth row:* Yoshimune Abe, Japanese bishop; Mark Guy Pearse, famous London preacher; Sir Kingsley Wood, British statesman and Cabinet officer; Bishop W. Y. Chen, China. *Fifth row:* A. W. Harrison, President British Conference; Frank D. Gamewell, distinguished missionary, Defender of Peking in the Boxer Rebellion; Gipsy Smith, famous evangelist.

A TRAVELING PREACHER

which we found on our arrival in Italy to be actual, however achieved.

Senator Luiggi took about the same attitude as Mr. McClure, aristocrat to the finger-tips that he was. He said that Italy was on the verge of going Bolshevik. All who had means to do so had put their cash abroad, except for gold in their pockets. Many had secured vessels or passage, to leave the country on a moment's warning. Then, he said, the king called up Mussolini by 'phone in Milan and asked him to take over the government. His reply was, so said the senator, that he would do so on two conditions, that he have authority over the king's signature, not over the telephone, and that he have undisputed power for at least two years. These conditions were met, said Luiggi, and when I asked him how long Italy would stay good he declared that if they could keep Mussolini for twenty years he thought it would remain so for two generations. We found on our arrival that dirt had been banished and beggary abolished in the kingdom. The filthy streets of Naples had been washed. One could not even tip a guide in a gallery or museum. Soldiers, policemen, firemen were dressed in snappy uniforms. Laziness had been replaced by toil and thrift. Italians must grow their own wheat, not buy from America. Alas, that human nature is so fallible. Mussolini originally seems to have been a temperate, studious toiler. He expressed high aims and announced some notable plans. How it was that innate evil or the degenerating influence of power, which must be maintained by politics, clean or vicious, reduced the dictator to the role of an intemperate, licentious, murderous criminal, who can say? But remembered well are the hopes and confidence of men of the type of Mr. McClure and the Senator of Rome, who talked privately as they did in their public addresses on the Roma of a virtuous and brilliant era for Italy.

THE GLORY THAT WAS ROME

Doctor S. W. Irwin, with expert knowledge of the city, took us on extensive explorations in Rome, including places not shown to ordinary tourists. In St. Peter's we went up to the dome of Angelo in the new lift, with memories of the hard stair-climbing of two decades before. The structure above St. Peter's is a marvelous creation, but the views from the roof are much more magnificent. We were taken

ADVENTURES OF

to the catacombs of St. Sebastian, where are more interesting remains than those of St. Calixtus, which are so much better known. There are ancient frescoes and vestiges of tombs. Inscriptions bear the names of Saints Peter and Paul, which appear frequently. We were shown the recovered precincts of the home of Aquila, a Jew fellow tent-maker and his wife, with whom Paul had lived in Corinth. The English cemetery near *S. Paolo fuori le Mura*, with its graves of Keats, Severn and Shelley, is a place to dream in, one "that tempts us out of thought." At length we put our pennies into the Fountain of Trevi so that we might be certain to come back to the Eternal City, and then returned to Naples for our fourth time and took ship for Alexandria. Our vessel, the *Esperia*, was small, but the most "classy" boat which we ever boarded, all appointments deluxe. Syracuse, with thoughts of Archimedes, gave us a brief thrill. We reached Alexandria at 5 A.M., Monday, April 4, 1927. The sea in early sunlight was a study in colors, gray, green, brown, purple, black and blue, with varied midway tints and hues, and plenty of whitecaps. The waves were large and rolling, and the channel into the harbor was so shallow that the captain did not dare take our little ship inside until the waters partially quieted. We did not dock until 11 o'clock, when we lunched at the Majestic. Then we took a drive around the streets and harbor and the train for Cairo at 3 P.M. If the famous library of 700,000 volumes, many of which were original manuscripts of Greek classics and other valuable works, had not burned in the very long ago, we would not have hurried away from the commercial port so soon.

THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS

Cairo, the pyramids, the Sphinx! Who has not read and heard about them? And what enthusiastic photographer and exhibitor has not shown us pictures of "mama on the camel" or "papa questioning what our guide called 'the spinky'?" The museum at Cairo had then just become one of the chief show-places of the earth, made so by the addition to its treasures of the gold relics and other contents of the tomb of Tutankhamen of the XVIII dynasty, B.C. Twice we have seen the massive gold coffins, one inside another, chairs, beds and various utensils and *objects d'art*. We saw in this place of most ancient relics the mummies of Seti I and of the Pharaoh of the Exodus,

A TRAVELING PREACHER

according to tradition. We viewed the city bazaars and the tombs of the caliphs and khedives, and then we took the Luxor express up the rich and artificially watered Nile Valley. Many tiny farms were there, with toiling water-buffaloes, date-palm groves, blossoming acacias and fields of clover, wheat, onions and other vegetables. All this fertility would be sterile sand were it not for the vast irrigation system controlling the water of the northbound river.

One goes from the Savoy at Luxor on excursions to Karnak, with its avenue of sphinxes and sacred lake, and to the Luxor temple, a place of many ancient inscriptions. We were taken across the Nile in a sailboat to a point whence carriages or donkeys transport visitors to the Valley of the Kings. This is the site of caverns in solid rock, where have been found remains and relics of monarchs of past ages. These costly burial-places are well worth seeing, that of Tutankhamen being of supreme interest when we were there because of the exceedingly rich treasures that had not long before been moved from this location to Cairo Museum where we saw them. A friend of mine, mentioned elsewhere in this book, the Rev. Doctor C. W. McCaskill, was the first American to see them after the tomb had been discovered. I have in manuscript the story of Doctor McCaskill's making the acquaintance of a high Egyptian official who gave him a letter to the explorers. This message was honored by the distinguished archaeologist and discoverer Lord Carnarvon, himself, who was on the site, when the local guards refused admission, and the story of what my friend observed when the contents of the tomb were *in situ*, as placed thousands of years ago, is worthy of publication in full, even at this late date. Incidentally, it may be said that Doctor McCaskill was one of those whose resistance of any calamity and whose years of life after viewing the resting-place of the XVIIIth dynasty king proved that the curse pronounced by its inscription upon any who should enter those sacred precincts was ineffective. R. M. Davidson, director of the Near East Relief, was our guide when we returned to Cairo, and with him we visited Sakkara, site of ancient Memphis and the step pyramid of King Zozer. Memphis, the Noph of the Bible, was the "abode of the god" Osiris, and here reigned Cheops of the great pyramid. We then went to the oldest Coptic church in Cairo, Abe Sergeh, and by boat to the Island of Roda, where tradition says that Moses was found by the daughter of the Pharaoh. We had previously

ADVENTURES OF

looked at the Virgin's tree, well and church and the obelisk at old Heliopolis, sites connected with traditions of the Holy Family and of the education of Moses.

PALESTINE AT LAST!

We had always wanted to stand on the sacred soil of "the Land of the Book." This Palestine certainly is, as a physically great American visitor there discovered to his surprise. I heard him exclaim, as he was trying to find out where he was, "If I had known that this country had anything to do with the Bible, I would have brought one with me."

Palestine! We saw it for the first time on Tuesday, April 12, 1927. A tiny country, smaller than some of our American counties, with only a little arable land in three or four plains and small valleys in mountains which run through the land from north to south. American politicians and ignoramuses talk as if all the Jews in the world could go there and earn their living. They would be supported by charity from other nations for the greater part, or starve. But does not Palestine belong to the Jews? They obtained what they had of it by conquest from the Canaanites, most of whom, but not all, they destroyed or drove out. About the 7th Century A.D., Palestine became Arab by conquest, and a large part of the people, despite all efforts to colonize the land, are Arabs now. Vast numbers of them have been dispossessed however by Jewish forces and are homeless in Transjordan or elsewhere.

The experiences of several trips to and through the sacred land are to be found in my book, "Palestine, The Land of the Light," and our first entry into the most desecrated but most hallowed country on earth needs but a brief description here. We went from Cairo to Jerusalem by train, crossing the Suez Canal by ferry. We had been advised to make the American Colony hostel our place of entertainment, and went immediately to the comfortable and well-kept building some little distance beyond the Damascus Gate on the north side of the city. We found there Doctor E. J. Helms, of Boston's Goodwill Industries and Church of All Nations, Colonel H. D. Lindley and other Americans and Professor Frank D. Adams, geologist of McGill University, Montreal. Our room was large and clean, and from the windows we could see a turn made in the Damascus Road to ac-

A TRAVELING PREACHER

commodate the cavalcade of Emperor William II, of Germany. Some of the original stones of this highway must have been there when Paul passed over them on his journey to the oldest city of the world.

The Church of the Holy Sepulcher was the first place to and through which we were taken by a poor guide whom I asked Mr. F. Vester of the Colony store to replace with a better one. We went to the Mosques of Omar and El Aksa in the area of Solomon's temple. The five greatest mosques in the world were said to be St. Sophia, Constantinople; Amayyade (Amaweed) Damascus; Mohammed Ali, Cairo, the Mosque of Omar in Jerusalem and the Ka'aba in Mecca, a transformed heathen temple. It has been my good fortune to see these magnificent structures except the last-named. We also traveled thoughtfully through the traditional *Via Dolorosa*, with memories of the story of the Cross-bearer, on His way to offer Himself for the sins of the world.

In the afternoon of the day of our city views we drove to Bethlehem and Hebron and return. On the way we saw the Well of the Magi, Rachel's tomb, the Field of the Shepherds, Abraham's oak at Mamre, under which we lunched, and the outside of the alleged tombs of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. The Arabs were not then admitting any Christians to these sepulchers. The very old Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem, successor of a church destroyed by Hadrian, and in good part a basilica of Constantine, displays a star in the tiling which proclaims the birthplace of Jesus. The venerated spots in Bethlehem, like those of the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem and many other sites in the hands of the Church of Rome, are well sealed in heavy masonry. It is not easy, at least for some of us, to have as much emotion in dull massive architectural piles as we felt beside the Field of the Shepherds, particularly when the stars of the Palestinian sky were in their glory.

It will not be my attempt here to detail the sites in Jerusalem's Holy Sepulcher or in the Temple Area, at the Jews' Wailing-wall, and in the streets of the ancient walled city. We went with Doctor and Mrs. Foreman, our traveling-companions, and with Doctor Helms, to the Mount of Olives, where we climbed not only to the summit of the hill of Ascension but to the top of the Russian Church. From these points of vantage we could take the best observations of Jerusalem as a whole and could look off in the other direction to the

ADVENTURES OF

Jordan Valley and the regions about the Dead Sea. We came down through the Garden of Gethsemane, with its ancient gnarled olives and its modern Franciscan flower-gardens. The three men of our party then walked down the Kedron Valley to the Pool of Siloam and about three-fourths of the way around the city walls. In many of these places one felt the most thrilling emotions. We sought to go and be everywhere in the vicinity, for we had in our hearts the desire expressed so well by Bunyan, "Wherever in the earth I have seen the print of my Lord's foot, there have I desired to set my feet also."

"Brother Jacob" E. Spafford, the Jewish Christian expositor of Scripture and spiritual leader of the American Colony, whose life was taken sometime since in an automobile tragedy, took me to St. Anne's Church and its buried Pool of Bethesda, explaining the relics and discoveries there. We went to the reputed place of the baptism of Jesus in the Jordan, taking a ride on the river with a Greek boatman and witnessing the spectacle of the immersion of Copts, who had toured here afoot from Egypt. They baptized themselves and others in white robes, afterward to be kept for their burial. We went to Jericho and also to the Dead Sea, where we found it easy to swim and hard to sink.

EASTER IN JERUSALEM!

My brief notes say, God be praised for the privilege! And privilege it was, to be repeated some years later. The record continues, for this was before World War II, would that this day of Christian triumph might recur to us in the same surroundings before we have finished our earthly adventures. After all that has happened in Palestine this desire has left me, but there is consolation in the thought that our feet are traveling rapidly to a far more splendid city than the capital of the Holy Land. The New Jerusalem will be the center, not of memories of the human Jesus, but of the Divine Presence, and of blissful futurities with those who have arisen with Christ and are entered into celestial glories.

The most notable events of our first Easter Sunday in Jerusalem were the sunrise service in Gordon's Calvary, the English church worship in St. George's Cathedral and the service at the American Colony hospice. The beautiful little garden, discovered by General Charles G. (Chinese) Gordon beside a rugged skull-shaped hill

A TRAVELING PREACHER

north of the ancient walls of the old city and containing a rock-cut tomb, is the place in the minds of many that seems most likely to have witnessed the crucifixion and burial of Jesus. All the surroundings are appropriate for the sacred site, and in the bright early morn of April 17, 1927, the little amphitheater before the tomb was filled with visitors from many lands. The conductor and speaker of the occasion was an English mystic. He belonged to an order of three devotees and was clad in robes of green, making a striking figure, as he led us in a series of brief songs, prayers and remarks. In the cathedral the preacher was the "Anglican Bishop in Jerusalem and the East," Doctor McInness, who spoke well on "I am the Resurrection." Nothing about this event was to me so impressive as the use of the Apostle's Creed and the Lord's Prayer. These are the two utterances which are so well known to Christians of many communions that they can say them together, as in the great audience on this occasion they did so, not only in English of many accents, but also in other languages. And all knew what the others were saying! This is something for theological sophisticates and iconoclasts to dispute about, while the rest of us like it and are deeply impressed. An invitation to conduct service at 3 P.M. in the spacious and lovely American Colony parlors came to me. There was a large attendance, including some Arab natives. The well-trained, melodious Colony choir moved all present with hymns of the risen Saviour. The theme of the afternoon was Philippians 3:10.

The next day was said to be the 1900th anniversary of Christ's trip to Emmaus. Called at 4 A.M. with a hasty breakfast at 4:30, Brother Frederick H. Myers of the American Colony guided me the seven miles over which Jesus and two of his disciples are believed to have traveled in the long ago. On the way we stopped at Nebi Samwil, reputed burial-place of the prophet Samuel. We climbed a tower with ninety-eight steps on the top of this height of twenty-seven hundred and thirty feet above sea level. The splendid view well repays the climb. We saw there evidences of a siege during World War I. The tower is strikingly visible from Jerusalem and much fighting and destruction there were witnessed by members of the American Colony. A part of our trip was by "donkey-bile," a more or less unpleasant means of locomotion to the uninitiated. The more interesting portions of the trails were traveled afoot. The town con-

ADVENTURES OF

tained many parties of religious tourists from Spain, Italy, Germany and elsewhere. Of course, we thought and talked about the sacred journey of the long ago and of its outcome. Especial note was taken of a picture of Jesus breaking bread with his disciples, and also of the inscription in the Franciscan church of El Kubeibeh, *Cognoverunt eum in practione panis*, "They knew him in the breaking of bread." On this delightful journey flowers seemed to fill the little valleys and level spots. When Palestine is in bloom it is like a bride decorated for a wedding. What a pity that so many tourists see it only in the arid and flowerless summer, when a foreign guide or visitor may tell one that there are no flowers in a land of more than two thousand varieties of blooming plants.

SYRIA AND THE OLDEST OF CITIES

The week following Easter of 1927 found us traveling to Haifa, Nazareth, Acre, Tyre, Sidon, and then back to Nazareth, Cana, Tiberias, Capernaum and Damascus. These significant places are described in my Palestine book, together with our visits to Doctor W. M. Christie, the Haifa Hebraist and teacher, to Shoghi Effendi, the First Guardian of the Cause of the Bahai movement, with whom we conversed in his beautiful garden on the slopes of Mt. Carmel, and to Pastor M. Schneider of the Karmel Mission. Of course we saw Jacob's Well near Sychar and the carpenter-shop and Well of Mary in Nazareth, the two wells being among the attested sites of Palestine. Between Tiberias and Capernaum we happened to see the sun come out of the clouds and brilliantly light a green field just below the summit of the Horns of Hattin, site of the defeat of the Crusaders by Saladin. This is also the traditional location of the delivery of the Sermon on the Mount. The bright emerald plot beneath the mist-covered twin peaks seemed to have retained some after-glow of the amazing discourse of the Master of Galilee—the World's great Teacher.

We found Damascus still suffering from the War of the Druses. Nevertheless, when seen from a little distance, this most ancient city appeared to be one of the most beautiful in existence. It was in the oldest city on earth that we found out the power of the "Almighty dollar," as it was once called, and then really was, in the markets of the world. Money of Syria was needed, but the financiers would not

A TRAVELING PREACHER

take a personal check, an American Bankers' Association draft, an American Express Company check or even a twenty-dollar bill. What to do? A friend had advised me to carry to the East some dollar bills, and a number of them were in my inside vest pocket. When a money-changer was told about these tokens of American wealth he exclaimed eagerly, "Let me see them." When a few of them were handed over he became all smiles and promptly gave me the local cash I needed. At what profit to himself? One will never know, but we got by. It was amusing to pass the office again a little later and to see several of the "Almighty dollars" the man had received framed in his window—evidently to show that he had some real money. Those were the days when the United States of America seemed to be considered worth a hundred cents to the dollar, and had some honor almost everywhere. A prominent merchant of Damascus said that the citizens there did not wish or like a French mandate. They desired to have their affairs in the hands of the Americans, or if not, of the British. One who watched the French officers, always in starchy uniforms, apparently superior and supercilious, could easily understand why the Syrians disliked them. Haughty rulers make good targets for scorn, hatred and missiles.

The famed mosque Amayyade (pronounced Amaweed as has been stated), one of the five most noted in the world, was somewhat damaged by many exposures to neglect and flame. The site is said to be that of an early Christian church. The head of John Baptist is said to be preserved in the shrine of the present mosque, though I have not been able to find any proof of this claim. Damascus contains "the street which is called Straight," the alleged home of Ananias—not the liar, but the disciple who had a vision which led him to welcome Paul and care for his needs. We were shown the place in the city wall where the apostle was let down in a basket. More authentic are the tomb of Saladin, who destroyed the Kingdom of Jerusalem at Hattin, and the luxurious appointments of the palace 'Azem. The museum, brass, and enamel works and other features of the city's industry are unique. We still have a bronze and silver vase as a relic of the shops of Damascus, but the memories of the beautiful river, Barada, the Abana of the Scriptures, afford more lasting pleasure than does the brass.

The drive over the Lebanon ranges, April 23, 1927, with a stop

ADVENTURES OF

to see the massive remains of the temples at Baalbek, to Beyrouth, Beirut in Arabic, is one of the glories of the Near East. The weather was clear and cool, the sun shining. The snowy peak of Mt. Hermon on the early portion of the ride, the heights to the Grand Liban and the wonders of hill and dale on the way to the old port and its waiting steamer, leave bright and indelible impressions on the minds of lovers of the picturesque and beautiful in nature.

BEWARE THE LEVANT!

When one is warned not to take a sea trip, shall he go ahead? We have learned to do so, and so far, even on waters of the worst repute, we have had happy voyages. The Queen of Egypt commandeered the large ship on which we had secured passage from Syria. There remained a little Italian boat, the *Palacký*. We were told not to take it—the passengers would be rude, the food awful, the staterooms filthy. It was said, and doubtless this is often the case, that the eastern shores of the Mediterranean and the island-studded Aegean are a region of fearful storms. “Don’t!” was the advice we received. Nevertheless, we did go! The steamer to which we went, April 23, 1927, proved to be scrupulously clean. The cuisine was not only excellent, but was better and served with more style than was true of some of the highest-priced steamships. The bad company, at our table for example, turned out to consist of a Harvard professor, two members of the faculty of the University of Southern California, a Jewish woman writer, our party of four, and perhaps one or two other such obnoxious personages. There was no storm. We had ten days of sparkling Mediterranean blues in sky and sea, surrounded by islands, green shores, snowy mountains and lovely harbors. And such places to visit! Tripolis; Limasol and Larnaca on Cyprus, the home of the Levite, Barnabas, who took Paul to Antioch; Alexandretta, Mersina, Adalia, Rhodes, Mytilene, Smyrna and on to the Bosphorus. But we have gone too fast. We must go back to Alexandretta, from which port we took a forty-one mile drive to old Antioch, where the disciples of our Lord were first called Christians. The ancient city is long gone, of course, being replaced by a wretched little native village not far away. The site shown as that of the first Christian church on earth is highly conjectural, but most impressive. It is occupied by a small chapel within stone walls and beneath the sheer mountain

A TRAVELING PREACHER

side on the east-north edge of the city. Many excavations are visible in the rocky face of the mountain. These contain galleries and homes alleged to have been occupied by early disciples of the then new faith. It was a place to dream and wonder. And so was Tarsus, which we reached by automobile from Mersina. There we looked upon the falls of the Cydnus River, which Julian the Apostate is said to have turned into the Christian catacombs. Unique openings into rock-like tombs, beautiful falls and lovely gardens make a strange setting for a scene marred in the long ago by persecution and cruel death.

It is impossible to exaggerate the loveliness of the shores and ports of Adalia, of Rhodes with its traditions and foundations of the Knights Hospitalers, and of Mytilene, though the Greeks were not keeping the latter as clean and wholesome as the other islands. Smyrna's great harbor is one of the best on earth. A little grassy theater on the heights back of the city is said to be the place where Polycarp, disciple of St. John, was martyred by Marcus Aurelius, the Stoic. The reputed grave near by brought back to memory the words of the intrepid spirit whose name in Greek means "much fruit." "I am grain of God. I must be ground between the teeth of the lions for the good of the people," Polycarp declared.

CONSTANTINOPLE, ATHENS, VENICE

What words are these, names of splendor, rich in historical meaning and influence! As we approached the convergence of the Bosphorus with the Golden Horn, May 2, 1927, we saw something very unusual at that time in those waters. It was a little war-boat, of no great significance in itself, but it carried a flag well known to us! We recognized it a great way off, and while we knew that it was not as necessary to our safety there as were the banners of some other countries, notably Britain, we felt more at home to behold even here the Stars and Stripes of our own far off land. Later this emblem was known and powerful in every corner of the earth. May God grant that despite recent reverses it may come to represent, long and honorably, the spirit of freedom, justice and goodwill.

One incident in Constantinople which amused me much was an interview with a man of my own name, spelled the same way, who had a business establishment not far from the steamship pier. I ventured to enter the place and ask for the proprietor. It took some

ADVENTURES OF

time, even with the name Leete on a card, to get past a series of flunkies to the office of the great man. When told that I was from America, but came in because of his name, thinking to meet him and to know his origin, he exclaimed, "Sir, I am an Irishman!" He repeated this claim again a few minutes later, so that, recalling the old story, it was evident that if he were not Irish, he would be ashamed of himself. My remark that Mr. Joseph Leete of London in his book, "The Family of Leete," stated that a branch of the family had gone to the Emerald Isle some two hundred years or so before, did not change the gentleman's pedigree, which seemed to be begun, continued and ended with "Sir, I am an Irishman." *Requiescat in pace* was my conclusion. I had a feeling, on entering his inner sanctum, that the prosperous person, whose seat of authority this was, thought I was some kind of impostor, seeking a loan or financial aid on the basis of kinsmanship. My explanation was that I was on a world cruise, and had no other object in calling than to meet another person of a rather unusual name, located at great distance from my own home. The good man began to decide gradually that he was not in peril from my presence. He seemed to think his claim to be Irish had been accepted, though I still believe that he came of an old-time English progenitor. At last he thawed out a little, entered into conversation, and offered me his hand (Irish, of course) when his august presence was not unwillingly left for good and all.

The many and marvelous mosques, museums and palaces of Istanbul—Constantinople—Byzantium, are beyond description. They must be seen for oneself. The chief place of interest to me was naturally *Aya Sophia*, its Turkish name, Saint Sophia in English. This mighty mosque was a Christian church, erected in the days of Justinian, 502–562, and lost to the Turks with the conquest of Constantinople in 1453. The august dome rises to a hundred eighty feet, and is more than a hundred feet in diameter.

Athens and Greece are in all the books and magazines, though the sight of their glories is quite another thing than reading their description. We could see from our room and its balcony the impressive pile of buildings on the Acropolis, including the Mars Hill site of St. Paul's memorable discourse. The pictures of the Parthenon and other temples of this little mountain, of the mound above the re-

A TRAVELING PREACHER

mains of heroes on the battle-field of Marathon, and of the ruins of the beautiful temple of Poseidon on the promontory of Sunium, are etched in clear lines upon the memory of one who looks upon them with some understanding of their history.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE DELPHIC ORACLE

The unique occurrence of our days in Greece was a trip to Delphi where was being celebrated an anniversary of the Delphic oracle—I think the 4000th—with Greek scholars present from all over the world. We took from Athens the *Naukia*, a bad Greek steamer (we found Greek steamers bad, or worse) provided by the Cook Company, who rarely failed to furnish the best service. Our destination was the port of Itea, on the north of the Gulf of Lepanto, from which place we could motor to the ancient site of the Castalian spring, the ruins of the temples of Athena and Apollo, the old stone amphitheater and field for games, all on the lower slopes of Parnassus, fabled haunt of the Muses and of the Greek deities. We were obliged to return to the boat at night. It was a place to try to sleep, if one could, in rooms for several women or several men each. There was no ventilation except from the door. On the way from Athens when one tried to open a porthole in a men's cabin, or in one for women, a steward would bounce right in to prevent this, crying alternately, *Thalassa! Mare!* The sea, the sea! Greeks seem not to desire breezes or cleanliness. The boat was simply and crudely unclean, but it brought us to one of the most unusual and thrilling spectacles on earth.

Our two days in the mountains, May 9 and 10, 1927 amid the remains of four thousand years of history and fable, enabled us not only to see in the ruins and museums the relics of the far distant past, but to witness a revival of the old Greek games, beautifully staged on a mountain-circled plain. We saw the throwing of the discus, hurling the javelin, putting the shot, and many races, including the Marathon, only the finish of which long contest took place before our large company of observers. There were also shepherd dances in costume, all very pretty and entirely proper. The high climax was a splendid rendition of the notable play of Aeschylus, *Prometheus Bound*, written probably more than 450 years B.C. On the edge of the precipice at the front of the amphitheater an artificial miniature mountain had been erected on which was the bound Prometheus.

ADVENTURES OF

The cosmopolitan audience on the ancient seats could look up and down a great valley and across at a range of mountains. It was a marvelous setting for a famous tragedy, performed in flowing Greek garments by well-trained singers and speakers from Athens. The language used was the modern tongue of the land, but there were librettos, and the scholars had ancient annotated texts. What a celebration! All present were thrilled by it. They chatted merrily as they feasted, as well as one does, upon Attic (not exactly a misnomer for it) cooking, brought from the metropolis and served on long tables under a temporary arbor by Athenian restaurateurs. The miserable ship *Naukia* and some of my food sickened me. I did not much enjoy the rest of the time spent in Athens, or the trip to Venice, though the *Teodora*, like the *Semiramis* on which we left Constantinople, was a comfortable and satisfactory ship.

What opportunities of wisdom were ours on this Near Eastern pilgrimage! We met the Sphinx; we investigated the haunts of Pythia, priestess of Apollo at Delphi, seeking if possible to catch some accent of her oracular voice "in the fine air afloat," and we saw much of the camel. The latter is the haughtiest of beasts, looking down disdainfully upon all other creatures. His superiority and aloofness have been said to be due to the fact that Mohammed, when he left this world, imparted to the camel, who still keeps it secret, the unknown, true name of God.

TOURING EUROPEAN CENTERS

We visited in Venice and talked about Methodist work on the continent with Dr. Ferrari, Superintendent of our Italian Mission, who had just returned from a Scandinavian trip, occasioned in good part by affairs connected with the administration of Bishop Anton Bast. Our third Florentine experience was a review of historic art and architecture, ever to be praised, Milan and the Last Supper, then still psychologically wonderful. This much-loved picture was believed to have been ruined by bombs in World War II, but its supporting wall was found to be intact. During recent years the colors of the masterpiece of Leonardo da Vinci have been restored by the marvelous genius and patience of Professor Pelliccioli. We then went to Zurich, Munich, Dresden and Berlin. I never see a copy of Hoffman's "*Der Jesus Knabe in Tempel*" without beholding the glow

A TRAVELING PREACHER

and glory of the original in Dresden. Berlin gave us Walter Braunfel's *Grosse Messe*, a masterful production, rendered in Philharmonic Hall by three great musical organizations, five hundred performers, the choir of *Köln Gesellschaft*, the orchestra of Berlin *Staatsoper* and the *Knabenchor des Berliner Domchors*.

Sunday, May 29, 1927, we attended Methodist service at S. W. 68 *Jungerstrasse*, hearing Rev. Alfred Hammer. On Monday, off for Amsterdam and its Dutch art, diamond cutting. Men of the guild sang at their work, which required seven years' apprenticeship before making money. From the region of canals and flowers we passed to Brussels, Paris and London. Everyone who writes about Europe describes the wonders of these famous cities, and I have done so elsewhere. London was more enjoyable to me than any other city. Very likely this was in part because of my British inheritance, but that is over three hundred years old and my French Huguenot ancestry dates from a similar period. Paris has never delighted me, except for its magnificent art galleries and a few notable churches. We heard Doctor McNeill, at City Road, Wesley's Chapel, London, Sunday, June 18. He spoke at 11 A.M. on "Hope." We listened to Canon S. A. Alexander at St. Paul's in the afternoon, during much ritual and poor singing. Doctor Dinsdale T. Young preached that night in Central Hall, Westminster, to three thousand or more persons, including I should estimate a thousand young men. The message was a strong gospel sermon on "Forgiveness of Sins." The ministry of this man in the very heart of the world's downtown metropolis, where now Doctor W. E. Sangster, President for 1950 of the Wesleyan Conference preaches to great congregations, lasted more than a dozen years and constituted a triumphant demonstration of the power of evangelical Christian truth, clearly and fearlessly presented.

A COMMISSION TO IRELAND

Anyone who wishes it can have my share of the Irish Sea. A commission received from our Church to visit the Methodist Conference of Ireland in 1927 made it necessary to experience this restless water. We were not sick, either going or returning, but it would doubtless have been better to be upset, and have it over, than to have that queasy (from old term meaning hurt, boil, suffer from a debauch)

ADVENTURES OF

feeling that makes the flesh and its contents a burden, and which persists for some time, even after getting ashore.

Dublin has Phoenix Park, seventeen hundred acres, with almost matchless flower-beds and trees. The two ancient churches, Christ Church Cathedral and St. Patrick's, are notable, the first for its Norman foundation, and the latter for old tombs and a library containing the Stillingfleet collection and other treasures. There is plenty of loveliness in the scenery of Ireland and in Dublin, but we saw much evidence of intemperance and extreme poverty. I have seen more beggars in other cities, Naples in the old days for example, but Dublin is the only place where they were licensed and wearing a badge, proving their right to solicit alms.

The Irish Wesleyan Conference seemed to be a body of bright, aggressive men. Its preachers and laymen were very much like the Irishmen of our American cities. When Mr. Drummond found that the rulers of Boston were mostly Irish he remarked that it was a case of "matter in the wrong place," but Methodism in Ireland seemed to be brains and character well located. Dublin Conference had too many English speakers on its program, one could think, but there was probably a reason for this at the time. Conference visitors in general were also too numerous. It seemed to me to be good form, when presented, to confine my remarks to a few courteous words. The same was true when the session came for addresses of official visitors. Bishop J. W. Hamilton, though not delegated to represent the Methodist Episcopal Church on this occasion, was present. It was a pleasure to resign to him most of the time allowed to our body, both because he was much the senior and also on account of his descent. His ancestors came to Virginia from Ireland, and before the Conference session he had visited some of the localities from which the family migrated in the long ago.

A visit was again paid to Westminster Abbey, on our return to London, with a tour of its famous memorials. We also saw once more the marvelous collection of editions of the Bible in the British Museum. Then we went to the Pennland Steamship at Southampton, where we received a cable from our son that on June 16, 1927, our seventh grandchild, Charles Fuller Keefer, mentioned previously, had come into this world.

A TRAVELING PREACHER

A COLLEGE CLASSMATE FROM CONSTANTINOPLE

It is quite astonishing when and where an old school friend returns suddenly into one's life. We sailed on the Pennland on June 18, 1927. On going to see the steward for a table assignment, I was accosted by a man who had seen my name in the passenger-list, which I had not read. It was delightful to me to be able, as he extended his hand, to call him at once by name. This companion voyager was a Syracusan of the class of 1888, in which I was listed on entering college, tho' I stayed out after the junior year and graduated with '89. I had not seen William Smith Murray since our undergraduate days. He became a teacher in the Near East and occupied positions of much responsibility on the faculties and in executive offices of Robert College and of the American College for Women in Constantinople. His companion, once a Miss Wood, was in one of the arts courses during her college life at Syracuse. We secured a table for six in the dining saloon, so that Doctor and Mrs. Foreman, Professor and Mrs. Murray and ourselves might have good visits during our voyage. How many old stories can be retold with zest and enjoyment under such circumstances. Our trip was attended with some fog and mist, but with moderate seas. After a short stop at Halifax we made Ambrose light early June 28, having covered three thousand one hundred and eighty-one miles from Southampton. We were met in New York by my sister, Miss Gertrude M. Leete, and were taken to dinner at the Pennsylvania by a very good friend, Mr. Charles M. Fuller, a Methodist layman of Jacksonville, Florida. On July 1, 1927, Doctor H. A. King and I addressed the people of Broadway Church, Indianapolis, at the service which attended the opening of its community room, and on the Fourth of July, with our daughter and five of our grandchildren, we witnessed the big parade at the dedication of the Indianapolis War Memorial. Three of the children saw their father, as a military aide, ride beside General Pershing in the automobile provided for his tour of the city.

BELTING THE GLOBE

This ball on which we live, called Earth, has grown much smaller and easier to circle since we took our greatest journey. This was in

ADVENTURES OF

1930-'31. One could write a large volume on a trip around the world. The idea of this account is merely to touch the high places and the unusual events. The Pacific crossing was for the most part true to the name of earth's chief body of water. This was due to the carefulness of our captain, who laid out a course, and changed it as wisdom dictated, far south of the usual route, as much as two hundred miles after we left Hawaii. Thus severe storms, reported to be raging in the North Pacific, were avoided. Someone gave us a book in San Francisco to be read on the voyage, but it turned out to be a nasty story and was fed unfinished to the sharks. It has been our custom, which later novels make a rather frequent practice, to destroy unclean or sordid novels, such as are some of those recommended by book clubs. That keeps a few copies from those whom they might injure. The beauty of Honolulu, with such scenes as Waikiki Beach and Pali, will always be described enthusiastically. When we saw the place we could not, of course, prevision the terrible assault upon Pearl Harbor.

Another book that proved to be unpleasant reading was loaned me by Captain G. W. Yardley, commander of the President Cleveland, the ship on which we were traveling. It was the autobiography of Clemenceau. After keeping it for a few days and going over the most significant parts of it, the two bulky volumes were returned with thanks and two comments. One was, "It would not pay to wade through such a work as this." The other remark was, "It is not surprising to know that a man who began life without God closed it without hope." The account indicated no religion, not much virtue, and never a clear outlook for the future! I am reminded of a saying of a man whose writings, especially his *History of the World*, were regarded by many good readers as superficial, but who occasionally uttered profound truth. H. G. Wells is quoted as saying, "Religion is the first thing and the last thing, and until a man has found God, and been found by God, he begins at no beginning, he works to no end."

Our granddaughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Jeanette Keefer Marks, preserved some old letters of mine, one of which was written from beautiful Miyanoshta, Japan, and will serve as a contemporary description of experiences in a country which then had none of the evil connotations which were later associated with it. "Miyanoshta, 12/29-1930.

A TRAVELING PREACHER

Dear Betty: It is a week and a day since we landed at Yokohama, after a splendid voyage of 16 days, during which we never missed a meal. It has been a busy time. We spent a day at Yokohama beside a beautiful harbor, containing ships from many places, and at Kamakura, where we saw the great statue of Buddha, 49 feet high, of bronze and 700 years old. We went to Nikko and saw the pagodas and temples at the shrines of the Shoguns, former great rulers. A young prince, Kuni, was in our hotel. He had soldiers and two keepers (we called them). They were probably tutors. The boy is about 15, and pretty homely in his western clothes. Nikko is a beautiful resort, about four thousand feet above sea level, surrounded by low mountains. The prince had come there to skate on a little lake near the hotel upon ice obtained by flooding. We have also spent several days in Tokyo, the capital of Japan and one of the largest cities in the world. Tokyo and Yokohama were almost destroyed by earthquake about 7 years ago. Now they have rebuilt both cities so that one can hardly see any effects of the 'quake, and they have modern buildings, not so high as in our largest cities, but strongly constructed of steel and concrete or stone.

"Yesterday noon we lunched with the family of the first assistant to the American ambassador. Mrs. Dorothy Calvert Dooman was a little girl in Central Sunday school, Detroit, and her father, George T. Calvert, whom I took into the Church, was superintendent when we left the city. We had Christmas dinner at one of the college homes with some of our missionaries and teachers. Bishop and Mrs. Herbert Welch of Pittsburgh were also present, and Bishop and Mrs. James C. Baker, at this time resident in Japan and Korea. Baron Sato, a native Christian Japanese, came also. He is a very distinguished man. We were much surprised to see so many Christmas decorations during the holidays in this country. There were large, electrically lighted Christmas trees in the hotels, and the streets and shops were gay and busy. The government encourages telling the Christmas story of the birth of Jesus over the radios, and the papers had some articles about the meaning of the celebration. Another lovely event of this kind occurred during the holidays at the home of Doctor A. D. Berry, so long the leading spirit in our Theological Seminary. It was really fortunate that he, as well as Baron Sato, entered upon the life beyond

ADVENTURES OF

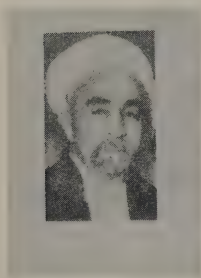
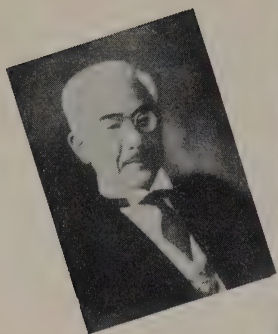
before Japan's attack upon Pearl Harbor and its disastrous war. Among the guests at this dinner were Bishop and Mrs. Akazawa of the Japan Methodist Church."

A part of the letter quoted was addressed to Leete Keefer, just then a chemist with the United States Rubber Company, whose wedding to Jean Riedel I conducted. "Dear Leete, not many who come here see the Emperor of Japan, but we have seen him. Our guide learned that on the opening day of the Diet or Parliament he was to go from the palace to the building where the legislature meets to read an opening address."

EMPEROR HIROHITO IN HIS ANCIENT GLORY

"We were taken to a place where we saw lancers come riding out of the palace gates, like Mediaeval knights of old. They carried waving pennants, and we saw the procession wind back and forth down the hill slopes and come towards us, across the bridge over the moat. The Avenue is a very wide one, and the horses came prancing, not trotting or galloping, down the freshly graveled center, flanked by broad cement pavements. When the procession arrived where we stood, it turned sharply to the right, and we could see every person well as all passed us. There were several gorgeous gold carriages. The finest of these, with out-riders, footmen and others, contained only one person. Sitting on the back seat alone rode Emperor Hirohito, the present representative of one of the longest lines of monarchs which the world has ever known. He was, after all, though called the Son of Heaven, just like other men, and not half so good looking as many are. The whole spectacle was very unusual and interesting."

This quite hastily written account of the most thrilling pageant we ever witnessed gives but an imperfect description of an event the like of which may never again be seen anywhere on earth, since the more magnificent days of kings and emperors, not to speak of earthly divinities, seem to have closed. From the time when the heralds blew the first notes on their trumpets inside the imperial walls, and the immense gate began to be lifted, until Hirohito passed us within forty feet or less the scene was one of many-colored uniforms, of pennants waving upon tall lances, of expertly trained horses keeping time to the music of imperial bands, actually dancing towards us, until they turned in the direction of the diet building, of military



DISTINGUISHED PERSONS SEEN AND INTERVIEWED

Top row: Methodist Bishop Motozo Akazawa, Japan; "Brother Jacob" Spafford, Jewish Christian leader, American Colony, Jerusalem; Fr. Florent, White Russian Keeper at Pool of Bethesda, Jerusalem. *Center row:* Emir, later King Abdullah, Transjordan, recently assassinated; Baron Shosuke Sato, educator, head of Japan Rotary; Haj Amin el Husseini, Mohammedan Grand Mufti. *Third row:* Archbishop Thorgom, Armenian Patriarch, Cairo; Emperor Hirohito in gold chariot, photo sent by Mrs. Douglas MacArthur from Tokyo; High Priest Khaim Ishak of the Samaritans.

A TRAVELING PREACHER

escorts well armed and ready to protect the sovereign, and of coaches of gold drawn by white horses, gaily caparisoned, as were their outriders. We owed our opportunity to view this amazing parade to our guide, a humble member of the important Yamaguchi family, who must have possessed a considerable influence to enable us to go where only Japanese were present. All about us were the subjects of the "Mikado." As he passed, we two the sole foreigners to behold his majesty on that occasion were also the only onlookers who were not kneeling with their heads to the ground. It has always seemed a marvel that we were not arrested, for lese-majesty or gross irreverence.

A picture of the Emperor Hirohito riding in one of his gorgeous carriages, but not the larger and more elaborate one we witnessed in 1930, is printed in this book. It was sent to the author, within a fortnight of his request, by Mrs. General MacArthur. It arrived from Tokyo while the General was on his return to America at the close of his unexampled service in the Orient. The courtesy shown and the good wishes expressed by the wife of a great General will be appreciated by those who read this volume. The assistance of the Colonel, Aide-de-Camp, Sidney L. Huff and of the Mainichi News are also gratefully acknowledged. A letter from our good former Bishop Abe, long an educator in Ayoma Gakuin University, added a comment to the effect that the Japanese "admire and almost love General MacArthur" for the service he has rendered to Japan. What other case is there of the leader in a military conquest who has received such approval from former enemies?

The letter which has been used as a background for our experiences in Japan concludes with a few lines to the younger children, Helen and Charles Keefer. To them and the family generally it was written that "This country has heaps of little boys and girls and mothers. Grandmothers and often children go around with babies strapped on them. We are now in a hotel partly heated by water from natural hot springs. There are ponds with goldfish and swimming tanks, out and indoors. We have visited some of our mission schools, churches and settlements. They are very interesting. I have preached every Sunday—last Sunday at Union Church, Tokyo, to missionaries and teachers of nearly all Christian denominations."

Another passage in the letter just quoted says that our experience in seeing the imperial procession was matched by another thrilling

ADVENTURES OF

occurrence. The account runs, "We had similar good fortune today in seeing Japan's much-loved mountain, Fujiyama. The day began rainy. We arrived here in damp and mist. After lunch, as we rode up the winding mountain road to the lookout, the day was so overcast that often one could not see ten feet outside our Hudson. But just after we arrived at the observation platform, for about fifteen minutes the sun and winds drove the clouds and mists away, and before us, over fourteen thousand feet high, stood the whole snow-covered magnificent peak. People sometimes stay here a week and never see Fuji at all. We did see it, and Lake Hakone in the valley also."

JAPAN TO KOREA AND MANCHURIA

One who visits Japan should see Kyoto, seat of Doshisha University and the phenomenal work of Joseph Neesima. The career of this great man began to be revealed to us during an evening with Miss Florence Denton, an American Board missionary for over thirty years, who related many details of work in the schools at Kyoto, where we were visiting. After returning to America I found at a sale in Omaha, Hardy's "*Life of Neesima*" and commend it as one of the most impressive stories of conversion to Christianity, sacrificial devotion to Christian ideals and service, and successful work as both an educator and an evangelist, in missionary history. A copy of the "*Life of Motozo Akazawa*" by Price, another thrilling book, is in my historical collection. Those who attended the Ecumenical Conference at Atlanta will remember this attractive and cultured Japanese Bishop.

Two other Methodist bishops of Japan I have met, Togoro Usaki, at the Ecumenical Methodist Conference in London, 1921, and Yoshimune Abe, with whom I conversed in Tokyo, and with whom I had much correspondence before World War II, as well as since that awful event. My collection contains a copy of Doctor Abe's address when he was inaugurated as president of Aoyama Gakuin University, Tokyo. This is a thoroughly Christian document, delivered in the presence, not only of educational and Methodist constituencies, but of hundreds of non-Christians, including high officials of State and city. A meeting between Bishops Ralph Ward and Abe, reported recently, expressed the latter's fraternal spirit and devotion to Christian faith. My own best knowledge and conviction is that he never shared the intense nationalism or anti-foreign bitterness of some other Jap-

A TRAVELING PREACHER

anese, evidenced in my hearing by Kagawa, for example. Bishop Abe has recently been sending me valuable literary relics of Japanese Methodism for the collection of Methodist History and Biography, on whose accumulation I have long labored. Among these are personal writings of the six Japanese Bishops, biographies or distinctive papers which are in vernacular. Baron Sato, previously mentioned, converted in college at Sapporo by the teachings and influence of an American teacher of science, later, although a Christian and Methodist, for some forty-five years head of Sapporo University, who was made a baron by the Emperor and was also governor of the 7th Rotary District, was a very convincing example of a consistent Japanese Christian. We much enjoyed his conversation, and his correspondence in succeeding years was gratifying. The war with Japan, had he lived, would have broken his heart.

Another Japanese Methodist from whom came a considerable correspondence after we were in Tokyo was Mrs. Etsu Sugimoto, who was for some years teacher of Japanese language and literature at Columbia University. She was trained at Aoyama Gakuin, and several of her books, autographed, are in my possession. The most noted is "*A Daughter of the Samurai*." "*Chiyo's Return*" by Mrs. Sugimoto's daughter is also among my treasures from Japan. Doctor Frank Herron Smith, whose work among Japanese people, both in their native home and in America, has been most notable, has added to my deep appreciation of the experiences which were ours in the country of our former adversaries. Letters came to me from Mrs. Sugimoto until she passed away in 1950.

One must leave out many points of interest in the "celestial" empire, such as Nara, with its avenue of a thousand lanterns and its park with over six hundred diminutive deer. They bowed like Japanese, and were so friendly that one that was hungry came up and nipped a button from my overcoat. A complete record of this world journey should give adequate space to Korea, where we visited Ewha College, Keijo (Seoul), and were entertained by its faculty. We also visited with the excellent Methodist Bishop, Ju Sam Ryang, now enrolled among the martyrs of Christian civilization. Letters came to me from this eminent leader in February, March and June, 1950. He had aided me in Seoul to secure a fine addition to our son's stamp collection. Through the years memories of this, refreshed by cor-

ADVENTURES OF

respondence, led him to send me a complete set of the latest stamps issued by the Government of Korea. These were carefully mounted and in first class condition. After his legal term as Methodist Bishop expired, he had become head of the Red Cross of his country. His June letter was a paean of rejoicing because the membership of the Red Cross had passed the million mark. Alas, came the disastrous invasion of the North Koreans, with backing of Chinese Reds. Within a brief time, Seoul was overrun, and in a matter of not many months a company of Christian leaders, Ju Sam Ryang, our Bishop Kim Chung and other officials of our Church among them, were taken away to a fate as yet untold but doubtless both cruel and bloody.

We found Manchuria cold beyond belief and sight-seeing there a distress. Going from Mukden to Tientsin we were nearly frozen, especially when the train was stalled for six hours, two stations from our destination. All heat was off. We piled on us all the blankets we had been allowed, our over-wraps and rubbers, and I even kept my hat on in the bunk. Then we shivered much, but finally the train went on. We arrived at Grand Hotel de Pekin in fair condition, and eager to see the old capital and the missionary institutions there.

CHINA, THE PHILIPPINES, STRAITS SETTLEMENTS, BURMA

It seems a pity to have to condense our observations and experiences in these glamorous lands, but it is necessary to do so under the limitations of such a story. Only more unusual items of the long journeys involved can be mentioned.

When speaking to the faculty and students of the Methodist Theological Seminary in Pekin, January 13, 1931, the oldest native preacher in the Conference sat with me on the platform and Doctor Y. L. Yang interpreted. The theme was "Success in the Christian Ministry." One of my letters of introduction from Professor James J. Walsh, mentioned elsewhere, opened to us most hospitably the doors of the new Catholic University, with its observatory and classrooms. We saw in Pekin the largest hanging bell in the world, sixty tons in weight, seventeen inches thick, supported by immense cedar beams and covered with Chinese inscriptions. Moscow's bell of the same size was cracked and not hanging. Yenching University, with buildings named for Bishops Bashford and Ninde, was another attraction. Of course we viewed the Temple of Heaven, the Winter

A TRAVELING PREACHER

Palace and the three cities, including the "forbidden city." Besides sermons at the Union Church and one to Doctor Pyke's country laymen, mentioned elsewhere, it was a delight to address missionary prayer-meetings, attended by devout people, and a chapel-full of preachers and Bible women of Pekin District, Doctor S. T. Wang, Superintendent, presiding and Doctor Samuel Lee acting as interpreter. We dined with several of the leaders, including Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Krause, but as usual did not quarter ourselves on the missionaries. The unique repast of our stay in Pekin was a dinner of native food at Willow Chinese Restaurant, where we were surrounded by forty native preachers and Bible women. The dainties urged upon Mrs. Leete by the Chinese women were certainly well intended, but some of them were a bit beyond her gastronomic ability. I, too, was unequal to all the kindly provision offered.

No remarkable events took place at some of our China stops. We met Bishop Paul B. Kern, at Shanghai. The Bishop was on episcopal duty. Among others there were Doctor Edward James, whose autographed poems are in my collection and Mrs. James, and Doctor W. A. Main, who later married Ida Belle, daughter of Bishop W. S. Lewis, and writer of the life of her father. The intrepid missionary evangelist, Frederick Banghart, after persuasion, related to me the story of his capture and mistreatment by Chinese bandits. They were hoping for money, perhaps a ransom. He suffered many indignities and much abuse, after which it was decided to put an end to him. He was tied to a stake. Just as they were threatening to set fire to him he was seen by a traveling agent who heard that the bandits were holding a foreigner, and who recognized him. The agent succeeded in rescuing him from his captors, and he returned home for healing and rest. This fearless hunter for souls as soon as he was restored went right back to his tours through the same dangerous territory.

We heard Kagawa in Shanghai, at a Theological Seminary, give a weird address on the Book of Revelation. He also spoke at an international dinner presided over by a Japanese diplomat. The affair looked like an effort to unify the Far East against foreign influence. Mr. Kagawa in personal conversation displayed bitter feeling towards the United States of America because of its laws concerning Japanese immigration. Doctor and Mrs. R. Y. Lo were among the valuable acquaintances made in Shanghai, where it was a pleasure to address

ADVENTURES OF

a company of missionaries and local people on "Helpers, Human and Divine." Doctor Lo, Editor of the Chinese Christian Advocate, has had a distinguished career in Methodist service. Our narrow escape from a deadly collision in a fog on our way to Hong Kong is recorded elsewhere. Experiences at the latter place were very delightful, but do not need to be mentioned here.

Manila was high-lighted with visits to churches in the city and vicinity, by conversations with missionaries, at the hospital ably presided over by Miss Rebecca Parish, and at Harris Training School, and by a delicious dinner at the home of Doctor and Mrs. E. S. Lyons. Doctor A. L. Ryan, President of the Union Theological Seminary, took me to that institution for an address to the faculty and students, who represented five denominations. The theme was "The Authority of the Teacher." We soon boarded the President Taft, leaving for Singapore, and admired again the beautiful harbor and fortified Corregidor, with no inkling of the terrible events to occur there only a few years later. I was appointed to conduct divine services on the China Sea, as noted elsewhere. It was on this voyage that I held a long conversation with an intelligent Filipino, a grower and international distributor of rare orchids. These he collected widely, grew and developed, and sold in England and the Americas. His story and comments were very interesting, but he was most impressive as he swept the landscape about us with a gesture and said, "We have many religions here." After a pause, as I waited, he exclaimed, "But there is only one religion that has a Saviour!"

HEATHEN HINDUISM AND SELF-TORTURE

Singapore was made a rare experience for us by the hospitality and guidance of Bishop and Mrs. Edwin F. Lee, the Reverend and Mrs. H. B. Amstutz, and the Eklund, W. E. Horley and Paul B. Means families. Themes of two addresses of mine at Wesley Church were "Our Chief Need" and "The Scientific Practice of Prayer." The Hindu Taipusan celebration was on. We witnessed the self-torture of those who were seeking virtue by various mutilations of the flesh. It was a bloody affair. Some stretched themselves on beds of upturned spikes. Some plunged pins through their flesh or suffered this to be done by others. They looked like human pincushions, decorated with spots of red. The most extreme devotees had large hooks inserted into

A TRAVELING PREACHER

the flesh of their backs by which they drew big carts for long distances. When the candidates had finished their tests they staggered into a temple, apparently exhausted, and were received and acclaimed by the priests. Doubtless there were revenues to the sanctuary and its attendants. It seemed as if no one could endure such suffering as that of these misguided people, but we were told that pain was lessened by the use of certain applications and drugs. The whole affair was an impressive illustration of the saying of the Filipino gentleman quoted above. What the religious East needed then, and still needs, is not superstitious rites and sacrifices, but the Son of God, the Saviour of mankind.

We were made still more intensely conscious in Singapore than at Pukow, China, of the pressure of vast multitudes in the overcrowded regions of the earth. Bishop Lee and I left our ladies in a safe place and went down into the Taipusan crowd to observe what the masses were doing. When we had seen enough it had become difficult to get out of the throng. Never before or since have I been in a place where no liberty of personal action remained. We were moved as and where the throng was pushing or was pushed by human currents. Humanity was felt most unpleasantly all about us and upon us, accompanied by moist and dark brown odors which until experienced can hardly be imagined. We were held quite some time in that vise and welter of vices, and were very glad to be released. Who then would have thought, considering the population and the apparently strong British defenses, that the vaunted Gibraltar of the East, which proved so badly guarded on its northern land side, would only a short time later be conquered with almost ridiculous ease and with terrific losses? Adequate preparedness and strict vigilance are the price of liberty.

What a train and auto trip was the one we took from Singapore up the Malay Peninsula to Penang. Part of the way was through the country of rubber plantations and tin mines. Stretches of jungle and forest were inhabited by tigers and elephants. Stops were made at churches and schools, where usually I made addresses or preached. Among the towns visited in this way were Jemenpah, Tankah, Jasin, Malacca, Seremban, Kuala Lumpur, Ipoh, Kuala Kangsar and Taiping. Those who made possible this trip, with entertainment at homes and schools, were mission leaders: P. B. Means, M. Dods-

ADVENTURES OF

worth, F. H. Sullivan, P. L. Peach and others. Probably the largest audience was at Malacca, two hundred or more. Schools for boys and for girls seemed to be prosperous. What has become of all this good work? At Ipoh we saw the cave temples, and Mr. Sullivan drove us into the country to see some of the Sakais, "Wild men." The head men and crowd at a little village of these untamed folk presented a weird sight. Quite in contrast were the palace buildings and royal tombs of the Sultan at Kuala Kangsar.

BURMA: RANGOON AND PEGU

We sailed over placid seas from the Straits of Malacca into the Bay of Bengal on the Tairea of the British India Line. We were met in Burma by the D. C. Baldwin and C. H. Riggs families, and other missionaries welcomed us as we visited their schools and churches. We were given lunches, teas and dinners by the good friends in Rangoon. We were driven to Pegu, where we were entertained royally, but were surprised to see big lizards on the walls of Doctor B. M. Jones' home and a big white frog in the bathroom. We were warned about getting out of bed carelessly, lest we step on a deadly snake. Weapons were provided so that we could protect ourselves if necessary. We visited in the vicinity of Pegu a noted Reclining Buddha. It was said that a native had been attacked, and I think killed there, by a tiger some three weeks before. During our stay in Rangoon we saw the kindly looking British Governor of Burma in his parade on the way to the Legislative Council. The Sikh and other Indian horsemen were handsomely mounted. Their glittering uniforms and gay banners were in ludicrous contrast to the ill-clad and beggarly people who lined the highways. We noted in Burma, as elsewhere, that British rule means schools, hospitals and churches. Alas, it also means, as American control so often does, whiskey and other forms of liquor and vice which degrade the people. There is poverty too wherever imperial rule and alcohol are mixed together. The theme of one of my sermons in Rangoon was, "The Glad Tidings and Good Effect of the Gospel." Our leaders there seemed to be unusually well equipped and effective. As our boat carried us away from the city we could see for a long way the gilded top of the great and ornate Schwe Dagon pagoda, one of the chief glories of Rangoon. We were unpleasantly impressed in this part of the world because the British

A TRAVELING PREACHER

ships on several Sundays were without any provision for religious worship.

INSCRUTABLE AND IRRESISTIBLE INDIA

The following account, penned several years since, I have decided to leave as it is, despite the changes which have been made in government, the death of Gandhi, and other recent events.

India is a puzzle which I am tempted to call multifarious in its aspects and implications. Really, to my mind, there is no India, and it seems more than doubtful that its many governments, its conflicting, and I mean this, religions and its massive superstitions, ignorance and poverty, except for the hoarders of wealth, can in any early period assimilate themselves into a permanent type of unity. The British Empire has been the cement, now crumbling, which has held together the diversified ideologies, opposing interests, caste-ridden populations and inconsistent rulerships which are named India. Back of all this is the frowning threat of covetous nations, one especially, which well understands that the vast southern peninsula of Asia, with its central location, its range of climates and its natural and human resources, is the key to far eastern and ultimate world control. General Homer Lea, in his marvelous book of scientific fact and prophecy, "*The Day of the Saxon*," written before the first World War, outlined most convincingly the centuries' long ambitions of certain powers and their meaning to the future of the world, yet very far indeed from One World.

We had in mind but a fragment of these thoughts when we landed in Calcutta, where we were met and taken to our Mission House for a dinner by Doctor and Mrs. D. H. Manley. During our travels, I once more protest, we did not "sponge" on the missionaries, who by all accounts have had too much of an often unmerited exploitation by "friends of missions" from America. We supported ourselves while abroad, but gladly accepted from time to time such reasonable hospitalities as the representatives of our Church desired to offer us. Occasionally we were able at the time to return these courtesies at hotels, but when at home again we sought to repay them by personal contributions to their work and by addresses and sermons in behalf of Christian missions. Mrs. Leete has always been an earnest friend and supporter of the cause. We heard of a person proclaiming

ADVENTURES OF

missionary zeal who went about India demanding board and lodging for weeks on the ground of activities and gifts at home which were never verified. Missionary salaries have rarely been made large enough to endure strains of this kind, yet it has often been deemed unwise to resist expectations and even requests of travelers which were nothing other than sheer imposition.

Who can adequately describe a tour through India except in space far beyond the limits of this writing? Only high spots and some personal contacts can be recorded here. There were memories of historic figures in all the eastern countries. Japan brought the recollection of the long career there of Bishop Merriman C. Harris, whom I well remember. We found in China traditions of Bishops Bashford, Lewis, Birney and other episcopal leaders and of great missionaries, Doctor F. D. Gamewell one of the best. We thought in India of William Butler, and of Bishops Thoburn, Warne and others. We met there splendid representatives of one of the most outstanding missions of Methodism. In Calcutta, whose massive buildings and parks we admired, but whose sacred cows we detested, Mrs. Ada Lee told us of her work and of the loss of her children in the terrible Darjeeling disaster. Mrs. Lee's account of this event, one similar to which has recently occurred, is in a book in my collection given to Mrs. Leete by the author. We saw the burning-ghats beside the Ganges at Benares, the monkey and the golden temples and the rest of the "holy" city of Hinduism.

NON-RESISTANCE AND MURDERS

We arrived in Benares just after Mr. Gandhi's policy of non-resistance, coupled with efforts to destroy British trade, had caused there a riot typical of numbers of disorderly happenings in India. The story as told to us was that a Mohammedan shop-keeper was selling a little cloth of English manufacture. He was waited on by Hindus who ordered him to stop this trade. It was said that he promised not to continue, but that on his way home that night he was killed. Then began avengement and when we came to the city the next morning some thirty lives had been taken and the hospitals contained around 200 others who had been seriously injured. We were advised not to go down into the center of town, but we were there to see something, and we drove about wherever we wished to go. We were not mo-

A TRAVELING PREACHER

lested, perhaps because we looked to be Yankees. The boat trip on the Ganges and the sight of the bathers in its filthy water, often it is said containing not only offal, but floating corpses, was something to regret. Devotees drink the dirty mixture, and pilgrims come from a distance to die there.

What a religion it is that can produce such a "sacred" center, and the caste system of which Gandhi was one of the chief supporters. He denounced the system of an unchangeable outcaste, but what effective measures did he take for its removal? He belonged personally to one of the two highest castes, and defended their restrictions and discriminations. He also stoutly defended the abominable cow-worship that absorbs the food of starving human beings. Various estimated when we were there at from five to fifty millions, fat beasts went where they pleased in India, unmolested. I recall a half-dozen or more of them lying in the center of an important crossing in Calcutta. All vehicles and pedestrians were obliged to travel around them or take another street. They could not be disturbed. I never think of them and of their gross flesh and filth without memories of the concave stomachs of hungry children whom we saw in many places. I can always see again the picture of an outcaste woman in Bombay who stood by the side of the walk which she must not tread upon, with two stark naked babies, one on each arm, as she solicited alms. The British have tolerated and humored Gandhi, and there are Americans who because he demanded independence for India have pictured him as a saint. They have never heard such speeches as he was making when we were in that land—worthy of some cheap American politician. They have never read his writings, upholding the slavery of caste and saying such things as this, which I read in one of his books while not far from his haunts. I think I quote exactly, but I am certain correctly in substance, "I will never kill a cow: I would kill a human being first." What a saint! What an exponent of freedom! What a guide of millions of men and women! As this is written a native government goes into office in Delhi, but there are violent clashes between Mohammedans and Hindus, on a large scale in Calcutta and Bombay, especially, with many casualties.

Sparse notes, written shortly after our stay there, contain the item, "We left Benares gladly, and for always." Lucknow was a different

ADVENTURES OF

story. I was interested in the place to begin with, because as a boy I had read from my father's library the fascinating "*Land of the Veda*" and especially "The Siege of Lucknow." I recalled the names of Lawrence and Outram, and above others of Sir Henry Havelock, the "Christian general." These heroes of the Sepoy Rebellion of 1857 were much admired. It renewed my intense interest in the events connected with the defense by Lawrence and delivery of the garrison by Havelock and Outram to visit the residency and the grave of Lawrence with its modest statement that he "tried to do his duty." There came back to memory from my earliest reading the thrilling tale later discredited of the delirious girl who, when the decimated garrison had almost lost hope of rescue, sat up in bed and exclaimed, "The Campbells are coming." Her quickened hearing had caught the high strains of bagpipes and the roll of drums. And the Campbells did come in saving power.

We went to the Carlton Hotel when we arrived in Lucknow, and almost immediately we visited the Christian College, meeting Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Wellons, who were in charge in the absence of Principal Chitambar. Mrs. Wellons arranged that I should speak to a large class of young men from various parts of India whom she was teaching the spirit and principles of missions. Three of the four of our church missionaries whom we met in the city at that time were from Indiana. One was the popular athlete of Indiana University, Ted Mumby. M. G. Ballinger represented Southern California. We went to Isabella Thoburn College, conducted there by Miss Oldroyd. At the Methodist Publishing House we found as manager and editor F. M. Perrill, who later surrendered his position to a native leader.

THE SUPERLATIVE TAJ MAHAL!

After a brief stop at Cawnpore, scene of the terrible Sepoy massacre, and a visit to our schools there, we went to Agra. We were entertained there at a dinner given by the notable Misses Holman, and with them found Miss Shannon, principal of Isabella Thoburn, Lucknow, Doctor A. A. Parker of Jubbulpore and Doctor C. B. Hill, Educational Secretary of Methodist Missions in India. This was an event of instructive and inspiring conversations and of rare fellowship. Of course we saw the Agra fort, the Pearl Mosque and that very

A TRAVELING PREACHER

famous memorial, the Taj Mahal, which takes its name from that of the object of Shah Jehan's supreme affection, Mumtaz Mahal. After reading a few of the superlative tributes which have been paid to this creation of the architect Ustad Isa, one realizes that it is futile to attempt another description of a building that is more than a poem, a marble symphony or an enchanting dream. The impression made upon me by the interior of the structure was that of minute and intricate ornamentation. The external view seemed to my mind to be that of ethereal lightness and purity. That such a mountain of marble, even though white, could appear so spiritual and almost buoyant is incredible until it has been seen. Of course, like all the greatest works of nature and art, the Taj is never twice alike, much that is so delicate and beautiful depending upon the light, the atmosphere, the eye and mind of the beholder and the occasion and company. Sunlight and moonlight alike enhance the picturesqueness of the scene. One of the most charming viewpoints from which the traveler may catch glimpses of the amazing mausoleum of the Emperor and of his favorite is that from the other side of the Jumna River.

After Futehpore Sikri, city of Victory, and Sikandra, with its tomb of the enlightened Mogul Emperor Akbar, we found delightful associations in Delhi with Bishop and Mrs. J. W. Robinson and with Mrs. Bishop H. C. Stuntz, who also was there. We were taken about the capital, visiting the Victory Monument, the site of the coronation of King George as Emperor of India, Kashmir gate, parks, schools, the fort, Kutub Minar and the legislative buildings.

The Bible Training School at Ghaziabad, conducted by Rev. William Dye, was a most interesting item in our tour, and the Ingraham Memorial Institute, with its trade school, brick-laying, tailoring, sewing, weaving, carpentry and agriculture seemed to indicate a wholesome idea for Indian education. My theme in addressing the Bible School was "The Ministry and Teaching of Christianity." Omitting some points in our travels I must mention the deserted city, Amber, to which we drove from Jaipur, and which we gazed upon from the back of an elephant. If the camel is a "ship of the desert" an elephant seems also to bring to one's experience on land something of the motion and emotion of the "bounding main." The finest specimen of cat I ever saw was a *felis tigris* in the zoo at Jaipur.

ADVENTURES OF

The Maharaja of the province, we were told, was fond of presenting tigers to friends who were likely to find themselves overwhelmed by responsibility for these gifts. During our various trips abroad I tried to pick up some interesting stamps for the collection which our son has been assembling since he was about ten years of age and which has become very valuable. I found in Jaipur an old merchant who had a large quantity of Indian stamps for sale. After spending quite some time with him a good many were purchased. They cost me very little and were probably worth that much.

Next came Bombay and Bishop Brenton T. Badley and his good wife and daughter and Doctor A. N. Warner, pastor of Taylor Memorial Church. These efficient people welcomed us cordially. They dined us royally and showed us the high places of the great city, which was at the moment, together with Calcutta, the scene of turbulence and crime because of a Hindu-Moslem crisis. Without pretending to any degree of wisdom with respect to the future of the inconsistencies of populations, religions and ideologies called India, Land of the Indus, it must be commented that I see little hope of unity or permanent peace, either within or without, when the strength of British oversight and control is broken. "Fightings within and foes without" seems to be the prospect. Of course we took the Duke of Portland to see the island Elephanta with its twelve centuries old cave temple with strange round fluted capitals and carvings of Vishnu in his three-fold aspect as creator, preserver and destroyer, the latter above all, perhaps.

INDIA'S "UNCLE SHAM"

The big pretentious Taj Mahal Hotel, not the equal of some hostels in smaller towns, was our stopping-place in Bombay. There we found a book offered for sale called "*Uncle Sham.*" This collation, a real "work" of the kind, was being scattered all over the country. It was composed of quotations and articles gathered from American publications—books, magazines, newspapers—which recounted crimes, disorders, alleged evils of thought and conduct presented as characteristic of life in the United States. While it was impossible to deny the accuracies of some of these muckraking episodes and pictures of Western civilization the injustice of the publication

A TRAVELING PREACHER

as a whole, without note of the vast majority of occurrences which in the same country indicate another and superior type of life, would be apparent to all who knew the facts. The effect upon those ignorant of the true situation, however, could not fail to be injurious to the reputation and influence of Uncle Sam, who is quite an excellent and benevolent gentleman, in a way. The explanation of this offensive misrepresentation of American behavior seemed to be trade jealousy, a desire to keep American goods and business enterprises out of the British Empire. Another method of diminishing our competitive strength, if that was the motive, was shown by the almost total black-out in the English language papers in various British-controlled countries I have visited of important news from the American states. In one region the only item that appeared at all was the story of a gangster funeral in New York City, attended by throngs of people who contributed some sixty thousand dollars worth of flowers in honor of the crime-leader. As a long-time friend of Great Britain it seemed to me that this return for our national friendliness ought to be protested, and I did this at the time in various ways.

We visited some native churches about Bombay, and I preached and assisted in administering communion at Taylor Memorial Church. Views of the city and harbor were thoroughly enjoyed, and after seeing them well we left Bombay for South India, Madras and Ceylon. In Madras we went to the Methodist Girls' School, our Tamil church and the Methodist Press, meeting Alta Griffin, R.N., Mr. and Mrs. Hilmer and others. The Cathedral of St. Thomas and the tarnished headquarters of Mrs. Besant's theosophy were not as inspiring as the excellent Fine Arts exhibition and the Marine drive. As we journeyed through South India there was time to reflect upon the most convincing evidences we had seen of the valuable service which has been rendered by Methodist missionaries to India from the days of William Butler to the date of our tour. Outstanding has been the devotion of episcopal leaders, particularly Bishops Thoburn, Warne, Badley and Robinson, all of whom I knew and admired for Christian character, loyalty and effective service. The Goschen of Glasgow carried us over Polk Strait to Colombo, where of course the place to stay was the splendidly located Galle Face

ADVENTURES OF

Hotel. Our comfortable room faced the park and the long reach of seashore which flanked it.

CEYLON, INDIAN OCEAN AND RED SEA

Everyone who goes to Ceylon should see the Cinnamon Gardens and Mt. Lavinia. Of course he rides through the hills to Kandy, where he takes Lady Horton's Drive, and at Katagustota he may behold the novel sight of elephants bathing and performing. They danced on four, three, two legs, and momentarily poised on one. They ate cane from one's hand, and balanced men on their tusks. The Peradeniya Royal Botanical Gardens, abode of many varieties of palms, of spice and flowering trees—Lady Amherst, temple flower, flamboyant and so on, and of exotic vines, orchids and Japanese coxcombs, constitute one of the most charming spots on earth. One could pass months at Kandy and Colombo with constant delight in the glories of sea and land, of nature and of horticulture, and with every form of wholesome activity. We were not too pleased when the time came for the trip on the Indian Ocean, where we went over the stamps purchased in the countries we had been touring and finished some of the books we had been reading, especially Mrs. Sugimoto's charming autobiography, "*A Daughter of the Samurai.*" Another book read on our sea trips was "*John Marsh, Pioneer,*" a California biography of a powerful but ruthless character. Several novels that came into our hands were spoiled for us by excessive melodrama, sensualism, or mediocrity of personnel. Several of them were thrown down or away but partially read. Why fill the mind with images of worthless persons and bad deeds? Enough such material is obtained from daily life. We were wearied by the books of A. S. M. Hutchinson, and were unable to go far with Walpole's *Hans Frost*. The latter's *Cathedral*, read at another time and filled with tales of ecclesiastical inconsistencies, jealousies and bickerings, took away from us all enjoyment of cathedral towns save their physical aspects of architecture and art. Before we arrived at Suez we completed Lowell Thomas' "*India, Land of the Black Pagoda,*" not too complete a treatment of the theme, but informing. As usual, in case of our many sea adventures, we had charming weather and views of sea and land on our approach to Egypt from the south.

A TRAVELING PREACHER

A GLIMPSE OF KING FUAD

We were not looking for him, but as has frequently happened to us we chanced to see in Cairo another ruler of a foreign country. The King of Egypt was arriving at the palace, and was not attended by a large retinue. He was dressed in European costume. Fuad was a well-proportioned and intelligent looking man, and as he alighted seemed alert and energetic. He had not at that time acquired his present reputation for moral laxity. In his capital we stopped at the famous Shepheard's inn and found at the Excelsior our friend R. M. Davidson, head of the Near East Foundation, with whom we saw again the sights of the famous city, the Nile and near-by pyramids. I addressed Mr. Davidson's smart Armenian boys at the Orphan's Club and Boys' Home. The graduates of these institutions are said to make good in business competition, even against the Jews. We were hurrying on to Palestine for Easter Week, and we did not tarry long on the banks of the Nile. After a sight of Helouan, the Heliopolis of history, and On of the Old Testament, whose obelisk is believed to be the oldest in the world, we left for another Palestinian experience. Aside from the observations made in this book concerning previous events and sights in the Holy Land a few items of particular interest should be mentioned. We spent a Sunday in Nazareth, stopping in the Hotel Galilee. We gave a little time to Mary's Well, attended a service at the Church of the Annunciation, witnessed the felicitation of the bridegroom at an Arabic wedding, went to the place shown as the carpenter-shop of Joseph, climbed the hill to the Church of the Child Jesus and to the sightly eminence which gives a sweeping outlook upon the whole Plain of Esdraelon to Megiddo and Mt. Carmel, and met the members of an Arab family in their home. They were friends of Abdallah Sahhar, who was our much appreciated companion and the director of our tours in Palestine and Trans-Jordan. We had a fine ride from Tabgha, where we had lovely views of garden, sea and mountains from room 1, in the only motor-boat at the time on Lake Galilee. We skirted the upper portion of the sacred sea, seeing again the remains of Capernaum, and of the synagogue in which Jesus spoke, and also the outlet of the upper Jordan, the site of Bethsaida Julias, the Syrian hills, the

ADVENTURES OF

Hauran to Gadara and back. It was inspiring to know that the scenes about us in many of our journeys were the very ones upon which Jesus often looked as His feet traveled the shores of this blue sea.

A CLIMB TO THE HAUNTS OF THE GALILEE MAN

The extremely ancient Galilee man, or what was left of him after some catastrophe, was discovered a few years since in the cavern Mugharet el Emireh, halfway up the side of a rock-bound ravine, Wady el Amud. I was very eager to see this aeons-old cave and its surroundings. Therefore on a lovely day Abdallah and I went from Father T  pper's home-like Tabgha to the Plain of Gennesaret on the northwestern shore of the Sea of Galilee. This bright expanse was glorious with spring flowers of all the forms and colors known to fertile Galilean fields. We ascended the banks of a rushing stream which, because of its rock walls, we had to cross from time to time. Part of the way we were on foot; part of the time we bargained with an Arab boy and crossed a ford by donkey-mobile, and later we made use of the horse of a Bedouin who charged too much and afterward, as is the custom of his tribe, grumbled over his too generous compensation. The rough oleander-girted trail burgeoned with profusions of glowing blossoms and sparkling waters. "*Palestine, Land of the Light,*" describes at some length this unique climb and the wide cave openings high up in the rocky wall. There, in a spacious chamber under many layers of deposit, Turville-Petre found numerous flints, bones of extinct animals and implements similar to Mousterian relics in the caves of France. They are dated by scholars as long prior to the latest glacial period of Europe, estimated at from twenty to fifty thousand or more years ago. We could imagine the giant who once lived in the great cavern about us, which has a thirty foot door, a forty foot ceiling and whose principal room has a length of a hundred feet. The remains of the Galilee Man had been sent to England and studied, and Sir Arthur Keith and others said that his brain was but little smaller than those of moderns. The inhabitant of the picturesque palace and sepulchre was said by those who examined the convolutions indicated by his skull to have thought, felt, fought and dreamed much as people of our day are wont to do. The climb, views and findings of this trip to his very early Galilean home was one of the most unique adventures of my quite varied travels.

A TRAVELING PREACHER

A DARING APPROACH TO THE MOSLEM CENTER AND THE GRAND MUFTI

Our first sight of the Grand Mufti, distinguished Mohammedan leader, who is related to the Arabic royal family, was during the famous Nebi Moussa procession, one of several grand spectacles we have seen which may have passed away forever. The parade began with the appearance of the Grand Mufti in the Mosque of El Aksa in the Haram al-Sharif, the Temple Area, Jerusalem. This structure, Al-Aquasa in Arabic, is held by Moslems as second in sacredness only to the Ka'aba in Mecca. Twice we have witnessed from excellent elevated seats the picturesque stream of zealots who after the initial ceremony, beheld and heard only by Mohammedan eyes and ears, poured slowly through the streets of the old city, dancing, shouting over and over "We shall be delivered by the sword," waving banners, clapping hands and indulging in sword combats. There were many delays and frequent cries of maledictions against the foes of Islam. We were told that before British control assassinations often occurred during this affair, which occupied hours of tramping and confusion. There was also a good deal of harmless fun-making, and the affair was soundful, colorful and theatrical in the extreme. The multitudes, attracted from many portions of the Moslem world, emerged from St. Stephen's gate on the eastern side of the city, went down the valley of Jehoshaphat, past Gethsemane, around the foot of Mt. Olivet, down towards the lower Jordan Valley and the Dead Sea. These events on Friday of Holy Week were great days for pilgrims from distant lands. The rear of the parade was brought up by the sacred banner and a cluster of other magnificent standards. In the midst of these emblems were the chief Moslem leaders and behind them, mounted on a magnificent black Arab steed, the dignified Grand Mufti, Haj Amin el Hussein, head of the Supreme Council of his faith. The vast concourse went to Nebi Moussa, the place to which the Arabs claim to have moved the body of Moses from its unknown sepulcher in the land of Moab. The encampment council and festivities there lasted about a week.

We were returning one day, from Amman, Philadelphia of old, in Transjordan, where we had called on and conversed pleasantly with Emir Abdullah Ibn Hussein, later King of Jordan and a strip

ADVENTURES OF

of Palestine including part of old Jerusalem. He was assassinated in 1951 by an anti-Foreign youth. A leader, with his brother Feisal, in the campaign of Colonel Lawrence and a notable character in the story of the "Revolt in the Desert," which we read during our stay in Palestine, his removal threatened dire consequences in a much troubled land. The valley of the Jordan was before us as we descended to the river after our visit to the capital of Abdullah. When we had crossed the Allenby Bridge and had left Jericho behind, we met bands of Arabs coming from the vicinity of Nebi Moussa and soon saw the dome of the memorial structure which served as a meeting-place for pilgrims. When our guide Abdallah, no kin to the Emir, hinted that we make a call at Mohammedan headquarters, the idea of going there at the height of a fanatical festival seemed hazardous. I should never have ventured to attempt it, had not our hardy Arab Greek Orthodox Christian guide made the proposition. I was aware that he would not only brave almost anything, but that he knew his way anywhere. We will never know what statements this enterprising leader made in order to get us into the audience-chamber of Nebi Moussa. He may have represented me as an ambassador, governor, or successor to the presidency for all I know. Something did the trick. The three of us, Mrs. J. E. Wright, of Washington, Mrs. Leete, and myself, were almost immediately admitted into the eminent presence, all others, Abdallah with them, having been excluded.

This member of the opulent and famous Husseini family, who presided over the supreme Moslem Sharia Council and is Grand Mufti, Expounder of Law, was obliged to take refuge in Damascus during the latter part of World War II, due to his dealings with the Axis. He was certainly unsympathetic with Zionistic Judaism, but we found him at that time quite friendly to Americans. He is not tall, but well-formed and of pleasing personality. He speaks English fluently and smiles easily. As we sat by his side on the divan which extended down the long side of the room he replied readily to questions asked him. In general he said that the troubles of Palestine were in good part due to inconsistencies of British government. Today the Arabs are given a little lift, tomorrow the Jews are elevated, he said. It seemed to him to be a control without intelligent plan or purpose which they were getting from the British Mandate. He

A TRAVELING PREACHER

spoke quite reasonably, showed no bitterness or vindictiveness of spirit, but felt that the majority of the people should be permitted to rule the land. The impression he made upon our minds was that of a man who would respond to fair and logical treatment. When I suggested, after quite an interview, that we would like a picture of him, his thought was that of a snapshot and he said agreeably, "Any time." I had in mind a photograph, but as Mrs. Wright had her camera with her, the Moslem leader stepped to the other side of the room, faced the light and was kodaked, as he appears in this book, by a Christian woman. Interviews with prominent persons in both camps and of several factions impressed me with the opinion that the Arabs have a good deal of justice in their contentions with respect to affairs in Palestine. Prof. Douglas Steere, a fellow-cottager at Wawatam Beach, Michigan, after returning from a considerable period in the land of our Lord, expressed the same judgment in conversation in 1949, and a letter from Dr. Paul R. Hortin, First Avenue Methodist Church, St. Petersburg, Florida, as he was returning from the Near East in 1950, might be quoted to the same effect. This view has not been materially changed by events which have since transpired. The extreme wing of the Zionists, at that time unpopular with many Jews, has taken over in recent years. Indeed the Jewish sentiment is changed greatly since I talked at length in Jerusalem with the head of the movement there, Colonel F. H. Kisch, who expressed most moderate views. His statement of Zionist aims was that of historical attachment and of spiritual reform, not that of a political establishment. The Zionists who were leaders then had little praise for political Judaism. They declared that they did not desire to make Palestine a Hebrew nation.

VARIED PERSONALITIES IN THE HOLY LAND

I was not greatly impressed by an interview with the High Priest of the Samaritans, Khaim Ishak, or even with the Samaritan Pentateuch, which if we were really shown the genuine copy, is said to be one of the earliest Old Testament manuscripts. The colony had dwindled until but a handful remained. The High Priest desired me to ask for a large Rockefeller gift to enable his people to erect a better sanctuary. Emir Abdullah of Trans-Jordan, above mentioned, was a courteous individual who said that his country was prospering

and welcomed visitors. Fr. Florent, a member of the White Fathers, whom we had met on former occasions, became very friendly as we saw him often at the Church of St. Anne and the Pool of Bethesda. Several "widows' mites" were obtained from him. He assured me that they were not like the manufactured coins often sold tourists, but are genuine ancients of the period of the woman whose generosity met with the approval of Jesus. We saw, on three occasions in Egypt and Palestine, Princess May of Teck and the Earl of Athlone; once in Cairo, again at a service in honor of war heroes at the British Memorial Cemetery on Mt. Scopus addressed by Bishop McInness, and a third time in a window not far from our own observation seats at the Greek foot-washing service on Thursday of Holy Week. This elaborate observance, by gorgeously robed ecclesiastics using large vessels of precious metal and accompanied by a cantor, seemed a far cry from the simple conduct and costumes of Jesus and his disciples when the rite was originated.

American Colony leaders gave us valuable information during journeys they took with us. "Brother Jacob" Spafford, Christian Jew and notable Bible scholar, told us Biblical stories as only he could do it as we visited the very places of the occurrences described. Doctor Jean Milner, an eminent Presbyterian minister in Indianapolis, recounted to me some of the impressive interviews and Palestinian excursions he had with Mr. Spafford, not long before this good man became the victim of an automobile tragedy. Prof. J. E. Dinsmore, an American botanist, engaged at the time in a revision of Post's Botany of Syria for the American University at Beirut, described the flora of Palestine with intimate knowledge of the subjects. One day, on the Jericho road, I took my stand on a low rock in a small field and Professor Dinsmore brought to me and named more than fifty species of flowers.

It was very enlightening to visit archaeological explorations being made at old sites of Jericho; at Sebaste, old Samaria, and at Megiddo, Armageddon, site of centuries of military contests. At the latter place, in the absence of Doctor C. S. Fisher, we were shown the remarkable remains found there by Mr. Geoffray Shipton. At Ain Shems, ancient Bethshemish, we dined in the midst of their treasure-trove with Professor Elihu Grant, Haverford College archaeologist, and Mrs. Grant, and we saw closely the operations being carried on by

A TRAVELING PREACHER

the fellaheen from the neighborhood under Doctor Grant's direction. We were also associates of the Grants, with other delightful companions, at our American Colony table. Unusual characters were encountered on the sightly eminences of Mts. Tabor and Carmel, and in Haifa we were instructed as to Jesus' knowledge of the Aramaic, Greek and Hebrew tongues by the Scottish linguist, Doctor W. M. Christie, teacher of Hebrew to Jewish students. It was doubtless due to his influence that a liberal supply of New Testaments had been purchased and were being used in Haifa's schools for Jews. There was something in such an environment as that of the American Colony in those days that seemed to make the Gospel story very real and to bring near to us the spirit of our Lord, the Christ of the ages, who had lived, taught and aided the people in their distresses very near to the place where we were meeting in His name.

HERE AND THERE AND THE VOYAGE HOME

How many observations and incidents are connected with a stay in the most historic and sacred land on earth that must be passed over with the barest of references. We were shown the subterranean chambers of the troglodytes, cave-dwellers, near Beit Jibrin, west of Hebron, Mereshah of the Old Testament. These vast dwelling-places, the largest room discovered being four hundred feet long and eighty feet high, indicate that the "Giants, the sons of Anak," of whom spies told Moses, were not the product of imagination or fear. Their residences, carved out of cream-colored limestone, are usually circular, each with a bell-shaped dome. The house of Simon the Tanner in old Joppa and the beautiful gardens of the Church of St. Tabitha, with the tomb of Dorcas, were more picturesque than the big modern Jewish city of Tel-Aviv near by. During one of our trips east of the Jordan we lunched beside the brook Jabbok, recalling the records of the Patriarch Jacob. On the same tour we were thrilled by the unrivaled panorama of the Jordan Valley as seen near the reputed tomb of the prophet Hosea at the top of Jebel Osha, highest mountain in that part of the country, about thirty-six hundred feet.

The most striking spectacle of our days in Jerusalem was that of the Greek Holy Fire whose coming is witnessed in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher on the Saturday before the Orthodox Easter. It

ADVENTURES OF

was our privilege to have the best of seats in the intensely packed edifice. During hours of waiting we saw all the notables in their processions, among them the venerable Greek Patriarch and the tall Abyssinian Bishop, with his long robe of glistening gold. The crowds indulged in a good deal of merriment at times, but when the Patriarch entered the sacred Sepulcher and all lamps in the great old structure had been extinguished, a hushed expectancy fell upon the multitude. Prayers were made. Deep silence reigned. Suddenly, and I could not tell how, though I sat exactly opposite the circular window from which it came, fire supposed to descend from heaven was thrust out and caught by waiting tapers. What excitement! Flames seemed to leap from floor to galleries, to high arches. There were galaxies of blazing stars as messengers carried the fire to runners outside. Their torches hastened it to homes, temples, cemeteries, to surrounding towns. The holy flame finally arrives in very distant places, to be religiously preserved for a year in memory of the fire which came upon the heads of the Apostles at Pentecost.

The reply made to the query as to my reactions to the Holy Land and its many characteristic features has always been that, despite the barrenness and poverty of the mountainous land and the unhappy divisions and strifes of its inhabitants, the historic country deeply moves one. I have seen practically all parts of Palestine and, were it not for the present ruins and turmoil, would like to see them again and once more behold visions and dream dreams

"In those holy fields,
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
Which—years ago were nailed,
For our advantage on the bitter cross."

Consciousness of the immediate presence of Christ has occasionally been very real to me for many years. This has been the deepest inspiration and satisfaction of my life. The living nearness of our Lord has been a more frequent and gracious experience since my first acquaintance with the tiny land to which He came two thousand years ago. I should have known and loved Him had I never seen Palestine, but He became nearer and dearer to me as I looked upon places He must have seen, and walked along paths upon which, or very near them, He must have trod. How very many times in Judea

A TRAVELING PREACHER

and Galilee the thought came to me, Here Jesus stood, or This very prospect was seen by our Lord. Beside the blue waters of Genesaret especially He seemed to become near. One would not have been shocked to hear a Voice, the most significant ever heard, uttering sublime truths. As one looked away from Galilee to the Horns of Hattin and saw a tiny green field, suddenly made luminous by sunshine through mist, he could almost see the seated multitude receiving the broken bread and meat which came from divine hands with a heavenly blessing. No lad who has ever grown up in Nazareth has failed to climb to the top of the hill behind the city and look across the vast plain of Esdraelon towards far-off Carmel. The Mount of Olives, seen from St. Stephen's Gate on the eastern side of the Holy City, holy no matter how much defiled by the acts of evil men, is a sight to dream about. Even the stolid buildings which are perched upon every sacred spot cannot take from the mind visions of sublime events which transpired there. The well of the Wise Men, the field of the Shepherds and the faraway views of Bethlehem, more deeply than the old basilica and the star in the pavement, stir the heart of the beholder who knows and feels the most marvelous incidents of human history.

The following verses, printed under the pen-name I borrowed from ancestral sources, and which were purchased by the Christian Herald and published May 19, 1928, preserve something of the nostalgic feeling I still have for scenes made sacred by the earthly presence of the Son of God.

MEMORIES OF JESUS

A Poem by Tracy Deland

The winds that blow o'er Galilee,
Where Mary's Son once loved to be,
Still vibrate with the memory
Of Jesus.

The flowers that bloom on Sharon's plain
And e'en its wealth of golden grain
Make common fields a holy fane
Of Jesus.

The olives of Gethsemane,
With all their ancient dignity,
Whisper the world-impassioned plea
Of Jesus.

ADVENTURES OF

The streets of old Jerusalem,
Of Nazareth and Bethlehem,
Draw men from far and speak to them
Of Jesus.

But He whom sages call divine
Dwells not alone in Palestine:
Each land preserves some thought and sign
Of Jesus.

And myriads who will never dream
Beside the Jordan's sacred stream
Repeat in reverent tones the theme
Of Jesus.

The earth swings on in devious ways;
Men come and go throughout its days,
And still the years resound the praise
Of Jesus.

As we were leaving Palestine we made a brief trip to the Place of Sacrifice on Mt. Carmel, passing the tell where it is alleged that Elijah destroyed the prophets of Baal. A rough ride for car and passengers brought us to the little chapel at the top kept in order by two Carmelite brothers, one of whom, Leopold, had spent thirty-five years in Madras and spoke excellent English. After descent from the mountain we drove to Acre, saw the ancient fortifications of this historic place of assaults and imprisonments and the remains of the Church of St. John. We had a conversation in Haifa with Pastor Schneider of Karmels-mission and then essayed to take our ship for home, the Excalibur, of the American Export Line. The ship came to the entrance of the harbor, but when the captain saw the turbulent waters which filled the port that day he turned about and made for Beirut (Beyrouth) capital of Great Lebanon. Hurried inquiry at the steamship office assured us that we could motor to Beirut in the morning and catch our boat there. We stayed for the night at the Majestic Hotel and took a car shortly after six A.M. We passed through Tyre and Sidon, recalling the fact that the only foreign tour of Jesus, except to Egypt in infancy, was to these coastal places. The day was fine, the road good and we enjoyed passing the great groves of citrus fruit, oranges, lemons and loquats, and also of bananas. We saw large mulberry groves and the most finely cultivated olives we had seen anywhere in Syria or Palestine. We caught our comfortable boat, part passenger, part freight, steady on the sea and with good

A TRAVELING PREACHER

and quite spacious staterooms. Twenty days of rest came next, with reading and conversations and some writing, April 14 to New York, May 5. Sunday, April 19, 1931, was spent in Naples, where we attended the Methodist service, all present, except our party, being natives of Italy. The pastor had once conducted mission work in Des Moines.

The rest of our homeward voyage can be passed over quickly. We paid a call on the fine little harbor and well-built city of Leghorn. We spent an interesting day in Genoa, visiting the churches Monteferrata and St. Francesco de Paolo, and viewing from high places above the Hotel Miramare the imposing harbor, filled with shipping, including the steamers Roma and the Conte Buencamono. The greater part of a day in Marseilles permitted us to take the big auto ride about the city. We visited the Cathedral, crossed the harbor by suspension car, went up the funicular for the loftier views and saw the more impressive places about and in the big, but somewhat dreary city.

From Marseilles to the ocean next! We ran for hours between the Balearic Islands and the Spanish coast. Much of the time we enjoyed a typically lapis lazuli Mediterranean. We ran past Gibraltar between six and seven-thirty in the evening, for once without stopping, and found the Atlantic in good behavior. It was my office on Sunday, the 26th, and May 3, also, to conduct divine services, which were well attended. My sister, Gertrude M. Leete, met us in New York. We went to Oneida, New York, for a day with Mrs. Leete's sister and her husband, Henry D. Fearon, and I took the Southwestern for Indianapolis, the semi-annual meeting of the Board of Bishops and resumption of regular tasks. Looking back over our globe-circling tour, there seems to be nothing to regret. It is hard to see how such an experience could be more satisfactory and profitable. It surely enriched my understanding of human life and strengthened my ministry in many respects.

PERILS ON SEA AND LAND

One cannot travel much without running into a good many dangerous and some definitely perilous places and incidents. Children are exposed to diseases and possible accidents, and our family was no exception with regard to this. The little earthquake in Florida

ADVENTURES OF

when I was a lad of ten or eleven might have been serious, but was merely curious and somewhat demoralizing. The forest fire on the site of DeLand threatened the lives and property of the town, and in the successful fight to stop the swift onrush of devouring flames some of the citizens, old and young, myself included, were pretty badly blackened, hair-singed and burned, but there were no casualties.

The sixteen foot plank that fell from a double swing my father had made available to my brother and myself by the side of our home on the site of the former College Arms hotel in DeLand might as well have broken my neck as my arm, but I escaped with only the latter injury. The young pines, now grown old, to which the swing was nailed, bent with the high winds and opened the nail-holds. Father was right in saying that the swing would hold an elephant, but the saplings were able to beat that estimate.

Our family have had a few close escapes from disaster when boating on the straits of Mackinac. In our first motor-boat, Wenniway I, we found ourselves unexpectedly in the midst of high waves, sometimes when the skies were clear and the sun shining. It is a nerve-thrilling sensation to drive across a wave and fall flat into a hollow wider than the length of the boat. Another experience that is not too enjoyable is to find yourself on top of a big mountain of water with the craft you are driving spinning about like a top. Unpleasant it also is to be driven home by tumultuous waters which threaten to land you on the beach sidewise, so that you have to jump into the water with your clothes on and lead the boat to safety. One does not enjoy having a motor stop on a trip across the Strait, and watch the life-saving crew from Mackinac Island putting out to your relief. They never quite caught us, however, as they did some others. We always started up in time to show the seamen a clean pair of heels. In all probability we were not often in serious danger, but quite as likely is it that on a few occasions we were in more peril than we knew. Lives are lost sometimes under circumstances such as we experienced before a larger and cabin boat was purchased by my son.

It is a reasonable belief that the autos and highways of the United States, plus liquor and politics, constitute a menace to human life more threatening and devastating than war—at least than most military campaigns. The reports of the National Safety Council, with

A TRAVELING PREACHER

which our son-in-law, Mr. W. D. Keefer, was long officially connected as chief engineer, have often confirmed this fact. We will return later to this part of my story.

IN THE MIDST OF A MOB IN ITALY

Only once in my life have I faced a revolver. Of course I was unarmed. This singular event occurred in Florence, Italy. A party of tourists were sight-seeing in two large conveyances of the Landau type. My place was in the first carriage on the left end of the front seat. We passed a church where a funeral was evidently being conducted. Upon the grounds before the building were a company of soldiers with stacked arms. Something had evidently been going on that involved the military. This was the year 1921, when the followers of Mussolini were trying to climb into power. The funeral, it was learned, was of one of the victims of an attack on the soldiers, or of an act of reprisal against the revolutionaries. We drove on until we came to a crossing of streets, when suddenly from the left out dashed a great mob in pursuit of intended victims. We were engulfed directly, and I was looking into the muzzle of a firearm, behind which was an ugly and hostile face. More quickly than it takes to write it the brandisher of the weapon was dashed aside by a tall, fine-looking Italian, who pointed his own revolver at the excited throng and cried at the top of his voice, "*Americanos! Via! Via!*" Americans! Make way! The crowd staggered backward. Some of the leaders pushed part of them away from before our vehicles. We passed through unharmed, but with varied nervous reactions on the part of some of the company. The papers next day reported that the mob we had escaped did some killing shortly after they left us.

A NARROW ESCAPE FROM SHIPWRECK

The steamer President Hayes, on which we traveled from Shanghai to Hong Kong, came near to a watery grave somewhere between Amoy and Formosa in the East China Sea. There was a fog in the Yellow Sea which continued with us. The Captain, well-named Makepeace Ridley, remained on the bridge day and night, taking his refreshments there and watching everything on ship and sea. On the morning of Friday (lucky day), January 23, 1931, while we were at breakfast with the whistle blowing for fog, as it had done all night,

suddenly a terrific jar was felt which sent dishes and tables into confusion as a huge dark shape blackened the room on the port side. Naturally we left the dining saloon suddenly, rushing for the upper decks in a panic. When one could look into the fog, a ship was almost out of sight to the left and behind us. This was a boat of the Jardine Line with which we had collided in the semi-darkness. The crisis was over. There was some damage to rigging and rails and a few side plates were dented. We returned to our meal and our normal state of mind.

The facts as to what had taken place came out slowly. The surgeon, who sat at our table, reported that he had been standing on the deck just under the bridge where Commander Ridley was pacing up and down, as he had done all night. There came the sound of a little bell out of the mist, and the doctor thought, "There's another Chinese junk; we may run it down." Just then he saw, to his horror, the outlines of a large ship crossing our path. The prow of our vessel was pointed directly amidship of the stranger, and it seemed that we would certainly cut the boat in two, one or both going to the bottom. "Just then," said the surgeon, "I heard the voice of the captain right over me as he spoke into the tube to the wheelsman. As calmly as if he were saying, I wish my egg straight up, he remarked, 'Hard aport.'" The meaning was, Turn the wheel clear over. Instant response was made. The prow of the Hayes swung to the right. The ships struck slantingly, scraped each other roughly, but passed on in safety. Both were damaged to the amount of several thousands of dollars, but the other ship was said by the papers to have sustained more injury than did we. In due course we reached Hong Kong, remained for a day and then went to Manila. There the faithful master of our ship, who had not recovered from the nervous reaction of his long vigil and his prompt decision when the moment of great danger arrived, was taken to a hospital, and when we left for Singapore it was under another chief officer. I have often used the story of Captain Ridley as an illustration of the value of training. One is educated for some possible definite purpose. If he has been well-trained, and if he has absorbed and digested the instruction he has received, all this is indicated when, under sudden emergency and call for action, he responds by doing the right thing almost automatically.

A TRAVELING PREACHER

Rail travel has proved to be marvelously free from accidents or disasters, so far as our family are concerned. As for myself, only once in my life have I been on a train which had any serious trouble. Without doubt, in our own country, in Europe, India, China and elsewhere, we have covered several hundred thousands of miles in coaches and sleepers. A number of bad affairs have occurred a few hours before or after our trips. We have passed the scenes of wrecks, and have been detoured long distances to get around places of ruin, or through and about high waters and floods. Once only, aside from some hasty applications of brakes to avoid collisions or injured rails, have I felt the jar which comes with disaster. This was just south of Indianapolis, July 9, 1920. Our train struck an automobile, killing several people, and the engine, with a car or two, jumped the track and bumped us along on the ties for a short distance. It was very fortunate that there was no depression near us, and the engine did not even turn over. As the approaches to the crossing were clear in all directions and the speed of the train by no means unusual there seemed to be no blame to be attached to anyone except the driver of the automobile. Nothing could be done for the victims of the crash.

DRIVING THROUGH A FLOOD

One of the most difficult situations in which my companion and I ever found ourselves took place when we were motoring westward from McCook, Nebraska. We had spent Saturday there, and early Sunday morning we started for four preaching appointments made for that day, May 26, 1935. It began to rain softly before we started for Palisade to speak at 10 A.M., then going to Wauneta for a service at 11, to Imperial at 4 P.M. and to Madrid. Doctor B. O. Lyle, the District Superintendent, was with us all day and the next morning at Grant, Nebraska, where a brief message was given to fifty people at 7 A.M. on "A Breakfast with Jesus," St. John 21:1-12. From Grant we drove on without the Superintendent to Cheyenne, Wyoming. This is the story. The rain which began in McCook Sunday morning became a torrent in that beautiful and historic little city, and we read that the waters which rose about the town caused within the next few hours in the lower section a million dollars' worth of damage and the loss of twenty-nine lives. The rain had deluged Colorado and

ADVENTURES OF

part of Wyoming, and as we drove on towards our destination for the night floods began to pour across the highway. Soon water was swirling about us, and it grew so deep and carried such a mass of mud and debris that it became a cause of concern. The whole might of the current was increasing in velocity. In some of the fields there were trunks and branches of trees, parts of fences and dead animals which had come down from the higher lands to our left. Two bad possibilities were with us, one that the water might become high enough to kill our engine, something that had once happened to us on a highway in Iowa above Sioux City, but that would be a more serious affair in this valley. The other unpleasant possibility was the likelihood that farther on we might come to a tangle of tree trunks which we could not drive through or around. Nothing of the sort stopped us, however, despite the raging of the Colorado streams and of the Platte River. It took all our power to stem the current and get through some miles of wild water to the dry ground. We made it, however, though the big train on the Union Pacific came through from Omaha about twelve hours behind time. We went to Cheyenne and started for Laramie, intending to pass the night there. A very ugly storm came up however, with as black a sky as I remember to have seen. About ten miles west of Cheyenne we turned back to that city and passed the night in a hotel there, happy to be dry and safe.

AN AMERICAN MENACE—THE RECKLESS DRIVER

At the beginning of this account of personal perils I mentioned the menace of the automobile, a constantly increasing source of serious accidents, injuries and deaths. This frightful cause of mutilation and destruction is aggravated by the licensing of liquor-manufacturers and sellers by a government too much dominated by corrupt politics. Everyone related to the traffic in alcoholic beverages is *particeps criminis* in the awful results of the distribution of these poisons, including the fires, sex depravities and crimes which accompany liquor-drinking. Nor are lax courts and judges without blame when they free drivers who roam the highways under the influence of intoxicants, or hand them negligible fines with no loss of licenses or imprisonment. Who can tell how long the American public will tolerate practices on the whole more deadly than war or disease? This will be the case at least until the Church in all its chief branches

A TRAVELING PREACHER

unites in an effective manner to protect the innocent from the selfishness and depredations of the ungodly and the guilty.

Mrs. Leete and I were driving from Big Rapids Camp Ground, Michigan, to our cottage at Wawatam Beach on the Straits of Mackinac. About six miles north of Saginaw we were traveling slowly towards Midland City, where we were to pass the night. We were in no hurry, and on our side of the road no one was near us in either direction. The other side of the highway was very busy. People were coming back to the city from the resorts. They were traveling at a high rate of speed, considering how close they were together. There was no room for another car between them. There are no hills near Saginaw, but the road takes an occasional dip, enough to hide from sight an approaching car. Suddenly, as we neared one of these slight depressions, a machine appeared over the top on our side of the road and only a little way ahead. Alarmed, I frantically pulled my car to the right off the road, and did get it perhaps two feet to the side, but there was no time to do more. The on-comer was an in and out driver, trying to save perhaps fifteen minutes in getting to town. He saw us right before him. He then lost his judgment, if he had any, or else he deliberately decided to make room for himself in the procession that was going city-ward. At all events he drove his machine into the rear of another car, spinning that one across the road and into our automobile. The impact cut our engine as a knife goes through cheese. Mrs. Leete was catapulted into the windshield and badly cut about the head. She was unconscious until cared for in the hospital. My left kneecap was broken, the leg was bent upward immovably, and my face cut. My injuries came from the steering-wheel and from glass, and without loss of consciousness. The line of speeders was stopped, and perhaps two hundred people were about the place immediately. A friendly deputy sheriff from Saginaw seemed almost to rise out of the ground, and he told me that he would look after our baggage and all effects. Both of us had to be carried into the ambulance and out of it again after the six mile ride back to the city hospital.

The rest of the story is soon told. The man who had caused the trouble could not get away, of course. He was arrested, but as one politician to another he was at once freed on bond. The car of the man who was pushed into us and our own car were so smashed that no

ADVENTURES OF

dealer would give anything for them. The aggressor was convicted of reckless driving. We were told that his own car had been damaged to the extent of perhaps twenty-five dollars, and that the benevolent judge fined him about \$53, including costs. It was reported that he tried to claim that he was a policeman on duty. That plea did not work, but anyone can see the disparity between his condition and ours. We were not present, or represented at the trial. Both of us were under the care of surgeons and physicians for five weeks in Saginaw General Hospital and then eight weeks at the Battle Creek Sanitarium. Then we borrowed the best nurse in the latter institution, as we thought her, with the consoling name of Martha Comfort. She went with us to our home in DeLand, Florida, and three months later she entered the naval service and went to the Pacific Area.

There are a few silver linings to these clouds. Our expenses from this accident; no, it was a crime, were very large, but as the driver involved had a membership carrying insurance in the Detroit Athletic Club that organization made a settlement with us, enough to cover the actual costs of medical and hospital care. We both received permanent injuries which are somewhat troublesome, and will be so as long as we live. But a merciful Providence gave us continued life. As for the cause of our trouble and the lenient court the less said the better. They probably do not know how or whether we came out of this experience.

PREACHING IN STRANGE PLACES

It is not at all remarkable that in over sixty years of preaching one should have spoken sometimes in unusual places or under peculiar circumstances. A few of these events have been mentioned previously. My opportunities to deliver the Christian message and appeal have included several countries aside from our own. At least four weeks of addresses including an ordination sermon were given in Canada during our residence in Detroit, 1906-1912, at the London, Hamilton and Toronto Methodist Conferences. As a result of one of my Canadian sermons there came to me a letter from Mr. Joseph Leete, a wealthy factor of London and Surrey, England. Someone had sent him a newspaper account of the service in which I preached. He informed me that he had written a book about "*The Family of*

A TRAVELING PREACHER

Leete" and offered to send me a copy of the work. I was not prepared for the sumptuously printed, bound and illustrated volume that arrived shortly. Mr. Leete's elaborate record gives a verified historical account of crusading, Norman and English forebears who were churchmen and patriots, engaged in serviceable activities.

Among other countries aside from the United States, Puerto Rico and Canada, where Christian messages have been given by me are England, Eire, Italy, Palestine, India, Malaysia, the Philippines, China and Japan. Two of my most unique experiences in our own country took place in the state where I almost became a native, where my last pastorate occurred and where for forty years some members of five generations of our family have spent vacations in summer. The annual commemoration at the old Central Mine Church once took me to the Calumet copper country of Michigan. The mine had been worked out years before, but the church had been so much loved and was so kindly remembered, that it was the custom in the days of my pastorate in Detroit to hold a celebration on its site once a year. People came from many parts of the state and from elsewhere. It was really a big religious picnic, addressed by a preacher imported for the occasion. One hardly ever gets as good a congregation as when he speaks to Cornish, Welsh and other miners. Some Finns were there, too. The day was lovely. The singing was superb. It was a very inspiring privilege to speak to people of old, tender recollections of former years of worship and of companionships never to be renewed on earth, save on the part of those who survived to attend the Anniversary.

It has been my privilege once only in my life to preach to the descendants of the earliest Americans—the red men. This occurred near Charlevoix, Michigan, at an annual camp-meeting of Indian preachers and laymen from various parts of the country, at the Greensky Methodist Church. The prayers of these men during the services there, though of course I could not understand a word of them, affected me deeply by reason of their earnestness and because of the reverence in the voices of those who offered praises and petitions. The story of John Stewart and his successors, especially the great pioneer preacher James B. Finley, in work among the Wyandottes in the early part of the 19th Century impresses one with the view that

ADVENTURES OF

Christianity missed a great opportunity by not giving serious and more determined effort to the salvation of the native tribes before they had been corrupted by our commercialism and our rum.

My record of preaching notes one very high pulpit, the auditorium at Bright Angel Point on the north rim of the Grand Canyon. We drove our old-time good Jordan car to this community more than eight thousand feet high, not far from a point whose elevation is nine thousand and fifteen feet. We were unannounced and we supposed wholly unknown. However, an Omaha man recognized us, and at his suggestion the management invited me to preach on Sunday, June 9, 1935. The invitation was accepted, and in Grand Canyon Lodge at ten o'clock there was a fine audience. The text was St. John 1:3 and 4, and the theme, "Christ, Creator and Life of the World." One result of the service was that we were moved from a tiny cabin at some distance from the bluff into a handsome and well-equipped cottage on the very brink of the vast gorge. From our windows and veranda the constantly changing views were kaleidoscopic, and sometimes, as in the early morning and just before sundown, they were rapturous. Reference is made elsewhere to a service at Mitchell Pass beyond Scottsbluff, Nebraska, where five hundred automobile loads gathered in commemoration of the home missionary exploits of Jason Lee, whose party went through there on the way to open Oregon to civilization and Christianity.

SERMONS ON THE SEAS

No, not the seven seas! The number is six. Many trips we took on the Mediterranean presented no opportunity to preach there. The six are the Atlantic, Pacific, China, Indian Ocean, Red Sea and Caribbean. This is not the right order, however, from the standpoint of the calendar.

My first experience of preaching on ship board was during a passage in 1917 from Ponce on the south side of Puerto Rico back to San Juan on the northern side of the island. This usually disturbed water, which we had been advised to avoid at that season of year, was on that occasion troubled by neither hurricane nor storm. The steamer *Carolina* moved gently over comfortable waters as on January 28, 1917, the passengers and others were addressed at 2:30 P.M. on "Loving God with the Mind."

A TRAVELING PREACHER

Our two first voyages to Europe and the Near East were mainly on British vessels where no preachers were asked to conduct religious services. An officer of the boat, too often in a most indifferent manner and tone, read the Church of England service. The affair each time had one surpassing merit, it was very brief. More would have been no better. It is not easy to listen to a whiskey-drinking official as he mouths a ritual, even though it originated in the Scriptures and in the minds of Christian men. One quite understands, but hardly keeps from despising, the political reasons that debar preachers on ship board from religious responsibilities. As for me, I would rather hear a service from the lips of a pious Mohammedan than to listen to the reading of Scriptures and prayers by an ungodly Briton or American.

Three times I preached on the earth's most "vasty deep," to use the phrase of the greatest of dramatists. Our experience on this mighty water was like its name—Pacific. There was a great storm north of us and over part of our usual route. The careful captain of the President Cleveland turned his craft southward, and by going many miles out of the beaten tract, and well down towards Guam, avoided the tempest. The waters were smooth, and the offices of Christian faith could be observed in ease of body and perhaps of mind. My topic, December 7, 1930, was "Children of the Light," from I Thess: 5:5. December 14 at 11 A.M. in the social parlor, the passengers were honored by the presence of the master of the Cleveland, Captain G. W. Yardley, the purser, the chief steward and the stewardess, among others of the ship's personnel. The text was St. Mark 11:22, "Jesus saith unto them, Have faith in God." My record says that Commander Yardley remarked afterward, "We do not get much talking of that kind these days." It became easy to establish a friendly relationship with this competent, scholarly officer. The text of my third sermon on the President Cleveland was II Cor. 8:9, and the theme, "The Grace of Christ that Maketh Rich." The captain and chief steward were present, and among the passengers in the social parlor were Dr. E. H. Thompson, surgeon of Burbank, California, two Methodist missionaries to Korea, Dalcia Raney and Esther J. Laird, Vincente Franganti, prominent Filipino, Mrs. Hamilton Wright, a much traveled resident of Washington, D. C., and many others. Taking everything together, I never cast bread on so many waters as on the three Pacific Sundays here mentioned. What

ADVENTURES OF

good of it all? One never knows, but there seemed to be in those meetings a Presence, who presides over sea and land, and who never draws near to us in vain.

A note appears in a record made when we were on the China Sea between Manila and Singapore, Steamer President Hayes. "At 11 A.M." runs the record "conducted service on the after deck with a very good attendance. The theme was 'The Christian's knowledge of Truth,' St. John 8:32, reading I John 3, first dozen verses. The promise of Christ and His commandments apply to all knowledge, but especially to the Christian revelation and to teachings concerning the universe as divinely made. God is goodness and love, and man actually or potentially is a son of God and an heir of heaven." Of course, as my custom has always been, an appeal was made, in this case that each person realize his highest possibilities as to Christian character and eternal destiny.

MORE SERMONS ON SEAS

After touring Malaysia, Burma, India and Ceylon we shipped by the President Wilson for a voyage on the Indian Ocean. The Sunday before we came aboard at Colombo, the Sunday exercises were in charge of Aimee Semple McPherson, glamorous priestess of a four-fold gospel. She did not become popular aboard the vessel, and at all events the responsibilities of worship were assigned to me during the other two Sundays of the trip. The musical program at 11 o'clock on the morning of March 14, 1931, was conducted by Professor C. A. Ellenburger of Grace Methodist Church, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, former Dean of Music of the University of West Virginia. Prayer was led by Doctor George F. Sutherland, of the Methodist Board of Missions, New York City, and Mr. Byars, a Presbyterian missionary, pronounced the benediction. These names indicate something of the personnel comprised in the large passenger list of those aboard the Wilson. The text was I Timothy 6:19 from which the theme discussed was, "The Christian Life the Real One."

It was a sensational hour to me when I found myself conducting devotions and preaching on the Red Sea. This was on March 22, 1931, near the traditional spot where the Israelites under Moses crossed through to the wilderness of Shur, "which the Egyptians assaying to do were swallowed up." Professor Ellenburger again directed the

A TRAVELING PREACHER

singing of hymns, the Scripture lessons were from the Book of Exodus, and the appropriate 65th Psalm was read responsively. The topic was "Life's Red Sea Crossings," and the text, Hebrews 11:29, "By faith they passed through the Red Sea." A comment made in my notebook at the time was "A good audience, and an excellent spirit in the service."

On the Atlantic, too. The ship this time was the Excalibur, Beirut to Alexandria, Naples, Leghorn, Genoa, Marseilles and New York. We had two Sundays aboard, on both of which the invitation to conduct worship fell to me. We were out of the Straits of Gibraltar and well on our way towards the homeland. The topic April 26, 1931 was "Sincerity and Loyalty in Religion," St. John 13:17. The boat was a very steady and comfortable one, largely carrying freight, but with an excellent passenger list of people who had been visiting the Near East, or were going from that intensely interesting region to America, bent on business or pleasure. I spoke to this congregation again, May 3, this time on "Christ's Program of Life," St. Luke 9:23. Miss Mary McCann took charge of the piano, and the program included "America the Beautiful," Psalm 24, "Joy to the World" and "America." The water was a bit "*grosso*." The boat rolled somewhat. This was the only time on any sea that I had to prop myself by use of the desk to keep straight up while speaking. However the congregation had been seasoned by the twenty-three day voyage, and no one had to leave on account of the old attack which Neptune seems to love to make. Taking it all together, I found preaching to seafarers quite as absorbing and apparently as profitable as speaking in pulpits on the land. Themes discussed and acquaintances made led to many friendly and some intimate conversations. Wherever there is a congregation, large or small, on sea or shore, the preacher of Christ may wisely seize the opportunity, not to entertain or please his hearers, but to declare the need of salvation and the truths and appeal of Christianity.

MOST MEMORABLE PREACHING ADVENTURES

A few other opportunities, even more unusual than the preaching experiences so far described, have come to me. Sermons in Tokyo, Shanghai, Malacca, Bombay and other places in the Far East were usually given to congregations of missionaries of all denominations,

to students in mission schools and to travelers. Those delivered in Europe have been connected with regular church services in Italy and England. It has not seemed to me a good practice to ask or arrange to preach anywhere, and every address or sermon given abroad has been on invitation, without hint or suggestion from myself. Bishop E. F. Lee, friendly prelate in Malaysia, and local missionaries arranged speaking engagements there. The hospitable bishops, John W. Robinson and Brenton T. Badley, and local pastors invited me to preach in India. Under these and similar associations and in some of the mission compounds in Tokyo, Shanghai, Burma and elsewhere, I often felt that it would have been more profitable, certainly to myself, to have heard one of the other preachers present. This was especially the case in midweek and prayer meetings. Some of the missionaries, though of course not all, seemed to me to be what the Scotch call "far ben" in Christian experience, and in a number of these gatherings an atmosphere of spiritual vitality seemed to hallow the places where we met.

A most unusual engagement came in the East. Doctor Frederick M. Pyke invited me to speak to a group of laymen from the regions round about Peiping, Chinese Methodist farmers. They were officials of the country charges, and the earnest missionary was developing as many of them as he could reach in their knowledge of the inward meaning and the appropriate activities of Christianity. This was the one meeting of men only that I addressed in China. It more deeply stirred me to look at this fairly large group of countrymen than even when speaking in the Theological Seminary to see a chapel-full of the pastors and Bible women of Peiping (it was Peking then) District. The Rev. S. T. Wang was the interpreter in both places. The farmers were to my mind an attractive company, but they seemed to be too sober, even sad of countenance. I resolved to try to make them sense the joy there is in the Presence and Power of Christ and therefore spoke to them from II Cor. 9:8 on "The Abounding Life." It is not easy to get everything over through even a really excellent "interrupter," such as we had. It gratified me, however, in seeking to emphasize the fact that "God is able to make all grace abound" unto us, to see their countenances gradually light up until some of them seemed to be actually smiling. China needed then, and needs now, after World War II, to know and use the joy of the Lord. It

A TRAVELING PREACHER

always seemed that in the older days they were under the influence of the myriads of graveyards that abound in their ancient country. What terrible tragedies have devastated China since this paragraph was first written. The end of a fierce struggle between the true Chinese life and traditions and their Christian developments and military communism is not as yet in sight.

A congregation in Delhi, where we were in the home of Bishop and Mrs. J. W. Robinson, was one of the most colorful which we ever met. Many young people in bright costumes and intelligent appearing older folk were in Pastor Isaac Mann's fold. He and the resident bishop presided. My theme was "What Christianity Offers to Everybody," basing the sermon on one of the greatest sayings of our Lord, St. Matthew 11:28 and 29. We were in the old, poor church, then, not the present fine building, but the Master-teacher granted us evidences of His Presence.

This outline of exceptional preaching adventures comes now to the place most hallowed by the Presence and sacrifices of the King of Kings, the Lord of Lords, the Saviour of Men. It was an honor that was deeply appreciated to be invited twice to give messages in the large and homelike parlors of the American Colony, in their comfortable hostel to the north of Jerusalem, beyond the famous Garden Tomb. My dates as guest preacher there were the afternoons of Sunday, April 17, 1927 and Sunday, April 5, 1931. The text used on the first of these occasions, in a service in which many noted preachers from various lands have officiated, was Phil. 3:10. The marvelous Bible expositor of the Colony, born in Judaism, "Brother" Jacob Spafford, led in prayer. My note is, "a fine audience: splendid spirit." Consideration was given during the second of these events to "The Fruit of the Resurrection," from Acts 2:32-3. The Rev. Doctor Wylie, Presbyterian, Montclair, New Jersey, as well as Brother Jacob, assisted in the exercises.

IN GETHSEMANE

It is my plan to close this account of messages given in unusual places with a brief statement concerning the most amazing preaching effort of my life. On Thursday evening, April 14, 1927, a company from the American Colony, Jerusalem, joined by outside groups, walked down through the Valley of the Kedron to the Garden of

ADVENTURES OF A TRAVELING PREACHER

Gethsemane, for a service in memory of the struggle and agony of our Lord and Saviour when the cup of His supreme sacrifice was near to His lips. Was not this one of the chief events of Gospel history and of the divine provision for human salvation? And is not the place where it occurred one of the most sacred spots on earth? The night of our journey to and into the Garden was a perfect one. It was calm and comfortably warm, with a bright moon throwing long shadows from the ancient olives and the pines which surrounded us when we reached our destination. The large company entered the wooded sanctuary silently. No voice was heard, nor even a whispered syllable. How melodious were the Colony singers! Their rich and well-trained voices were never heard to better advantage than in the softly sung sentiments of that hour. What hymns are more completely charged with emotion and strong appeals to the heart than are those of the holy garden? Prayer was offered reverently in subdued tones by Doctor E. J. Helms of Boston, and appropriate Scripture passages were rendered by the talented dramatic reader, Miss Bertha Condé. My remarks were based on the words, "A place called Gethsemane." I have since wondered how I could bring myself to consent to try to utter any thought of mine, even when based on the holiest of Scriptures, in surroundings filled with tender memories of the Supreme Spirit and Personality of the world's history. Strength is given according to our need. The events of this always to be remembered night need not be recorded further. Suffice it to say that to me this was, if not the most significant service I ever rendered in the name of Christ, certainly the one of deepest meaning to my own heart. It has been my desire to preserve and to communicate to others, as far as this might be done, the love and loyalty to Jesus which then possessed and filled my spirit.

PART VI

VENTURES WITH THE PEN

My first literary efforts, and the latter word is used advisedly, were the editing of the children's column of the Volusia County Herald, DeLand, Florida, of which my father was editor. My task, it was in 1877, was accomplished mainly by use of the exchanges, the scissors and the pastepot. I did write a little, but was more effective as "printer's devil," especially when assigned to the exasperating task of distributing in a case the scattered type of a pied form.

The theme of my graduation thesis at Homer, New York, Academy, was "The Newspaper as an Educator." I made out that it is, though I might now differ somewhat in my arguments. As secretary of the Utica Young Men's Christian Association I edited "Association Items," quite a presentable sheet. Later, when pastor at Little Falls, the paper of a Methodist men's organization, the Brotherhood of St. Paul, was edited by me. The monthly was called "The Brotherhood Standard." Pamphlets of mine containing the principles and ritual of the Brotherhood were often printed, and articles concerning its work were published in the Northern Christian Advocate, Syracuse, and in other church papers.

Acquaintance with many church editors led to my offering or being requested to write for their papers. This task occupied some time for many years. The topics used are illustrated in Appendix E, a selection from many themes discussed.

These articles were written in the midst of manifold duties and many of them were reprinted in other papers than those indicated, often by several of them.

ENTERING THE FIELD OF AUTHORSHIP

No thought of writing books seems to have entered my mind until the success of certain methods of personal and cooperative evangelism, training of converts and their enlistment in Christian activities, at

ADVENTURES OF

Central Methodist Church, Detroit, seemed to indicate that publication of definite results obtained might be suggestive and helpful to other ministers and laymen. Bishop J. F. Berry urgently encouraged the writing of my book on evangelism of which eight or ten editions were printed.

The most penetrating analysis of the first four volumes which were written by me appeared in an editorial by the unique and discriminating editor of Central Christian Advocate, Doctor Claudius B. Spencer, in his issue of December 6, 1928. He headed his account, "Bishop Leete's program Disclosed in His Books."

"Bishop Frederick D. Leete might well say that the programs he will stand for may be found and may well be studied by the reading of three, yes, four, of his books.

"Bishop Vincent once observed, 'I never inaugurate or push anything without I have a theory for doing it and doing it that way; I work from that center out.' It is doubtless more or less true of all our episcopal leadership, since, of course, there is no such thing as leadership unless the leader has a theory of where he is going, and what are the paths by which he will get there.

"Bishop Leete had gone through his years, since his graduation in 1889, with well-outlined plans, and the processes by which he has moved toward his goals when pastor and when bishop have been thoroughly studied, seasoned, compared with other ideas and finally evolved into the printed page.

"His first book if we are correct was one of those personal objectives, and should be, of every pastor in city or countryside, in congregations large or small. It was written after he had moved to one of the greatest churches in the Methodist world, for it was published in 1909 while he was pastor of Central Church, Detroit. The book is *Everyday Evangelism*. It gives but few pages to the general idea, but many pages to practical suggestions and methods, many of them new when they were first set down, and buttressed by his own experience, a book to be studied by any Methodist, and especially to be closely read by the ministers and laity of the Omaha Area who wish to know where they are going if they are in line with their over-shepherd's views. It would be an inspiring meeting if the book were made the central theme of each district conference and if there could be arranged an afternoon during the annual conference for a full report

A TRAVELING PREACHER

of the experience of the charges where the evangelism suggested was tried out.

"Just before the General Conference of 1912, when Dr. Leete was called to the episcopacy, his memorable volume on *Christian Brotherhoods* was published. It has an objective—the practical making of a Christian Brotherhood in the Methodist or in any church. The Epworth League is given attention, but so are other organizations. This, however, is long toward the finals; what makes the book unique is the history of the brotherhood ideal, monastic brotherhoods, and other orders from the earliest times, and the seasoned verdict of the author concerning their strong and weak lessons for us in the light of history. It is difficult to pass this book with so slight a reference, but it has been taken up not a few times before. The roots of the present are in the past; we really understand the present only as we see what is behind and before. 'Christian Brotherhoods' has a very practical meaning and value.

"About four years after 'Christian Brotherhoods,' Bishop Leete published *The Church in the City*, which faces the open doors and the closed doors of city churches today. If its head is in the realm of ideals, its feet and its heart are in our actual world. It also is a book of suggestions, a constructive book, a book of plans—quite likely a part of Bishop Leete's Area program, at any rate, well might it be.

"The last book is brand new. An encyclopedic volume, without the encyclopedia's dust-dry antiquities and weariness. *Christianity in Science*, an irenic book, showing that science does not breed infidelity among those who most thoroughly know what science is, and who are most entitled to a hearing. It shows, moreover, how science has aided the Christian experience and deepened the Christian faith of those who have penetrated farthest into the mysticism of that universe.

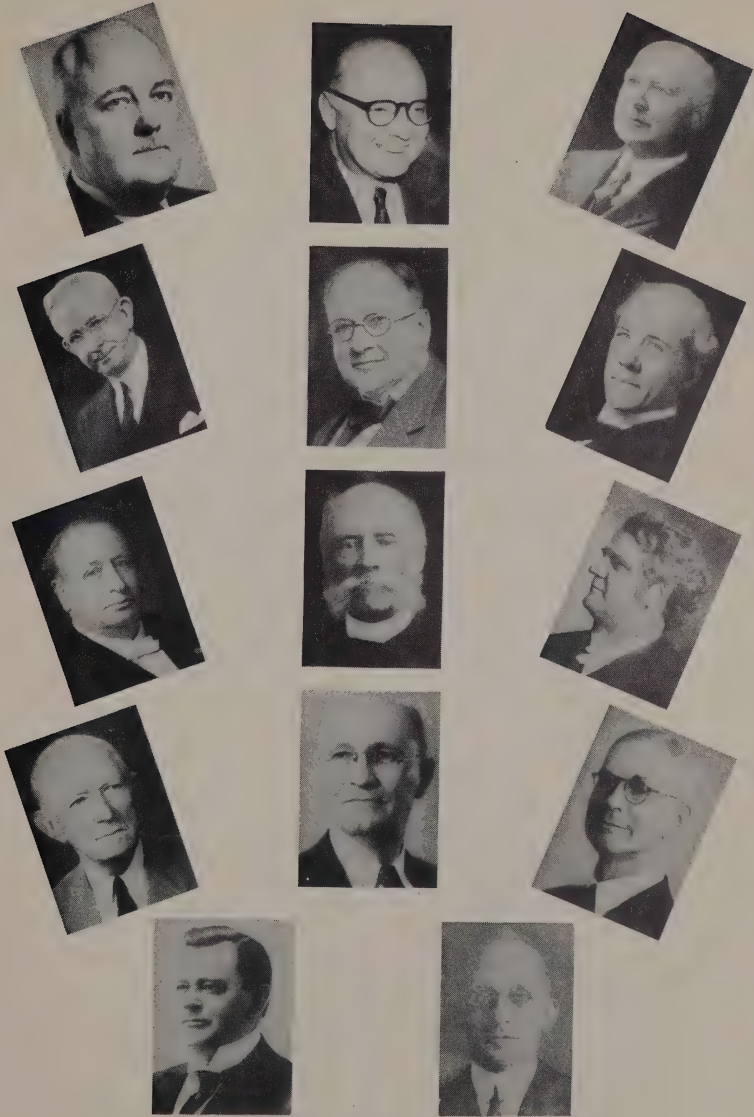
"These four books mentioned will bring a vast harmony throughout one of our greatest areas. What an experiment in concord and in a common endeavor would ensue in the great residential area over which Bishop Leete presides, and which we know he prays he may lead into larger and yet larger things, if those four books were universally read, and read to consider and follow out."

At the time this article was published in his paper my comment was: "Our genial friend, Doctor Spencer, has greatly surprised

ADVENTURES OF

me by the above writing, in several respects. He must have actually gone into the contents of these books, instead of skimming the chapter headings after the frequent custom of reviewers. He displays a personal interest with reference to Area leadership. Moreover, as I wish those to know who possess one or more of them, he has more acutely divined the psychology of the volumes mentioned and more accurately discerned the purpose of their preparation than has any other of many interpreters who have described them. Doctor Spencer is wholly correct in his diagnosis of intent, whatever may be said as to quality of output."

Claudius Spencer was one of a large number of Methodist editors I have known well personally, and most of whom published writings of mine. Among them were O. H. Warren, J. E. C. Sawyer, Bennett E. Titus, a parishioner of mine in Syracuse, Levi Gilbert, James M. Buckley, James H. Potts, J. J. Wallace, A. J. Nast, A. J. Bucher, Samuel McGerald, O. P. Manker, Edward L. Mills, E. P. Dennett, F. M. Larkin, E. C. Wareing, Lewis O. Hartman, later a bishop, W. P. King, J. M. Melear, Frank Thomas, George Elliott. David G. Downey, accepting one of my manuscripts, remarked that it was good to get such a work by a "reasonable conservative." Doctor W. L. Duren, one of the best of the editors, has aided my collections very materially by contributing documents and his own important historical books. Doctor Marion E. Lazenby, formerly with the *Christian Advocate*, who has ably revived the official organ of our Church in Alabama, has also been cooperative and helpful. Editor and Historian James R. Joy has been noted elsewhere. The alert and balanced head of the widely circulated *Christian Advocate of Methodism*, Doctor T. Otto Nall, with Mrs. Nall, was a welcome visitor and inspector of the contents of the Methodist Historical Library, as this writing was being concluded in 1951. When it was my pleasure to preside in Colorado Conference the inimitable Claudius Spencer, long the attractive and powerful editor of the *Central Christian Advocate*, made what proved to be his farewell speech to his fellow-members. Droll, witty, reminiscent, deeply stirring with partially concealed emotion, it is something to remember with a feeling of thanksgiving that such men have been given to this world. How I wish that this address had been written and preserved.



INSPIRING EDITORS

Top row: Ralph Wainman Stoody, director Methodist Information; T. Otto Nall, editor, The Christian Advocate; James R. Joy, The New York Christian Advocate and Historical Society. *Second row:* Marion E. Lazenby, editor, Alabama Christian Advocate; Claudius B. Spencer, editor, Central Advocate; David G. Downey, book editor. *Third row:* Levi Gilbert, Western Christian Advocate; James Monroe Buckley, New York Christian Advocate; James Henry Potts, Michigan Christian Advocate. *Fourth row:* William L. Duran, New Orleans Advocate; Andrew J. Weeks, Southwestern Advocate; Edward L. Mills, Montana Methodist, Pacific Advocate. *Fifth row:* Ernest C. Wareing, Western Advocate; Edward P. Dennett, Pacific Advocate.

A TRAVELING PREACHER

BOOKS WIDELY CIRCULATED

Copies of *Christian Brotherhoods* have been purchased by the University of Michigan as late as 1946, where it was being used by Professor F. H. Littell in his department of religion. This book was reprinted in the Japanese language by Kagawa and Uchiyama and was quite widely circulated in Japan, and also in China. *Christianity in Science*, 1928, was developed from forty years of interest in science and from much reading in the history, philosophy and spirit of legitimate science and of its chief representatives in the field of research and discovery. The overwhelming majority of these great personalities have been far from sciolism, agnosticism or indifference to Christianity. This fact, the main theme of the work, was affirmed as having been made out in this book by Professor D. C. McIntosh, by Dean A. C. Knudsen and by a number of scientists of note. References to scientific history and achievements which the book contains were not included carelessly. Indeed all chapters containing these items were read and checked meticulously—sometimes with suggestions of additions to be made—by eminent leaders in science. Among those who did this reading were Edwin G. Conklin, Robert A. Millikan, Arthur Lee Foley, C. W. Hargitt and Henry Norris Russell. These famous men are not responsible for my book, of course. Nevertheless, every scientific statement and reference it contains was passed by one or more such authorities. Among those who wrote very favorable reviews of the volume were Professor James J. Walsh of Fordham in the *Commonweal*, Doctor Ismar J. Peritz in *Syracuse Alumni News* and Mr. Milton M. Schayer, columnist, in the *Intermountain Jewish News*, Denver, Colorado.

Mr. Schayer in his reference to this book in the issue of May 16, 1930, says "Another sound, logical, interesting, informative and encouraging (to the religionist) book has just been published. The author is a distinguished bishop and a writer of real ability. Bishop Leete says: 'If any one has been told that he must choose between Christian confidence and scientific intelligence, herein may be found evidence that such a dilemma is artificial and unnecessary.' " Saying that "We Jews can just substitute the word 'Jewish' for 'Christian,' he adds that the book "is most stimulating and heartening. This column does not, as a rule, 'puff' or 'write up' books. In this case we

ADVENTURES OF

feel that we are doing our readers a service by drawing 'Christianity in Science' to their attention." Among numerous comments upon this work by scientists were those of the eminent authority on biology, Edwin Grant Conklin of Princeton, and Arthur L. Foley, author of the well-known college textbook on physics. The former said, "The whole tenor of the book is pitched on a high plane of thought, and there is no quibbling over minor matters. I hope that the book will reach many of the younger generation who do not seem to realize that all serious thinkers are fundamentally religious." Doctor Foley said in part "A treatise it really is, and shows a remarkable grasp of the entire field of science as well as the realm of religion, by ability to interpret, generalize and evaluate: a volume that should appeal to and help every serious open-minded reader." Professor C. J. Keyser, mathematician of Columbia University, wrote on departmental stationery, "I am deeply pleased to see so many encomiums on your work, 'Christianity in Science'—It is superb." A jurist in India, Joseph Thaliath, M.A., Judge, High Court, wrote and secured permission to reprint portions of the book in his own country. In February, 1951, came from Colombo a letter from W. A. E. Karunaratne, M.D., O.B.E., Professor of Pathology in the University of Ceylon, with thanks for permission to quote passages from "Christianity in Science" in a forthcoming publication.

VARIOUS PUBLISHERS

The foregoing books were issued under Methodist auspices. For a wider circulation it seemed well to go to outside publishers and "Palestine, Land of the Light," was offered only to Houghton Mifflin, who accepted it immediately. They also arranged in the same year, 1932, to have the book issued in England by Skeffington & Company. The text was the same, but additional illustrations were used and the title was changed to "Palestine—Its History, People and Scenery." This work was not only sold in English cities, but also in Jerusalem and elsewhere.

Reference should be made to a book published in English in Lucknow, India, and given without cost to the Methodist publishers there. It was called "Pictures of Jesus," and represented our Lord in various phases of his character and earthly career. A hundred and fifty copies, or more, were purchased for use in Methodist schools and

A TRAVELING PREACHER

churches in Japan. Interesting comments and tributes relating to "Pictures of Jesus" have been noted in the press or received here.

"Skyward—A Book of Horizons" was issued by W. A. Wilde Company, Boston, in 1936, and had a gratifying sale immediately. It is a compact volume of daily devotions, each of the readings having a text, a suggested Scripture passage, at least one short prose and one brief poetical quotation and a closing prayer. The work of assembling passages from the books of authors representing all centuries and branches of the Christian church carried me for many months into libraries throughout America. Correspondence secured quotations and prayers from many contemporary sources. Some notable expressions concerning the use of "Skyward" came from various

LONDON N W 1

28th March, 1940.

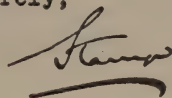
Dear Bishop Leete:

Very many thanks for your letter of the 3rd instant. In these difficult times when we are particularly sensitive on the subject of sympathy from our friends abroad, and there is so much press comment that causes us distress, it is particularly gratifying to have your assurances of sympathy and friendship.

May I say that your letter came at a moment when, by coincidence, I had been "enjoying" an unusual experience, viz., a day in bed through a chill, and your book which I had looked at from time to time by my bedside, came under a much closer and more intelligent scrutiny. I greatly appreciate the real quality of the workmanship you have put into it and the structure of the day to day quotations and comments struck me as a most useful and helpful piece of work. At any rate, it gave me, when in one of those rare receptive moods of quiet, very acute pleasure.

With kind regards,

Yours very sincerely,



ADVENTURES OF

sources. A Methodist Superintendent came quite a distance to relate the fact that his departed companion, during many months of suffering from cancer, always kept this book near by and often right under her hand upon the bed. She said that from its pages she derived much consolation and strength. What a splendid compensation for the labor of gathering the material for the work was this testimony concerning its helpfulness! Among many who wrote about the personal value of "Skyward" to them was the famous British scientist, economist and Methodist layman, Sir Josiah Stamp, whose oration at University of Florida Commencement we who heard it will never forget. Some of the important offices filled by Lord Stamp were the chairmanship of the London and Midland Railway, directorate of the Bank of England and presidency of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. One of the great calamities of the 1940 assault upon England was the death by a bomb at their country home in Kent, of Lord and Lady Stamp and their eldest son. Quite a number of Lord Stamp's letters to myself or others are preserved in the Methodist Historical Library which I have accumulated. One of these letters is presented in facsimile here because of the reference to "Skyward" which it contains.

As recently as 1951 letters relating present use of "Skyward" were received from several persons, among them Mrs. Bishop J. H. McCoy, long a teacher at Athens, Alabama College for women and from Colonel W. M. Everett, prominent attorney of Atlanta.

A STUDY IN BIBLICAL GREEK

"New Testament Windows" came next, in 1939. Believing that Funk and Wagnalls, publishers of such monumental works as the Standard Dictionary and the Analytical Concordance, were best able to print Greek correctly the manuscript of this book was offered to them. The editor replied that they were not at the time publishing any religious books, because they did not find any that they liked. However, the additional remark was, "We will look over your manuscript." It was sent and accepted within a week and was issued in 1939. The book was intended to revive interest in the Greek New Testament and in the interpretation of its moods, tenses, parts of speech, compounds and favorite words. In a day when some institu-

A TRAVELING PREACHER

tions where preachers are prepared have no Greek courses, or very slight ones, and when a theological dean could say, as one did to me, that the exact sayings of the Christian Scriptures are of little importance, such a book as "New Testament Windows" may not have a broad market. It is my own belief that a day will come when leaders in the church will discover the need of history as a background and assurance of Christian belief. There will come a new interest in a divine Saviour of mankind, rather than in a precocious Palestinian teacher. Then the words and works of our Lord will be searched for new and deeper meanings. The thoughts and revelations of Jesus have never been fathomed to their ultimate significance and value. The wisdom and spirit of Jesus Christ contain more power that can shake and control the world than does any atomic force that will ever be discovered.

A letter in June, 1951, from Doctor Marion A. Stevenson, Galax, Va., commends "New Testament Windows" highly, and adds, "I am sorry for our boys who are now coming out of our Seminaries without any knowledge of Greek." With this I wholly agree.

FAMILY HISTORY AND METHODIST BISHOPS

An adventure into the trying and wearisome field of genealogy produced "The DeLand Family in America," the story of my mother's French Huguenot family. The descent in this country of these forebears was from one Philip DeLand, miller, who emigrated from one of the places to which the Huguenots were dispersed at the time of their persecution and of St. Bartholomew's massacre. It has been supposed that Philip came from Guernsey or one of the Channel islands. He arrived with brothers, Benjamin and John, with or about the time of the coming of the Endicott party in 1628. The destination of the DeLands was Newburyport, "Auld Newbury," where was the first mill in America. The family soon became listed among taxpayers and town officials. Some of them fought in Indian Wars. At least one of them was in the Revolution, as a tablet in Danvers, Massachusetts, attests. Descendants settled Jackson, Michigan, DeLand, Illinois and DeLand, Florida. The family has been represented in all the arts and professions, in the War of 1812 and in World Wars I and II. The book lists all branches in America, with references

ADVENTURES OF

to the DeLands, Des la Landes and so on in Normandy, England and elsewhere. The edition was sold out immediately, and now can be purchased only in rare book sales at high prices.

Another labor of mine, which required much research and wide correspondence is "Methodist Bishops," the added title being "Personal Data and Bibliography, with Quotations from Unpublished Manuscripts, and Reminiscences." This work, issued in 1948, contains items concerning 250 Methodist bishops of all times and lands. It begins with Coke and Asbury and comes down to recently elected bishops in Brazil, Sweden and Germany. The bibliography lists, so far as the titles have been obtained, all books and pamphlets published by Methodist bishops, with the dates of issue. All quotations are from original letters and manuscripts, not copies, contained in the Methodist Historical Library.

GENERAL PUBLICATIONS

Other writings of mine which have been printed in pamphlets or books are in part as follows, a dozen or more sermons published by Central Church, Detroit, from 1906 to 1912; "Peace Proposals of the Czar," pamphlet reprinted from the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, 1899; address, "Permanent Thoughts from Passing Events," Lakeside, Ohio, Bible Conference, 1915; address, "Francis Asbury, Itinerant," in Centennial Addresses, General Conference, Saratoga, 1916; "Ten Years' Retrospect," Ecumenical Conference, London, Eng., 1921; address, funeral of Judge E. H. Gary, Memorial volume, 1927; "The Problem of Evangelism," Methodist Review article, republished in the New York Advocate and as a pamphlet, 1929; paper "Ethics of the Christian Commonwealth," joint meeting of Protestant Episcopal, Presbyterian and Methodist delegates to consider union of these churches, Atlantic City, 1930. This was also published in the Methodist Review; "Science and Immortality," syndicated article and pamphlet, 1930; "The Philosophy of Christian Education," pamphlet, Nebraska Wesleyan University, 1933; address, "And as They Prayed," Book of Methodist Sesqui-Centennial, 1934; "The Significance of Aldersgate in History," Bi-Centennial of Methodism, Savannah, 1938; "Puritan Contributions to the Life of Today," address at Guilford Colony, Connecticut, Tercenary, Proceedings, 1939. Among topics of the numerous sermon

A TRAVELING PREACHER

pamphlets published by Central Church, Detroit, were, "The Law of Perfection," "A Stainless Flag," "What Must I Do to Be Saved?" "Shall We Know Our Friends in Heaven?" "The Conquest of Sorrow" and "The Deity of Christ."

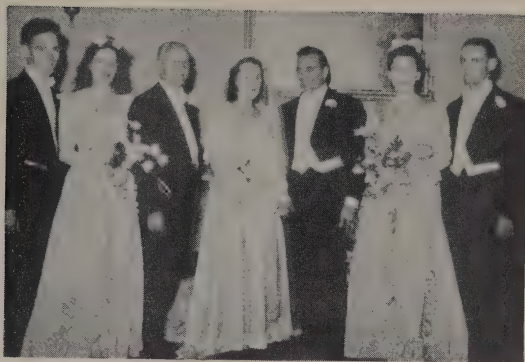
In order to make a more complete confession on the subject of my writing it must be admitted that I am among the multitudes who have essayed verse. A few of my productions in this medium have appeared in my books. A card has been used with the heading, "The Near Immortals" in writing people who have suffered the loss of relatives and friends. It presents five stanzas expressing the conviction that earth's loved personalities are not lost, nor even removed from possible human contacts. Reference is made elsewhere to "The Message of Marietta," a contribution to a Memorial Day celebration, which was printed and circulated by Governor Nat Harris of Georgia, a Confederate officer. My use of versification has been based on some study of the subject in textbooks and in works of meritorious poets. When anything of mine has appeared in newspapers or magazines a penname has been used, based upon my ancestry on the maternal side, Tracy DeLand. Grandmother DeLand, the only one of my grandparents I can recall, lived to be eighty-four. Her name before her marriage was Electa Tracy.

Under the name of Tracy DeLand, my "Lincoln at Indianapolis" was first printed in the Indianapolis Star. It was used by readers on several public occasions. President John Timothy Stone read it at patriotic and fraternal banquets in Chicago and elsewhere. For a good many years other undertakings have made the production of verse impossible, but for a time contributions of mine were accepted and paid for with fair generosity by such publications as the Northwestern Miller, St. Nicholas and the Christian Herald.

In connection with this review of publications the question may well be raised, Why write? Some do not do so for fear of criticism. It is my feeling that critics as a whole are merciful and even well disposed. At least for many years I have found them so, exceedingly. The only exceptions, during half a century of experience have been a student and a professor in theological seminaries, and one contributor to a journal published by a liberal, not to say radical editor. No response was needful, as the motives behind the statements made were quite evident. One's published work ought to attract much

ADVENTURES OF A TRAVELING PREACHER

more opposition than mine has elicited, and if attacks come from the right source they are more complimentary and helpful to the writer reviewed than otherwise. Many very talented men and women are too much involved with action to take up the pen and put down their thoughts if not their deeds. Some of them forget that they may be able to extend and increase in value their life-work by sharing with others, who may be younger or more inexperienced than themselves, their motives, methods and estimated results. Some preachers of my acquaintance have possibly done as much or more good by their writing than they have in any other way. I think of W. B. Zimmerman's bright little paper, "The Thought Loom," published in Nebraska Conference. W. J. Hart, of Northern New York Conference, was preeminently a writer on religious topics. A good many others might be instanced, and there would be more clerical and lay writers if present opportunities in our church press were not so limited. It is a distinct loss to the work of Christianity when the views of actual field workers and responsible men and women can find space only in the dubious column or so devoted to "Letters to the Editor." Purchased essays from the pens of noted or perhaps notorious writers cannot be compared in value, at least in many instances, with the tested and proven views of consecrated servants of God in regions and positions of homely labor.



MORE RECENT FAMILY WEDDINGS CONDUCTED BY THE AUTHOR

- June 22, 1946: Elizabeth Keefer to George C. Marks, Wilmette, Ill., Methodist Church.
Charles Helen and W. D. Keefer at left and Jean and Leete Keefer at right.
- June 21, 1947: Helen Keefer and William H. Chambers, Wilmette Church. Dorothy and Dean Keefer, Mrs. and Dr. Chambers at left.
- June 16, 1951: Judith Hall and Frederick D. Leete, III, Cadet C. G. Left Leete Keefer, Marigold W. Leete, F. D., Judith, F. D. III, Mrs. and Mr. F. D. Jr., Jill and Deke Olmsted.

PART VII

PERSONAL CONTACTS AND THE SUPREME CONQUEST

My traveling life has brought me into touch with interesting people. Reference has been previously made to many of these persons, but a few others may be named, among them James N. Gamble of Cincinnati, a rare helper in Southern work, Doctor C. E. Welch, closely associated with Bishop Berry, and H. J. Heinz, another Methodist of eminence in business and philanthropy, a warm friend and supporter of Bishop Hartzell and his work.

Acquaintance was made in Atlanta with John J. Egan, owner of the Cast Iron Pipe Co., Birmingham. He was one of a class of employers to which belonged Judge Gary, Hon. Titus Sheard, Burrell Brothers, Brown Brothers, Arthur Nash, author of "The Golden Rule in Business," Andrew A. Burrows and some other friends mentioned in this book, whose conduct in dealing with their workmen was exemplary. If all manufacturers and owners of business had conducted affairs as did these men, and if employees had responded as fairly, very different relations between capital and labor might exist today. The records of Mr. Egan's dealings in Birmingham disclose constant evidences of generosity to his men, and it was reported that his productive properties were left at the end of his career to the people who had worked for him. He was an attractive personality to meet and a rare man with whom to talk concerning affairs of industry.

Among business men I have known with pleasure was James W. Rowe, of Utica, New York, a wholesaler who had a prayer closet he showed me under a stairway on an upper floor of his establishment, where he once told me he retreated when overstrained or perplexed and where he remained in communion with God until he regained self-mastery, courage and patience.

Harvey E. Dingley, of Utica, manager of a wholesale grocery, was

an indefatigable Methodist layman. He was very active in the Brotherhood of St. Paul and in all men's work of the denomination. He visited frequently our home in Little Falls, New York, and is credited with the discovery that the first word spoken by our son was "golly," repeated several times enthusiastically.

Some acquaintance with Eliphalet Remington, of Remington Brothers, Ilion, N. Y., impressed me with the modest, quiet strength of a great philanthropist, donor of a centrally located downtown building to Syracuse University, of a large sum to foreign missions and of much money to church building. Indeed most Methodist churches in the Mohawk Valley, including two of which I was pastor, received during their construction, thousands of dollars from Eliphalet Remington or his brother Philo, whom I never knew except by favorable reputation.

Conversation with Marshall A. Hudson of Syracuse, founder of the Baraca Bible classes, assured me that few could enter and leave the office of his large wholesale crockery establishment without hearing some passages from the Bible always on his desk. Howard S. Kennedy of Troy and S. E. Hallagan of Newark, N. Y., were staunch Methodists. My college classmate, Hon. Levi S. Chapman, a fellow-member and generous associate of Mr. Hudson at the First Baptist Church, was long treasurer or president of the Syracuse Young Men's Christian Association. He saved the Association from disaster in critical periods and aided it greatly in property matters. Always it was a delight to me to keep most friendly relations with college associates. Among the best of these was Hon. Ernest I. Edgecomb, who became a justice of the Supreme Court of New York. Once when I went to Syracuse to look him up he was away from the city. The office reported he was somewhere out in the state with E. L. French, another of our group in undergraduate days, and head of an important industry. These two splendid men were addressing a follow-up meeting of the "Billy" Sunday revival which had been most successfully conducted in Syracuse some two years before that time. Both were active members of First Methodist Church, Syracuse, where another of our group, Bishop F. T. Keeney, had so long and effective a pastorate. A very good lay friend in that church, quite a bit older than the men just mentioned, was Hon. William Nottingham, at one time head of the bar of New York State and as modest a man as he was able and

A TRAVELING PREACHER

successful. When I congratulated him upon his new and lovely home, later to become the residence of presidents of the University, he said, recalling to my mind memories of his countryman father and family, "pretty good for a farmer." He never became too great to recall his rural origin and relationships.

Among my parishioners in Detroit were Mrs. F. B. Wallace, widow of a founder of German-Wallace, now the Baldwin-Wallace College, Berea, O., and her son James F. Wallace. Another son, Frank B., allowed to get away from our church by neglect of a former pastor, but who remained always a Methodist, was my best helper in building up our southern work. He was also one of the great givers to Methodist Missions. The father was at one time in the stone business. Frank was a most successful real estate man, buying, developing and selling large tracts of property in and about Detroit. Often it was my good fortune to say grace at his most Christian table and to observe the way a simple and modest style of living may contribute to widespread advancement of the Kingdom of God. Mr. George O. Robinson, also of Detroit, was a lawyer who became wealthy through early investments in Michigan copper. His companion, Jane Bancroft Robinson, of deaconess fame and long President of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of our Church, not only rendered appreciated service to Mr. Robinson's children by his first wife, but aided her husband in his benevolent interests. These two people established or aided many Christian institutions in Michigan, Porto Rico, southern California and elsewhere. They were good friends and co-operators in the work of the local church.

Several Kentucky laymen known to me were well worthy of their prominence in Methodism, but none more so than Robert T. Miller of Covington and Cincinnati, a member of the Book Committee of the Church, a trustee of many institutions and a long-time adviser to friends of Methodist Unification. He was a typical Southerner of the broad-minded type. As an adviser of work I was doing in the southeast he was invaluable. It is my belief that he was the best-informed layman of his time as to Methodist history. Typical is the fact that when I last saw him he was lying on a couch in his house, very shortly before God called him to his eternal home. I found him with a book he had been reading, which proved to be the Minutes of the General Conference of 1800. A coincidence is the fact that my Collection has

ADVENTURES OF

just obtained a rare copy of those Minutes bound with the Discipline of 1797. Governor James Dixon Black, another Kentucky Methodist layman, was present and assisted in the exercises when I laid the cornerstone of First Church, Ashland. Former President Frank L. McVey, of the University of Kentucky and brother of a Methodist preacher associate of mine in Southern Illinois, Doctor W. P. McVey, has been a valued acquaintance at Wawatam Beach, Mackinaw, and gave me interesting facts about the Southern Presbyterian Church, of which, as was my close friend, Attorney W. M. Everett of Atlanta, he has long been a prominent layman.

John A. Patten of Chattanooga, Mr. J. R. Pepper of Nashville, Mr. J. H. Baker of Baltimore, President H. N. Snyder of Wofford College, South Carolina, H. H. White, Alexandria, Louisiana, Judge Martin E. Lawson of Liberty, Missouri, and Secretary D. C. Roper of Washington are among southern laymen of good works whom it has been an inspiration to know. All these Methodist leaders assisted the historical undertakings to which so much of my labor has been given. It was President Snyder who gave me in personal conversation at a Unification meeting a most penetrating comment on the real cause of the continued division of Methodist people. Judge M. E. Lawson, long the head of the Supreme Court of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, delivered at the final session of his General Conference, in Birmingham, 1938, the unanimous approval of the Court as to the steps taken to unite the three chief Methodist bodies of America. It occurred to me, as I heard the authoritative paper read to the Conference, that a copy of that decision, signed by all members of the Court, would be a valuable document for the collection of Methodistica which I was making. When I requested this, my good friend not only consented, but thought so well of the idea that several similar copies were made and signed for members of the Court. Mr. Patten was one of the best of Christian laymen. He made great plans and gifts to his Church. He declined political opportunities because, as he said to me when he refused to run for Governor of Tennessee, he preferred to use his strength and resources for the purposes and program of the Church. It was quite a general opinion at the time that he could easily have been elected as head of the state government had his ambition taken that direction. His name is permanently memorialized in the chapel of Chattanooga University.

A TRAVELING PREACHER

"Uncle Norris" of my boyhood was not my only farmer friend. Another good one was "Uncle Stephen" Salisbury of Homer, New York, and his son-in-law, M. J. Pratt. The wives and children of these excellent people were of the best types of prosperous and cultured country-dwellers. Steven S., one of the Pratt boys, became a very creditable Methodist preacher and his brother Melvin a farm developer. "Uncle Stephen" was a man of better judgment and of greater usefulness to church and community than most college graduates and business men. The names and faces of numerous agriculturists, especially in Indiana, Iowa and Nebraska are recalled with pleasure and with memories of profitable conversations and friendships.

Among professional people well known and highly prized were Doctor and Mrs. W. F. Callfas of Omaha, both "Doctor Will" and "Doctor Jennie" skillful physicians. They were close neighbors, with a runway between our garages which enabled us to get to the back-door familiar entrances. "Doctor Jennie" had ceased to practice as a general physician before we met, but "Doctor Will" was head of the staff of our Nebraska Methodist Hospital, located only across a small park from our homes. He was connected with a most successful firm of physicians, and his own specialty had come to be care of the nose and throat. He was a very skillful operator and told me that he had removed 30,000 tonsils, and that he could take them out in ordinary cases without a light. He had visited clinics in Austria many times. His work in the hospital included general supervision, and he was all about the place, contacting practitioners, nurses and patients. Nothing could go very wrong with such ubiquity of presence and care as was exercised by him. The doctors Callfas were great entertainers, and many a lovely dinner we enjoyed in their home. Best of all was the activity of these good Christian people in the work of the Church. For many years Dr. Callfas headed one of the most effective corps of ushers to be found anywhere. They were always clothed in black with red roses, or on some occasions carnations, as boutonnieres. Men of fine standing in the community were pleased to serve under Doctor Callfas in this courteous and painstaking body of churchmen. The only other corps of ushers of similar quality of my experience is that of First Avenue Methodist Church, St. Petersburg, Florida. Doctor Callfas became a General Conference delegate and a member of the Ecumenical Council of

ADVENTURES OF

Methodism. Mr. W. Dale Clark, Chairman of the Board of Omaha National Bank, where I kept my modest account during eight years in his town, with an office in the bank building, is a life-long and dependable layman and official of First Church and of institutions of Nebraska Methodism. Among other remarkable people we met in Omaha were Mr. Carl R. Gray, President of the Union Pacific Railway, prominent Baptist layman, and his gifted wife. Mrs. Gray was the most popular Bible teacher we have known. She lectured often on the Word of God, as she held the Scriptures to be, not only in her home city but in many centers, especially in the Mid-West. She sometimes had a thousand or more hearers for her informing and popular addresses. Her home was hospitable, and its atmosphere as Christian as it was friendly.

Among famous Methodist women I have known were Fanny Crosby, the blind hymn-writer, of another reference, Mrs. Henry Pfeiffer and Mrs. S. S. Kresge, philanthropists, Ada Lee, missionary in India whose children perished in the Darjeeling disaster, the Holman sisters, and Miss Shannon, head of Isabella Thoburn College, also in India.

I have met and known a good many newspaper men. Among those mentioned previously were George R. Scott of the New York Witness, James Schermerhorn of Detroit, John Crowley of the Little Falls Times, with whom should be recalled Norman D. Olmstead, the News, of the same city, Mr. Olmstead and I each carried a 60 pound pack on a trip we once made together to Fourth Lake, Adirondacks. George E. Dunham, founder of the Utica Press, once wrote me a very complimentary letter, still preserved. His father, Doctor M. E. Dunham of the Plymouth Congregational Church, was a valued acquaintance. The long-time business manager of the Rochester Herald was a Methodist minister's son. The father I knew, and E. C. "Teddy" Mason was a college classmate, with a rich vein of humor. Col. N. P. Pond of the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, has been described in accounts of Monroe Avenue Church of that city. It is a pleasure to recall Editor Dean Taylor of the Ledger, Fairfield, Iowa, an active and consistent Methodist and General Conference committeeman. He had remarkable skill as a caricaturist, and a little brochure of his sketches of fellow Conference delegates is in my Methodist Collection. Very clever likenesses of Bishop Chitambar

A TRAVELING PREACHER

in his Indian head-dress and of a diminutive representative of German Methodism, Gideon Bek, are in this unique booklet. A similar Methodist editor is T. O. Huckle, creator of the *Evening News*, Cadillac, Michigan. Perhaps no other town of the size served by his paper has so fine a newspaper and plant as that of Mr. Huckle. A monumental edition on the golden anniversary of Mr. Huckle's publication represents this efficient and noted churchman in the Methodist Historical Library. I also met and conversed with Gardner Cowles of the Des Moines dailies, Eugene Pulliam of the Indianapolis *Star and News*, a member of my college fraternity, and numerous other newspaper men of our own and other church memberships.

Much travel through the country, with residences and Conference presidencies in numerous places gave me wide acquaintance which sometimes led to consultations by political leaders. Many of these not mentioned elsewhere I have met personally, among them a good many Cabinet officers, governors, congressmen and others. It has been stated that a governor once asked me to convey an important suggestion, which he did not feel that he could send otherwise, to the President of the United States. It is believed that it would have been far better for his career had the recipient of this message acted favorably upon the hint given him. An independent in politics myself (I voted for Cleveland and Theodore Roosevelt) I was once asked by a Republican leader of wide influence if I thought that it would be well for his party to nominate Elihu Root for the presidency. My reply was, "You might nominate him, for he is probably the ablest American citizen and one of the best, but you could not elect a corporation lawyer as President of the United States." A former member of the presidential Cabinet, still living, once requested my judgment of Gov. Gifford Pinchot of Pennsylvania as a presidential candidate. It had been my pleasure to meet the Governor and his talented and gracious titian-haired companion, two very attractive persons. Still, it seemed to be the candid duty to remark, "Governor Pinchot, able and popular as he is, is too far left-wing to be a success in a campaign for the presidency." Not so much later, this very characteristic might have nominated and elected just such a man—but not then!

A number of recollections of the Theodore Roosevelts come often to mind. At the time when "Teddy" was in Syracuse to sue for libel

ADVENTURES OF

a man who slandered him as being addicted to liquor, I was his neighbor next door to the Horace Wilkinson house where he was staying, in the home of my good friends, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Chappell. Chancellor James R. Day of the University there had some kind of a "peeve" against the President. The two men were much alike in temperament, as in ability. I recall saying that if the two were locked into a room together feathers would fly, but that they would be friends ever after. They did become reconciled at that time, but by another method. The President won his suit, of course. At a banquet of the New York Methodist Social Union I was on the same platform with Mr. Roosevelt who was the guest speaker. My office on the occasion was a simple one—to give an invocation. This act was made memorable, however, by the introduction given me by the nervous layman who was presiding. When my time of duty came he said quite pompously, "Bishop Steele will now pronounce the innovation," which to be sure I did. We were shown in Chateau Thierry, France, what was left of the airplane in which Quentin Roosevelt made the supreme sacrifice. Archie Roosevelt was present as a guest at our daughter Jean's wedding, and June 8, 1921, another of T. R.'s sons, Theodore, Junior, later a famous General in Africa and France, was a guest in our home in Indianapolis. The branch of the family of Roosevelt represented by these men has made, as everybody knows, a firm place for itself in American history.

It reminds me, when I look over the list of Presidents of the United States, that the first national campaign I remember was that of Hayes versus Tilden. Elsewhere is the story of two of my uncles, Baptist brothers, who were on opposite sides in the memorable contest. Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes were much in my mind in earlier years and I have collected some interesting documents written by or about them, including a photostat, which I do not seek or preserve as a rule, of the address of Mrs. Hayes as first president of the Women's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. She was introduced by Bishop Matthew Simpson, so close a friend and relative of President Grant. One of my recollections is the comment of a historian in a book published by the learned societies that during the Hayes administration the president was almost as popular in social circles as was his lovely wife. This was not altered by the fact that, with her husband's approval, Mrs. Hayes banned

A TRAVELING PREACHER

liquor from the White House, something rather difficult in view of the customs of those days and which had never before been attempted.

My vote would never have been given, as was once the case, to Grover Cleveland for President, had I not lived for years near enough to his residence to know well his metamorphosis from a Buffalo politician to a man of moral integrity and firmness of decision. Well would it be for our country were it in the hands of leaders whose judgment and balance, exercised with strength of purpose and deeds, were equal to those of Cleveland, the Democrat and of Roosevelt, "the big stick" Republican. And it must not be forgotten that it was Hayes who inaugurated Civil Service, and who incurred the disfavor of Republican partisans by removing Union troops from the last two States of the South, which they were intemperately ruling. Had it not been for this act of justice and courage he might have been nominated and elected for a second term.

My two daughters and I came near witnessing the tragic assault which ended the career of William McKinley. We went to the Buffalo Exposition on the day of the McKinley visit and address, September 14, 1901. The place from which we heard the oration was directly in front of the speaker, who was a fine figure of a man and made a deep impression as he spoke in clear and resonant tones. We were near and perhaps on the very spot where he was attacked by the assassin. As we had to catch a train back to our home in Syracuse, we left just before the speaker's peroration, and so missed having a sad and permanent memory, alleviated though it might have been by the compassionate plea of a forgiving spirit, and the quotation of words spoken by our Saviour. Relics I have of this great Christian man include the psalter from his pew in Metropolitan Methodist Church, Washington.

The two seats before me on a railway coach in New England were occupied on a certain trip by William H. Taft. When I heard him address a vast audience in the auditorium at Atlanta, shortly after the end of his term as President, my seat was behind two native Georgians. When the President followed a reference to his recent "rather forcible" removal from office with one of the hearty chuckles which he often used to bring humor to his hearers, one "cracker" said to the other, "I kinda like that man." "O cose," he added, "Ah shouldn't vote for him."

ADVENTURES OF

Not long after the first Mrs. Woodrow Wilson passed away, a few of us had an interview with the President in his office. There had been some gossip, as is well known, to the effect that the Wilsons did not get on well together, and there was criticism of the delay to place a suitable monument at Mrs. Wilson's grave in Georgia. One of our group mentioned the affliction which had come to the White House. As I stood very near the President I distinctly saw evidences of his emotion, especially in the constriction and its release of his throat. When President Wilson returned from his trying experiences in Paris, due to diplomatic pressures and his failure to take with him to Europe some astute counsellor, such as Elihu Root, it happened that I was again close to him at the railway station in Washington. He then had little more color in his face than a white statue. He looked like a tremulously walking corpse.

Among senators with whom I conversed at certain times were Henry Cabot Lodge, who disclosed a clear idea of the strength of Methodism. George William Norris, who represented, not merely Nebraska, as I learned when living in Omaha, but the liberal ideals of all the Mid-West, and Warren Harding. The latter was sensible and courteous in his remarks, which conveyed no impression of moral looseness. Calvin Coolidge has been often called cold. Perhaps he was to callers and politicians of a certain type, but not to congenial and disinterested visitors. As a Vermonter he was calm and poised, but not frigid. And Mrs. Grace? She was not the stately, as well as beautiful and most kindly and popular personality, that was Lucy Webb Hayes. But what other occupants of the American presidential mansion have been so admirable and greatly liked as these two charming ladies? None of us who met and conversed with the Coolidges in the east parlor of the White House and on the outer lawn failed to be impressed with the fact that we had contacted genuine Christian people.

Franklin D. Roosevelt I never saw, though he was sympathetic when I sought his advice about the condition and needs of a grand-child who had contracted polio. He sent such information as he possessed, and put me into contact with the Rockefeller Institute specialist who had made most exacting studies as to the cause and nature of the disease and its treatment. It was as the Governor of the State of New York that this service was rendered to me and to our

A TRAVELING PREACHER

family. The future President invited me to call on him at Albany, but neither there nor in Washington did it become convenient to meet him personally.

We went to live in Indiana four years too late to make the acquaintance of James Whitcomb Riley. Some of his relatives and close friends were Methodists whom we met. Someone, and I do not recall who, gave me the delightful Riley quatrain, an autograph, reproduced here.

*The tanned face, garlanded with worth,
It hath the kinliest smile on earth.—
The swart brow, diamonded with sweat,
Hath never need of coronet.*

Very truly yours,

—James Whitcomb Riley. . .

Indianapolis, Ind., Nov.,

—1891—

It was written on Indianapolis stationery of the Bobbs Merrill Company and is in possession of our son, who lives and works successfully in that city. Another remarkable memoir is a letter sent me by a Presbyterian pastor of southern Illinois. It contains an anecdote which he had related to me previously, and which I asked him to write down. It seems to me to contain lessons of value to many persons, especially in a time like this. The communication of this reliable narrator is given on the following page.

A friend whom I made a great many years ago was Edwin Markham. Several persons have written so much about him that I have never mentioned this very interesting relationship. Bishop Thomas Nicholson and I, in May 1921, spent a day with the poet on the Oriental Limited, the Great Northern. Mr. Markham may have been on his way to his birthplace, Oregon City, or to some function as Poet Laureate of Oregon. He entertained us during most of the time

ADVENTURES OF

Date February 21, 1929

Some years ago when I was preaching at White Hall I had some business over at Indianapolis. I had a gentleman in my congregation who was a classmate of James Whitcomb Riley, and he asked me to call upon James Whitcomb, which I was very happy to do.

Upon arriving at Indianapolis I went to his home and one of the servants told me that he had just gone to the depot to take the train to Muncie, Indiana. I went to the depot and took the same train. I went into the smoking car and located Mr. Riley. I introduced myself, but he was reading a newspaper and did not look up from the paper as he was very sensitive to any attention paid him when he was travelling. I said to him that I had a friend in my congregation at White Hall who was a classmate of his. He inquired his name and when I told him he received me very cordially and put his arm around me and asked about his friend.

In a few moments a lady, past mid-life who had upon her the marks of trouble, came into our car and stopped at our seat and inquired, "Is this Mr. Riley?" He answered that it was. She said she had an invalid daughter, who had never walked, in the baggage car and it would be the treat of her life to meet Mr. Riley. She said that the daughter had committed a number of his poems to memory and asked if he would go into the baggage car and meet her daughter. He replied that he certainly would and invited me to go along.

In the baggage car on a couch lay the sweetest faced girl that I have ever seen. Mr. Riley sat down on the edge of the couch, after being introduced to her, and said to her, "I understand that you have read my poems and can repeat a number of them?" He said, "Let me hear you." And she repeated "Little Orphan Annie" and two or three others and then she looked at him and said, "What a delightful thing it is to have the intellect that you have and the capacity to entertain people as you do." He said to her, "Be still, sweetheart, you have your troubles and I have mine. You have never walked but you are as pure as the morning dew and I am just getting over a state of intoxication. My dear, you have your cross and I have mine and the beautiful thing about it is that our Savior sympathizes with both of us."

Signed John D. Bugh

with a running commentary on poetry and other themes. Copious notes I made during this journey are too long to be included in this sketch. Among other pointed sayings were, "The opposite of poetry is not prose, but science." "Science gives facts, but poetry gives facts with the halo which belongs to them." "Poetry is truth with a smile." "The essence of poetry is beauty. Every truth, fact and object has beauty. It is the business of poetry to give to truth the beauty that belongs to it." "God is the supreme Poet. Beauty is in Him, and comes from Him. The greatness of poetry depends upon the amount of God there is in it." Mr. Markham remarked, "You have heard it

A TRAVELING PREACHER

said of Spinoza that he was God-intoxicated. I suppose I am somewhat affected that way. My effort is to Christianize the social order." This reminds me that I once was responsible for bringing Edwin Markham to Terre Haute for a great Indianapolis Area gathering, and to introduce him there. He was supposed to talk on Poetry and his poems, but at the time he happened to be deeply moved by his social service ideals, and he talked about nothing else. The audience was much disappointed and weary, despite sympathy with a good deal that he was saying. When he sat down I asked him if he would not give us a few poetical numbers. He readily agreed. The crowd came to life immediately. Mr. Markham was at his best. Applause was clamorous and the good man generous on recalls. The event was saved!

This record of personal experience tempts one, but only a few more items must be added. Mr. Markham enlivened our long trip by analyses of several vaunted writers. He pronounced Nietzsche a great evil worker in the blood of men all over the world. Walt Whitman, despite patriotic utterances and able use of English, has always seemed to me to be unworthy of quotation by Church papers and preachers. Markham seemed to me justified in condemning him as "a corrupter of modern life." He declared that Whitman breaks down the distinction between good and evil. "He makes evil only error on its way to goodness. He says 'follow your instincts,' whereas all the great teachers show that instinct is often merely animal and sometimes beastly. If Christ was right," said our friend, "this man is the very abyss. He sometimes utters a great truth, and sometimes makes fine phrases, but he is rotten."

When we went to Europe in 1927 I carried a commission from Edwin Markham to send him a leaf from the grave of the poet Shelley. This was done, and letters of appreciation were sent to me by both Mr. and Mrs. Markham. The following lines of my own composition accompanied the Shelley token:

TO EDWIN MARKHAM

I send a leaf from Percy's tomb to thee
At thy request—frail dust, with withered stem,
But fit to gaze upon with ecstasy,
As though it graced a laureate's diadem;
And thou canst see, against the Latian sky,
The stately cedars, lifting still their fronds

ADVENTURES OF

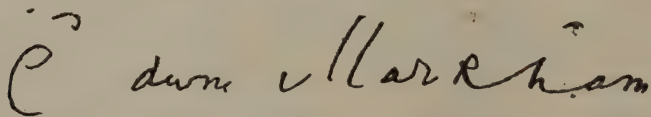
Above the spot where Keats and Shelley lie,
Who sealed indissolubly companionate bonds.

Bard of the West, whose deeply sensitive lyre
Lists soundless melodies beyond wide seas,
This memorative token shall inspire
The genius of thy magic potencies—
A talent not inured in Rome; thou art
Possessed of that rare gift, a poet's heart!

Another letter of grateful acknowledgment came from the recipient of the leaf and verses from West New Brighton, N. Y., July 14, 1928, saying, "I wish to be included in your circle of grateful friends, Your devoted, Edwin Markham." Most, if not all of Mr. Markham's books were sent me very kindly autographed. Among his poems sent in his own script is this quatrain

THE PRAISE OF POVERTY

Not Wealth for me: she does us double wrong:
She flits herself and takes our friends along,
But Poverty ever shows a nobler heart:
She sticks to us when all our friends depart.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Edwin Markham". The signature is written in dark ink on a light-colored background.

Another poetical friend must not be forgotten, Major H. W. Farrington, of the French Army before we entered World War I and of ours later. Farrington, educated at Syracuse University and Harvard, was a brilliant youth, who wrote the famous "Harvard Hymn," and was the author of several books of poems. He gave many recitals in the schools of the country, and his autobiography was published by Harpers. Mrs. Farrington was a teacher for years at Hunter College. "Harry" was a Methodist who visited us in Indianapolis, and Mrs. Leete and I were once in the Farrington home in Asbury Park, New Jersey. Strange that this gifted young poet, after successfully going through so many perils abroad, should have passed away as the result of a fall from a rotten second story veranda railing against which he leaned at Ocean Grove.

A record should be made in connection with experiences in Indiana concerning an exchange of letters with our fellow townsman,

A TRAVELING PREACHER

the author of much good literature, Booth Tarkington. Booth honored his Methodist inheritance in many ways. In reply to a comment that I found no off-color passages in his books he said, "That is the intention." Would the same might characterize all popular

1100 NORTH PENNSYLVANIA STREET
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

May 22, '29

My dear Bishop Lath:—

"It was most kind
of you to write me as you
did. It seems to me that but
from the hope of continued life
after the change called death,
this part of life would be
too hard to be borne. But
I have no thought that there
is ever an "eternal parting"—
I have never "believed in annihilation"
—and yet it is not "rising from
the dead" that seems reasonable to me.
Rather: there is no death — there is only
change. It has not seemed to me

in the tragic times lately come over me that I
 had faith: what I have had and have
 is more like a consciousness of the
 survival of my daughter and my father.
 I just don't doubt it at all. And I don't
 doubt the existence and the benevolence
 of God, now that Jesus Christ appeared
 to his best loved after the Crucifixion.
 I think that in general I should call
 myself an agnostic in the sense that I
 don't know how to take things just on
 faith: But not to accept these things
 as the truth has always seem to me
 to be sheer material blindness.

I am indeed most gratefully yours,
 Bertha Tarkington

authors. At the time when Mr. Tarkington's father and a sister passed away during a single month, I wrote him fraternally and thoughtfully. The letter which he sent in reply is reproduced on the former page and here.

Mark Guy Pearse, of London, England, a capable associate in the ministry of Hugh Price Hughes, was not only a striking personality and a noted preacher, but he published several interesting books, some of them of sermons and some stories. Mr. and Mrs. Pearse visited us in Syracuse. Mark Guy preached in our University Church pulpit talented and pithy discourses. Mrs. Pearse fell in love with our refrigerator, then practically unknown in English homes. She said that they would order one sent to them right away. When Mrs. Leete asked if she could run it at home, the reply of the good

A TRAVELING PREACHER

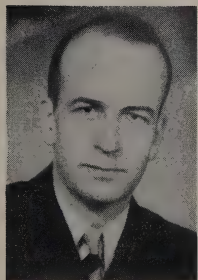
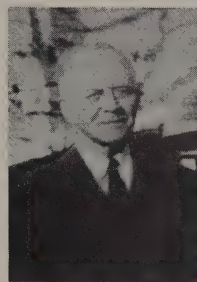
woman was, "I think I can get a little piece of ice at the green grocer's."

A special event in connection with the Ecumenical Conference in London in 1921 was an invitation to lunch with Sir Kingsley Wood, later a very important figure in the national government. A repast was given a group of us at the Mansion of the Lord Mayor of London, another Methodist layman, and also a reception at the home of Sir Robert Perks. The latter was very prominent and active in all Methodist affairs, and with the financial and personal aid of Bishop J. W. Hamilton, he refurnished and beautified Mr. Wesley's room at Oxford. Sir Kingsley and My Lord, the Mayor, were graciousness personified. The Perks' event, their town house was very near the Albert Memorial, was most delightful. Grace was said at the Mayor's table by his official chaplain, a red-faced unsmiling Church of England preacher, who both before and after the meal popped up suddenly beside our host and ejaculated a few phrases which I could not understand, and probably no one else did so. What an impolite and ungodly interference with an event otherwise dignified and impressive. Two or three who heard one of our simple-minded Americans, unused to social language in the presence of aristocracy, address the hostess at the Perks' mansion as Mrs. Perks were amused when she gently said, "Lady Perks, please!"

It is hardly necessary to say that I have known eminent church leaders of other years, many of whom I met personally on various occasions; Bishops Bowman, Hurst, Fowler, Foss, Ninde, Cranston, Ainsworth, DuBose, Mouzon and J. M. Moore among American Methodist Bishops, and of those in foreign lands Bishops Badley, J. W. Robinson, Pickett and Chitambar of India, Ryang of Korea, Abe, Akazawa and Usaki of Japan, Wang and Ward of China, G. A. Miller of Panama and South America, Melle and Nuelsen of Europe, Hartzell, Johnson, Scott, J. M. Springer, Willis J. King and Newell S. Booth of Africa. Bishop Ninde's brother Henry and his sons, Edward S. and medical doctor, Frederick Ward, were known to me and the last named was the donor of the splendid Ninde family collection, and was also a liberal supporter of the Methodist Historical Library. I ordained Bishop Valencia of the Philippines and was closely associated with Bishop Garber of Switzerland during more than a decade

ADVENTURES OF

of work for Ecumenical Methodism. I heard in their own pulpits without seeking to meet all of them, Alexander Whyte for 45 years at St. Georges, Edinburgh; R. J. Campbell, J. H. Jowett and Dinsdale T. Young, London; T. DeWitt Talmage, Brooklyn; William R. Taylor, Rochester; Robert Foreman, Los Angeles; and not a few others. Doctor S. P. Cadman and President John Timothy Stone of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary, Chicago, were among friends of former years. Effective and well-remembered pastors we have had in youth and since retirement were C. C. Wilbor and L. H. Congdon, Syracuse; C. J. Bready, Omaha; E. E. Cavaleri, O. J. Carder and J. J. Treadwell, Atlanta; Jesse Lyons and W. E. Craig, DeLand; Paul R. Hortin, Harold E. Buell and P. M. Boyd, St. Petersburg, Florida. Doctor John L. Brasher, a good Alabama leader, is one of the best of Methodist preachers. M. R. Webster, Secretary of the Northern New York Conference when I was admitted and later our District Superintendent in Rochester and J. L. Sooy, my successor at Monroe Avenue, Rochester, were able and profitable friends. Among Methodist officials in all branches of the Church a number stand out most clearly in my mind; Charles H. Payne, A. G. Kynett, Frank Mason North, who added to his secretarial work the writing of hymns, perhaps the best known being, "Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life," Ward Platt, H. C. Jennings, John H. Race, the loyal and effective administrator, F. D. Stone and the astute financier, William J. Elliott, the last two good advisers in my historical labors. A host of preachers, in addition to those named in other parts of this volume, gained my admiration and high regard—such men as J. H. Myers, John B. Foote, J. W. Simpson, Augustus H. Green, E. A. Lowther, W. R. Thom, H. R. Carson, J. F. Boeye, A. R. Johns, W. A. Gardner, G. F. Hubbartt, I. M. Hargett, Chas. Tinkham, Thomas Charlesworth and O. A. Murphy. A good many Chaplains of Army, Navy or of various institutions have been among acquaintances or helpers in historical undertakings. One of the earliest of my memory was D. H. Tribou of the Navy. It always pleased me to be corrected when I had made an error, and I was gratified and felt under obligation when this very precise officer, referring to an illustration I had used at East Maine Conference, said, "You meant a trampship, not a derelict, didn't you?" "Of course," I replied. I thanked him cordially and never repeated that mistake. J. D. McNair, the first American



SOME OF OUR PASTORS AND ASSISTANTS

Top row: Paul R. Hortin; Jesse Parker Bogue; W. Moreton Owen; William E. Craig.
Second row: P. M. Boyd; Carleton C. Wilbor; Herbert A. Magoon; Harold E. Buell.
Third row: Jesse E. Lyons; O. J. Carder; Harry B. Belcher; John J. Treadwell.

A TRAVELING PREACHER

Chaplain to receive the title of Admiral, supplied me with a considerable amount of autographic Methodist data and material. Lieutenant Commander Clifton R. Pond is a friend of many years. Two St. Petersburg Chaplains are our effective and popular First Avenue Pastor, Paul R. Hortin, and Philip B. Trigg at Bay Pines Hospital for Veterans. Under the latter's administration I have spoken to audiences there on very important occasions, and the gracious attitude of this good man has been as pleasant to me as to many others.

Among gratifying experiences of my life have been many contacts with men of science. I never met Michael Idvorsky Pupin, whose splendid autobiography, "From Emigrant to Inventor," I read with delight when it first came out. Quite a long correspondence with Professor Pupin was supplemented by consultations over the telephone. Sir Oliver Lodge, who was a great physicist and not simply a spiritualist, wrote me as to his convictions concerning immortality, and sent me an autographed copy of one of his books. But I did not know and converse with him personally as I did in case of Professor J. Y. Simpson of Edinburgh, naturalist and philosopher. I was once very cordially received in the home of Professor James J. Walsh, physiologist of Fordham University, whose letters of introduction, as was stated previously, I carried to Catholic authorities in Italy, Palestine and China. Professor Edwin Grant Conklin, Princeton biologist, with Mrs. Conklin, was a guest of ours when I presided in the New Jersey Conference, held at Asbury Park. Many of his letters are in my collection. At an annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, of which I have been for many years a member, it was a great privilege to listen to the annual address by the President, Doctor R. A. Millikan. We had a walk together on one of the days in Des Moines. He made a very scientific statement in response to a question I put to him. A man in the historical section had made quite a speech on the progress of knowledge. It was summed up by the affirmation that since Einstein it is impossible to believe in immortality. What do you think of that statement? I asked the President of the Association. He said nothing for a few moments, as we strolled along, then laughed and remarked, "I think it's a lot of bunk." Dr. Millikan added, "Some people try to apply relativity to everything, including history and philosophy." Shortly after the Des Moines meeting a note dated "California Institute of Technol-

ADVENTURES OF

ogy, Pasadena, January 23, 1930," referring to events there, ran in part as follows, "I enjoyed very greatly meeting you there and finding such broad-gauge leadership as you represent in that big area over which you preside. Should you ever visit the coast I hope you will not fail to drop in on us. Robert A. Millikan."

Professor Edwin Brant Frost, who lighted the Chicago World Exposition from the star Acturus (Mrs. Frost became a friend of ours in St. Petersburg) was a valued adviser in my writings about the relationship between science and Christianity. William McDougall, psychologist, of Oxford, Harvard and Duke, gave a remarkable address at the Ecumenical Conference at Atlanta at my request, and by my persuasion, against pressure to use it elsewhere, furnished us the manuscript for publication in the proceedings of the Conference. When I was in the home of William W. Keen, author of a famous "Surgery," he presented me with an autographed copy of one of his books which I still treasure as a valuable treatise upon "Everlasting Life." Professor Cassius J. Keyser, mathematician of Columbia, likewise presented me with an excellent autograph volume, his Phi Beta Kappa oration, and Arthur H. Compton, nuclear physicist of Chicago was among other men of science who have presented me with works bearing their signatures. Among many men of precision in scholarship whom I have known, some were close personal friends for many years. Among these were W. A. Brownell, Syracuse High School geologist, in whose laboratory I once worked, J. E. Kirkwood, botanist of Syracuse and Montana Universities, with whom I have roamed flowered fields, Nicholas Knight, geologist of Cornell College, Iowa, C. W. Hargitt biologist, Syracuse, whose son George T., followed in his father's footsteps in Syracuse, and then went to Duke, Arthur L. Foley, specialist in sound, University of Indiana, and others. University Presidents I have known, some of them rather intimately, have been named previously. President J. W. Morehouse of Drake was good enough, when commenting on an address I made there, to remark, "You can come back and speak here any time you can do so." Presidents J. A. Hoffman of Ohio Wesleyan and H. J. Burghstahler of Cornell College and Ohio Wesleyan were friends of many years. Chancellor W. P. Tolley of Syracuse is one of a succession of heads of that institution, all of whom except the first one, Alexander Winchell, I have seen and known to some extent. Our

A TRAVELING PREACHER

own Chancellor, Charles N. Sims, said once that I was the last T. N. E. man he would vote for as a commencement orator. He did so, and later must have forgotten this enormity. I have a letter of his asking me to consent to be suggested by him as his successor at First Church, Syracuse. He paid me the same compliment when he was leaving Meridian Street Church, Indianapolis. My stations elsewhere did not permit of acceptance. Chancellor W. P. Graham was a parishioner at University Church. Presidents H. N. Snyder of Wofford College, W. P. Few, Duke, E. M. Antrim, Oklahoma City, A. F. Smith, Ohio Northern, W. A. Shanklin, Wesleyan, R. D. Blackmore, Randolph-Macon, J. L. Seaton, Albion, S. J. Harrison, Adrian, a former parishioner of mine, Merrill J. Holmes, Illinois Wesleyan, Daniel L. Marsh, Boston, have been known fairly well, as have been most heads of Methodist institutions. President Holmes and I were associated both in Iowa and in general board undertakings. Among other intimate friends who were educators were Presidents H. A. King of Moore's Hill and Clark; L. M. Dunton, Claflin; W. W. Foster, Clark; Alfred E. Craig, Morningside; John L. Hillman, Simpson, whose son Paul M., a much valued leader in his Area, is now District Superintendent in Omaha; Samuel Dickie, Albion; John W. Hancher, Iowa Wesleyan, for years Counsellor in Finance of the Board of Education of our Church.

THE SUPREME QUEST

The most constant effort as well as the real purpose of my ministerial life was to bring the people about me into personal saving relations with Jesus Christ, and then to lead them into Christian usefulness. It was for this reason, because it is more difficult and often impossible for a preacher to accomplish such ends outside the pastorate, that I never sought educational or denominational offices of any kind, and declined to be presented or elected for other tasks than those of the local church. For this reason it was also sometimes a matter of regret that the duties and responsibilities of episcopacy came to me. There is no occupation more splendid in its possibilities, or more satisfactory to one who is sincerely engaged in it, than that of pastoral contacts and influence. My consolation during a quarter century in episcopal service for lack of time and ability to deal often personally with the most essential needs of humanity was found in

ADVENTURES OF

efforts to encourage and help train pastors, and to some extent laymen also, to engage in public and private evangelism and in social and civic service.

How deeply one feels the inadequacies of a career as a preacher of Christ and as a winner of men to Him and to His ideals of conduct! Does not he who looks back upon the years of his toil in the ministry, ardently wish that he had been a more efficient, zealous and spiritual servant of his Lord, and that the fruits of his industry were richer in quality and abundance? A sense of humiliation came to me when complimented upon one of my discourses. There was always in me a pretty keen sense of failure to accomplish my desire to lead those who listened to my sermons to look to Jesus Christ and to open their hearts to His cleansing, transforming and quickening power. If I could go back again to my first and later ministry it would be to pray more, to separate myself more completely from my messages, to surrender all ministerial ambitions to the one passion to exalt Christ and to make plain the way to Him and into His life and service.

It was the custom for many years in my pastorates not merely to open the doors of the Church at each regular service, but to give very frequent direct invitations to accept Christ or to return to His love and obedience. This was not done in a formal way by the use of stereotyped phrases. Though the solicitation was brief it was as heartfelt as possible. Sometimes, even in the usual morning service, but more often at night, there were responses to the pleas made. Shutting my eyes, the sight comes back of individuals whom I once saw coming to the altar of the Church. During my pastorates we always had evening services Sunday, and prayer meetings during the week, at all seasons of the year. It does not seem to me impossible to conduct such meetings now, with some success, if the price be paid. One of my most earnest efforts was to make Sunday nights interesting—not by choir concerts, lectures, spectacular programs and other devices, which would require constant invention, outside talent, visitations by societies, fraternal orders and what not. It never seemed good to be competing with neighboring churches by shows and novelties. Nor was it satisfactory to run a race with myself, as he does who depends on “stunts” to get a crowd. Good Gospel singing, conducted by a live leader, with use of “singable” and favorite hymns,

A TRAVELING PREACHER

with an occasional brilliant new melody, gratifies an audience. Important, vivid sermon themes, usually with personal meaning, are better far in the effort to win and keep a large and continuous hearing than are so-called "topics of the day," or bizarre subjects without spiritual significance. A good many Sunday evening sermon series, which often required harder labor in preparation than did my morning discourses, proved to arouse interest in outsiders, as well as regular attendants at church. A quite long succession of evenings on the Bible and its history, character and meaning to human life proved something as popular for our town, as did Dinsdale T. Young's series on the Apostle's Creed in Westminster Hall, London, which is referred to elsewhere as among pulpit successes in city centers which have been most gratifying to witness.

The real proof of ministerial labor in the pulpit and out of it, is people awakened, convicted of sin, led to seek and find their Saviour and become consecrated and devoted to Christian conduct in every sphere of life. The most difficult cases to reach are men of mature years and public station. Therefore the great delight when Drs. J. B. Ellis of Little Falls, New York and J. O. Murray of Detroit, made public demonstration of Christian faith and life. The night when Dr. Ellis took his first step was one of the most snowy in a long winter. He was late in arrival, as physicians sometimes are, if they do arrive. He sat down in the rear of the large auditorium. When the invitation to acknowledge acceptance of Christ was given, he started forward, but alas, stopped part way to speak to a man in the end of a pew. Several of us in front who were praying that the doctor would commit himself that night were disappointed and alarmed when he turned aside and talked with an acquaintance. But after a moment or two he came on, knelt beside some others who had responded to the altar call, and arose with them after prayer, showing in his fine countenance how deeply moved he was. It was learned afterward that he had tarried on the way to the front of the church to invite another man to come forward with him. A pretty good sign of conversion and consecration to Christ! These two competent physicians, Doctor Ellis and Doctor Murray, remained in the church throughout life.

It is the purpose in this connection to recount a few only of the memories of personal evangelism which my mind retains after the

ADVENTURES OF

passage of years. Some of these incidents will abide with me eternally. One purpose in recounting them is to give evidence of the permanent results of evangelism and of the long-time gratitude of some of those who have been led to accept Christ.

Only twice in my ministry have I baptised Jews, though I have had others in congregations and church memberships. One of the two mentioned was a Sugarman, son of a quite notorious Sam, I think it was, Sugarman. The reason why the father was notable was because he used to break the ice and take baths in our Mohawk River in winter-time. Moses Goodman, of Rochester, received the rite of baptism not long before we left that city. He was in mature years, and was a man of independent thinking and character. One letter of his, written October 26, 1903, about three years after we moved to Syracuse, is still preserved. Among other expressions, he says, "I know a great many friends miss you—more than you are aware of. In your work I wish you the best of success and may health also remain with you. We all would like to hear of you. With love to Mrs. Leete and little folks, I subscribe myself, M. Goodman."

Very much of my time and personal effort were devoted to children. Classes for their instruction and preparation for church membership were held at suitable times throughout the years of my pastorate, and special care was given personally in cases where this seemed to be required or was requested. Calls upon the sick and dying were often made opportunities for evangelistic efforts. It is my hope that some of the persons interviewed, even at times under distressing circumstances, may have found their way into the grace and glory of celestial life.

SPIRITUAL GUIDANCE

Once upon a time in Little Falls, New York, having called all afternoon and up to nine o'clock at night, it occurred to me that it was time to go home and rest. On the corner of Main and William Streets the name of John Dart came to my mind, not for the first time of course, with the thought that it might be best to go to his home and invite him to begin a Christian life and join the Church. Turning about and starting for the residence two or three blocks away, it began to seem to me to be foolish to go on such an errand at that hour

A TRAVELING PREACHER

of night. Three times, it probably was, that a start to go home was made until at last the idea came, it may be that you are being divinely directed in this matter and that it will not be well to fight against the impression of duty. Turning back again it did not take long to arrive at the modest Dart home.

It was evident, as Mr. Dart opened the door and greeted me cordially, that he had been about to go out, and he said that there was a little business matter to attend to. "But," said he, "come in and wait a few minutes and I will return." Mrs. Dart also met me very pleasantly, and I sat down and told her the mission that had brought me there. She seemed much interested, and as a good Christian it is pretty certain that she did some praying during the balance of the evening. Her husband came back very soon, evidently having hurried, as he was breathing a bit quickly. That was a good sign, for if he had been reluctant to talk with the pastor he would have made little haste in his journey.

John Dart had a position of responsibility with the United States Postal Service. His reputation was that of a just and honorable citizen, but he had never professed religion. Church attendance, more or less regular, was as far as he had ever gone in the direction of an open Christian life. The influence of his good wife and the sermons to which he had listened had not been without effect upon his mind. But preaching from the pulpit needs to be followed up by drawing the net. Home example and influence must often be supplemented by counsels from without, if they are to lead to definite acceptance of Christ and of the life in and through Him.

My arrival at the home of the Darts was too late for an ordinary visit. My errand, as well as the one he had discharged, was a business one. "The King's business required haste," and we began immediately. My proposition was that my good friend "let Jesus come into his heart" then and there, and come to the church Thursday night and let the folks know that he had done so. We talked this over quite a little while. No instruction or argument was needful. John Dart knew the way; would he enter it and walk with the Lord in newness of life? Quietly at last he said he would. He was not an excitable man, but was one of firm conclusions. When he had given his word we knelt in prayer. I prayed, then asked Mrs. Dart to pray, then

ADVENTURES OF

John. He managed a few sentences. It was a holy hour. He witnessed to his new life at our midweek meeting, and almost at once was made an official of the church, continuing in office the rest of his life.

A MIRACLE OF GRACE

A lay-over occurred in Rochester, New York, during one of my journeys more than two decades before this writing. A little time must be spent somewhere, and it seemed well to take a short walk on a once-familiar street. After a while, going into a drug-store, I ordered something from the soda-fountain and sat down at a table to await service. A gentleman came and leaned towards me. "Is not your name Leete?" he asked. My reply was that he was correct. "Don't you know me?" he queried. I took a better look at him. There was something familiar in his face, but I could not place him, or call his name. "You have the advantage of me," was my reply. "Don't you remember Kretchmer?" he asked earnestly. "Not Julius Kretchmer!" was my exclamation, as I arose with some excitement. "Yes indeed," said my questioner. I looked him over well. He had not only good clothes, but good looks. His face was kindly, and his eyes were clear and bright. Everything about this man indicated strength of character and social culture. One could not believe his eyes. My memory traveled back to a time when Julius Kretchmer had been far-gone through drink. He had been brought to our church and knelt at its altar, giving himself to the power of our Saviour. All this came back to my recollection. A transfer to another region and Conference had taken me away from all association with this man and others. Some correspondence and personal messages had come for a while, but for years all track of this convert to Christ had been lost to me. What a visit we had! What a story of redemption was told and illustrated by the life record related. What convincing proof was given me of the lasting power of salvation through the blood of Jesus Christ and belief in Him, eventuating in love and service to mankind. Never will it be possible to forget such a witness to the fruitfulness of Christian evangelism.

RETRIEVING A FAILURE

An almost invariable custom of mine was to depend upon good women workers in my churches to deal with those of their own sex

A TRAVELING PREACHER

in personal appeals for their salvation and in counsels with regard to beginning a Christian life. Those who engaged in this labor were trained carefully in classes and in various other associations. Occasionally it was necessary to aid those who were dealing with stubborn cases, or with people who were surrounded by unfriendly influences. One of the best Sunday School teachers and personal workers in my second charge came to me in tears, greatly distressed. She was exceedingly eager to bring all the members of her large Bible class into saving relationship with Christ. There was a young woman in the group who was so influential that she was able to hold back all the rest from yielding to the pleas of their teacher. One Sunday, after class lesson, the good woman spoke to Elizabeth about her need of giving her heart and her power over others to her Lord and Saviour. "She laughed in my face," said the grieved teacher. She felt shocked and distressed beyond measure, and no wonder. She was defeated so disastrously that she was ready to give up her efforts at teaching and guiding the lives of her splendid class. My duty was clearly a double one, to console the faithful and sorrowing woman who had come to me, and also to go after the young lady, who had insulted her teacher, as it seemed, and find out what caused her to do such a cruel thing.

The duties of the pastorate rarely permit one to go immediately to an indicated task. Mondays were usually filled with duties to the sick and troubled people whose afflictions had been reported on the Lord's day. Recollection does not fix the day when it became possible to go to the home in which Elizabeth Poote was the only child. Her parents were away when my interview began, after a courteous reception. My first remark was, "Lizzie, why did you laugh in the face of Mrs. Francisco when she spoke to you about the Christian life?" Her reply was very honest. She said, "I had to do that, or agree to what she said. I was not prepared to become a Christian, and I had to get off in some way." Then it was my turn, and I said, "Is it not time for you to let Christ come into your life, and to lead others to Him?" It was evident that she was moved, had been so on Sunday, and was still impressed with a sense of responsibility to take the great step before her. As the favorable opening was being pressed upon her, first her mother and a little later her father came in. It was necessary to go over the whole ground in their presence. They were

not then followers of Christ, but said nothing to oppose my efforts to get their daughter to commit herself. Holding to the main point, despite interruptions, the question was put, "Will you decide for Christ?" Finally, in the peace of that home, in the presence of parents and pastor, the supreme choice was made. The good work of the Sunday School teacher was confirmed, and soon the class were nearly if not all united in Christian faith and service.

A MORALIST FINDS TRUTH AND LIFE

A letter of December 15, 1948, on the stationery of the Hicksite Press, Macedon Center, New York, says in part, "Your picture hangs over my desk. Do you know that it is now forty-seven years that you gathered me in, and it only seems as yesterday. The Lord is good. I will be 90 my next birthday and my wife passed away six years ago. I am very lonesome. I work in the shop every day, and don't seem to feel my age greatly. Am inclosing a little sample of the work I do. Remember me to Mrs. Leete. God bless you both. Frank B. Hicks."

Mr. Hicks was a job printer in Rochester with an establishment near the church of which I was pastor when I became acquainted with him. He was a clean-thinker and an honorable man, and quite satisfied with his condition and outlook. He attended our church frequently, but made no profession of religion. Such talks as we had indicated self-sufficiency and complacency without boastfulness. He was always courteous and willing to listen to my views and appeals. Evidently, however, he began to feel that he was not quite all right, or a sermon one Sunday night, as he was sitting in a gallery of Monroe Avenue Church, might not have made the impression upon him of which he told me later. The text was one never used by me before or since that time, Isaiah 28:17, "The hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies." The false defenses named were self-righteousness, good works, the unsought kindness of God and other devices used by moralists to escape conviction of sin, repentance, divine mercy and forgiveness, and newness of life in Christ Jesus. This awakening hearer later told me that as he sat listening he began to lose the firm supports on which his confidence had long rested. "First," he said, "one corner fell, then another, and soon I was left without a foundation for my sense of satisfaction or safety." So, that very night, when an invitation was given for those who desired to begin a Christian

A TRAVELING PREACHER

life he came down the gallery stairs to the right of the pulpit and knelt with others at the altar. It was his first step towards a half century of personal relationship with Christ and with His Church.

A man as thoughtful as Frank Hicks needed more instruction and interpretation of Christian faith and service than came by a single experience at a penitent's form. It was necessary to go to his establishment to hear and answer questions, to open to an honest, enquiring mind the divine Word and to aid the early steps of a sincere, intelligent convert by prayer and counsel. Through the years since this was done, and permanent attachment to Christ and to His Church was effected, letters from him have followed me about during my peregrinations. A third of a century after the events occurred which have just been related, there came, March 8, 1933, from his Macedon home a message of some length. It began, "My Dear Spiritual Father: (Only a few lines can be quoted here.) We are very happy in our declining years in the knowledge of our Lord and the activities of His service. I often hark back to the time you rescued me at Rochester and to the many helps you gave as a send-off in the religious life. It grows sweeter every day. We are living every day as the woman at Jarephath did; the barrel of meal never runs dry, and the cruse of oil is always ready. We have a very nice home we built eight years ago when we sold the 'store' business, and this little printing business, all clear of debt, and nothing else except what I earn in this shop." Then he goes on to tell of the loss of a large sum by his wife's brother and of his own small savings through a banker who was a prominent church official, but guilty of embezzlement. Then he adds, "But why do I tell all this? Simply that the *things* (*Italics his*) of this life are of no account to our real life, but as the verse from Paul that you early taught me to live by, says, 'Eye hath not seen nor ear heard the things that God hath prepared for those who love Him.' "

One of my good friend's letters, January 14, 1944, begins "Your morning reading in the Upper Room reminded me of the day you came into my house back in 1901 and picked me up and brought me into fellowship with the fine bunch of fellows at Monroe Avenue Church, and later into fellowship with Jesus Christ. That was the beginning of my 'life,' which has continued from that day, and it grows brighter, though I have had a terrific affliction in the loss of my wife.

ADVENTURES OF

We had been married sixty years, save four months, and I had cared for her during the last two or three years just like a child. I have no one to care for; it leaves an awful void. But the light of Jesus has sustained me." The dear man who wrote this was then eighty-five years old, and says, "I have had a Sunday School class for the past 35 years, and enjoy the work very much." He was installing in the altar of his church a Communion table and other gifts in memory of his wife. "She organized the first primary department and carried it on her own expense as long as she was physically able."

One of Frank B. Hicks' activities was the printing and distribution at his own expense of thousands of attractive cards and pamphlets. These publications were made interesting by means of poems and quotations, and constituted a valuable form of Christian teaching.

It was not long after my receipt of the letter first quoted above that the end of his earthly pilgrimage came to the splendid layman of the town where the famous Old Macedon Academy educated my mother, my Aunt Martha Terry and my Uncle, Hon. Henry A. DeLand, founder of DeLand, Florida, and Stetson University. The dawn of the blessed life came peacefully. R. Clarke, son of Frank B. Hicks, follows him ably in the life and work of the Macedon Center Church.

UNITING A FAMILY

It is an interesting sight when a tall fine-looking young man, successful in business and representing old family connections, leaves his wife and two young children in a pew in the center of a large church and walks alone to the altar, to commit himself publicly to the Christian life. This is what a real gentleman, in stature and bearing, did one Sunday at old Central Church, Detroit. This occurred at an ordinary morning service in response to the usual invitation of the pastor. The congregation was not much surprised, however, since the episode was not an unfamiliar one in the experience of those days. This is the only incident in which, because the subject of it is still living, I am giving no name.

The special meetings held in Central Methodist were accompanied and supplemented by much personal visitation by pastors and active members of the church. It was well known also that the preacher was not too busy to respond to calls for his personal aid in

A TRAVELING PREACHER

families containing some who were not professing Christians. One day the lovely lady of one of Central's homes, daughter of a wonderful and saintly mother, came to her pastor with the appeal that he present Christ personally and urgently to her companion. "He is a splendid husband and father," she said, "and an upright man with no bad habits. O, if he were only a Christian!" she exclaimed, "how happy our home life would be." Of course a promise was made that the effort requested would soon take place. Before my special interview occurred, however, the subject of it was called up on the 'phone and asked when it would be convenient to have a conversation with him. "Any time," was the response. "This afternoon, if you wish." "Where?" was the next query. "Why, at our home," he replied, suggesting three or four o'clock. This was a surprise and a favorable omen. There was evidently no reluctance to have a chat with the minister.

The mistress of the home left after a brief salutation. We sat in a very comfortable room as I remarked, "You know that I am not here for a social call. I came to find out your attitude towards Christ and a Christian life. I wish you would tell me where you stand and whether you would like to find and acknowledge our Lord and Saviour." Then I kept still, as my good friend expressed his views, which as a well-read and thoughtful man he was very able to do. There was much in religion and Christianity he said that he did not understand and found it hard to accept. He was no caviller and did not complain of the inconsistencies of church-members. He had too good a father, whom I had met, and too delightful a wife to be affected by the failures of some professing Christians to honor and obey their Master. At length the story was all told—the full picture of his gropings for truth and his doubts concerning the teachings of the Bible and of the Church. He had not been interrupted, questioned or answered. It was now my turn.

One who deals effectively with the spiritual condition of a sincere mind which has not found its way into complete understanding and acceptance of the Redeemer and Life-giver must be very open and frank and must seek direction from above. This had been done before coming to the interview, and was continued during the recital which had been made. While my friend had been talking, some omissions from his list of uncertainties, queries and non-acceptances

ADVENTURES OF

had been noted. So my rejoinder began by remarking, "There are a few items concerning which you have made no comment. Do you believe this?" "Yes, I do." "And do you find difficulty with this?" "No, I do not." So the questioning went on, to a limited extent. Then after a brief silence, I asked, "Would you like to have me tell you what may be wrong with you?" "Certainly," was the response. My comment was, "It seems to me you have intellectual dyspepsia. You think too much to digest well, and you do not work enough with the faith you have to get any more." Then I rehearsed the facts in which he had acknowledged belief, and said, "It seems to me you would do well to begin a Christian life, practising what you know and hold true, and see what happens. If at any time you wish to take a place among those who are trying to follow Christ, come to the front some Sunday morning and your purpose will be announced, and you can join the Church at an early opportunity." This seemed to be a fair proposition. It was agreed upon as an experiment. Two or three months later my friend honored his pledge to me and vindicated his wife's excellent judgment and Christian undertaking by presenting himself at the altar of Central Church, with which he became connected for some years until he transferred to another city.

All of the above experiences took place more than forty years since. The good lady who could not rest until her husband found his Saviour passed to her heavenly reward some years ago. Her husband, still living, kept to the faith, and as he prospered became a giver of some hundreds of thousands of dollars to church-building in his own community, to missions and to a philanthropic foundation which he initiated. A letter from him, received as proof of this page was being read says, "Our old relationships continue to be a fragrant memory."

REESTABLISHING CHURCH RELATIONS

The Hon. Elbert H. Gary, Chairman of the Board of the United States Steel Corporation, had been out of church relations for over a score of years when my acquaintance with him began. He was in early life a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Wheaton, Illinois, as his parents had been before him. A Methodist preacher of little wisdom or fairness made an assault upon him based upon his own crude notion of industrial relations. Because of his position and

A TRAVELING PREACHER

prominence, and to save the church embarrassment, which he felt might come from the attack he had suffered, Mr. Gary left its fellowship. He told me that later this same preacher came to him for money in support of an institution for which he was then working. "You gave it to him," I remarked. "Yes, I did," was the response, made a trifle as if his act in this donation was a rather dubious one.

When Professor William G. Seaman, Ph.D., left his chair in De-Pauw to become pastor of First Church, Gary, the splendid building achievement there and other Methodist work in the steel city, as recorded earlier in this volume, became possible. Very soon I was asked to go to New York and present the religious needs of Gary to the head of the corporation, which as has been stated was done. The extreme labors of the years that followed did not permit me very often to call upon Judge Gary. He not only aided the church interests which were on my mind at the time, but became very friendly to me personally. He was never asked for anything for myself, nor did he ever do anything for me individually, save for kind words and a basket of dainties once sent to our ship when we were going abroad. He became a trustee of Syracuse University at my request, making a substantial donation there, and he made me a confidant concerning his religious beliefs and experience.

It happened that I once went to New York unexpectedly, and having gone down to 71 Broadway for a brief interview, the busy man turned people out of the office and kept me there for a most unusual and prolonged chat. He related his Christian experience, from his entrance to the kingdom of our Lord down to his exit from the church. But said he, "My views are just what they were. I believe in the Bible, all of it," he declared, "not just a little of it here and there, but the whole Bible." His auditor had learned long since to listen, and not interrupt one who was opening his heart in an intimate confession. Judge Gary's private testimony, accompanied by reminiscences of other years, was a rich revelation of the inner life and choicest thoughts of a man who was supposed to be immersed in affairs of finance, of industrial organization and secular business of many kinds. The hour was one always to be recalled with a thrill of inspiration and instruction.

Well does one know what some will think who read this statement. Many interviews with men of affairs, as in case of workingmen, ag-

ADVENTURES OF

riculturists, good women and others, have taught me that preachers are not the only ones who have deep religious natures, or who understand the meaning and inner expressions of spiritual life. It is my judgment, indeed, that some of these persons could teach certain ministers I have known a number of valuable lessons, both as to God's dealings with the souls of men and as to our conduct towards each other. Indisputable evidence of Mr. Gary's sincerity came to me. His private secretary, Mr. G. K. Leet, for example, once told me that he had often wished that the side of the steel board room could be opened so that the whole world could hear the head of the corporation as he pleaded for advanced wages and personal benefits for all employees before dividends were advanced. Information was given to me on one of my few visits to the office in New York that the company was devoting twelve million dollars a year to Christian and welfare work, without financial return, of course. The corporation's waiting-room once contained a very hard-looking citizen, who introduced himself to me. It seemed that one would not like to meet him anywhere on a dark night. He turned out to be a moulder, who had worked for the United States Steel Corporation for many years. He became converted, and was so great a power for good among his fellow-workers that he was finally set apart as a preacher, evangelist and social helper. He was a Methodist local preacher, and he told me that he had given Gospel messages and appeals, as my memory serves, for 56,000 hours when all those present, himself included, were on company time, that is, getting pay for their presence in the services.

The remarkable account of himself and of his innermost convictions given me by Judge Gary made a deep impression on my mind. He also had said to me that when the end of his days on earth were numbered he desired me to speak at his funeral. This request was made to others also, and when the time came a telegram reached me at Mackinaw, Michigan, and it was possible to attend the memorial service where numerous men of large affairs were present, several of whom were met by me, Mr. Julius Rosenwald being one of them.

It was never my plan to pull up seed-corn before it had time to sprout. The disclosures made in the thrilling episode in the office of the steel magnate were turned over in my mind. There seemed to be a duty before me, namely, to help a good man, who had been sinned

A TRAVELING PREACHER

against by a narrow-minded preacher, to resume relationship with the people of Christ. Some time later, when the Board of Bishops was meeting in a beautiful room of Hennepin Avenue Church, Minneapolis, the decision came to go to a stenographer in the lobby and dictate a letter to Mr. Gary.

My copy of the message of May 5, 1925, says in brief part, "On next Sunday I am to preach and lay the corner-stone of First Church, Gary. I have not forgotten our conversation of a few weeks since. Your frankness with reference to your religious views leads me to feel free to hazard a suggestion. It seems to me that it would be a very desirable thing if the remainder of your life were in the old Church. I hope and pray that you may live for many years, to stabilize industry and to produce valuable results to thousands of people who depend upon your organization for their food, health and welfare; nevertheless the end must come for every one of us. I would greatly like to announce your reception into First Church, Gary, next Sunday. Or if you prefer, into North Church, Indianapolis, which Mrs. Leete and I attend. No special stir need be made about the transaction. It seems to me that I am offering to you a high and holy opportunity which it would please me and, I think, your Lord and Master, if you would accept. You might wire me here or write me, care Doctor Seaman, at Gary."

A reply to the above letter did not come at once, but May 11 arrived the word, here reported in part as usual, "I have read your kind letter of May 5th with much interest and pleasure, and will give it most careful consideration. The first thought is, if I were to resume relationship with the church, it should be at Gary or Wheaton, my old home. I think I should consult my daughters. I will not overlook the matter."

Judge Gary's response of May 25, a facsimile of which is given to readers of this book, indicates his acceptance of my proposal and the family's choice of Wheaton as the location of his membership. Recollection came to me that he had previously said to me that when he passed on he wished to be buried where his father, mother, and old friends had lived and were laid to rest. "I should be lonesome," he declared, "if not placed beside my family and neighbors." And what about Mrs. Gary? A little later there was sent me a copy of a note to the Wheaton pastor, "My dear Mr. Lumsden: When Mrs.

ADVENTURES OF

Gary was fully informed what I was doing, she immediately said, 'Why cannot I, also, become a member? I don't want to be left.' I told her there was no reason, so far as I knew. She has spoken of this several times since, and would like to join."

EDBERT H. GARY
71 BROADWAY
NEW YORK

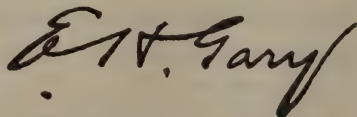
May 25th, 1925.

My dear Bishop:

I have consulted my daughters and have given very careful consideration to the subject matter of your letter dated May 5th instant, with the result I have decided that if you deem it appropriate and wise to re-instate me as a member of the First M. E. Church at Wheaton, and the official board and Board of Trustees approve, and there is no objection from others, I would cheerfully and with a feeling of gratitude and humility accept your kind suggestion. I believe there is no one in Wheaton or any other place who would object. It would please my daughters very much, although they have transferred their membership to other churches, one in Chicago and one in Evanston.

With high esteem, I am,

Cordially yours,



Rev. F. D. Leete, Resident Bishop,
Methodist Episcopal Church,
Indianapolis, Ind.

As soon as free to go there, a trip was made by me to Wheaton, where a meeting with the pastor and officials of the church disclosed the gratification of the people there to receive, as was done very soon, the Garys into their fellowship. Indeed the whole community seemed to be friendly to all connected with the Gary family. The

A TRAVELING PREACHER

Judge had told Mrs. Gary that she would have to join on probation, but I wrote him, "In these times we do not have probation, but we have preparatory membership in cases of children and of people not known." I remarked to him that "Mrs. Gary must be a good deal like a partner of my own, who always proposes to go where I am going, when I am going about right. I see that some items have gone into the press, but they did not come from me, as I have made no report to anyone, except to a few friends of yours and mine." When it was discovered that Mrs. Gary had not been baptized she was taken to Christ Methodist Church, New York, and received that sacrament from the assistant pastor.

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT

This calling of our Lord was never more remarkably fulfilled in my experience than by what occurred in Little Falls, New York, one night long ago. We were having revival meetings, and at the close of one of the services many details kept me in the church after everyone was supposed to be away, myself included. The janitor had turned off the lights and departed. My overcoat and hat had been left below-stairs, and I went to the front of the building and felt my way down to the coat room. As I reached up to the hooks for my garments some one touched my other hand. It may as well be confessed that I jumped back startled, and that my heart palpitated a bit as I asked, "Who is there?" A voice said, "It's me." "Who are you?" was repeated. "Jimmie Watts," came the answer. "Well," was my retort, "that does not help much, as I never heard the name before. What do you want?" A moment's silence, while I pulsated some more, and then in a tense voice came the question, "Do you think such a man as I am could become a Christian?" "How do I know? I never saw you and don't see you now. What kind of man are you? What do you do?" were the queries made. "I drink," said Jimmie. "I don't like that," he was told. "I swear," continued the tale. "I like that less still." "I lie," was the next information, followed by confession of an offence against the law. The decision given was, "We will have to begin with this last. That will cost you some humiliation. Will you take the step necessary?" When the firm reply came, "Yes, I will," my statement was, "I will come to your house tomorrow morning, and with me will be men who will help you make legal matters right. Then we will

ADVENTURES OF

see what next." There was no prayer, as it was not yet clear that my coat and hat were safe. The whole incident was still in the dark, but there is always promise of morning. We are "children of light," and we get on better in the day than in the night.

Jimmie Watts made good when morn arrived, and the little party came to set him legally straight. Then he was asked, "What about the drink, profanity, gambling, lying and so on? Are you willing to give them up?" "God knows," he exclaimed, "I want to get rid of them." "Then kneel down and tell Him so," was the prescription. All present knelt. Jimmie's first prayer, at least in public, reminded one of the classical petition in the Scriptures when "the Big Fisherman" was trying to walk to Jesus on the water and beginning to sink. "Lord, save me" was the appeal. "Jesus immediately reached out his hand and caught him," and He caught Jimmie Watts also. The power that seized his hand and heart was equal to his necessities. Years later, going through Little Falls, I went to Hansen's Laboratory and asked if Mr. Watts was still working there. "Yes," the proprietor affirmed, adding, "He is one of our foremen now." He went and called him to the office, and such a greeting as was received! It warms my heart now, as it is recalled. When questioned, Jimmie said, "I am a foreman here." "Are you saving any money?" "Yes, and when my next pay envelope comes I expect to wipe out the mortgage on our home." "What about your children?" "I wouldn't have been the kind of man I was when you first knew me—honest, I wouldn't, if I had ever had a chance. So when I became a Christian I decided to educate my children. Two of them are away in a seminary." If a man works well enough in the same establishment to get promoted; if he saves money to pay for a home, and if he educates his children, it seems to me that he may be believed when he says that he is trying to live a Christian life. He never, of course, became a great man, but he made his name James H. Watts, and the only questionable thing found out concerning him at that time was that he had become an Alderman of the city, an office he held for five years. He was also assessor for a term. Citizenship is also a Christian duty and membership in the council of a small city is not necessarily to be charged against a man's reputation. Once in a while the party must run a decent citizen, or one of these may even run himself. James H. Watts was for sixty years in the employ of Hansen Laboratories, Inc.,

A TRAVELING PREACHER

manufacturers of Junket Brand Foods and other products. For fifty years he was foreman of the production and packaging department. Mr. A. C. Benjamin, Vice-President of Hansen, sent me a half column clipping from "The Evening Times" Little Falls, New York, of September 5, 1947. It is headed "James H. Watts, Long Hansen Foreman Dies." There is a likeness of a cultured-looking gentleman, and the article with it begins, "This city lost an esteemed citizen early this morning when James H. Watts, 77, passed away in his home, 177 Church Street." A letter from James Watts, which I still preserve, dated January 3, 1899, says, "Dear Friend: Your kind words and the interest you take in me give me fresh courage. Our revivals commenced on Sunday last. Somehow they bring me back to the time when I was converted. My mind was wholly on that night, and it seemed as though I could see only you in the pulpit. Dear Mr. Leete, I lived my first year of Christian life over again that night. God bless and keep you and your family." This redeemed man was carried in my memory for half a century. He has gone to test the realities of the eternal being and joy. It is my hope to see him again e'er long.

PART VIII

ADVENTUROUS RETIREMENT AND REVIEW

A CHANGE OF ACTIVITIES

All life is attendant with some risks. It has been noted that my relinquishment of episcopal responsibilities was an act of my own, announced to the Area in which I was serving a year or more before the General Conference. The decision took effect in 1936, four years before the invincible logic of age and the law of the Church would have removed me from the duties of office. The hazard of remaining longer in a local field of exceptional physical strain was greater than was that of stepping aside and making new adjustments as to a home and occupation. The first result of relief from the routine of administrative duties was renewed vigour. My son's comment was, "You have added ten years to your life." He seems to have been justified in this opinion, since much more than a decade has passed without serious impairment of strength or inability to engage in various activities.

We decided to return to the home of my boyhood in DeLand, Florida, where we purchased a recently built house, 730 Cherokee Avenue, very near Stetson University campus. The place was commodious and attractive, with sufficient ground for some orange and grape-fruit trees, as well as palms and pines, trellises and flower beds. A porte-cochere and two-car garage added to its conveniences, with a cement-post light contributed by our daughter, Mrs. Helen Leete Keefer. Seven happy years were spent in the DeLand residence, and we were visited there by our children and by part of the grand-children. Then the burden of keeping up a large house and grounds, difficulty of securing good help and shortage of gas due to the war, caused us to sell the comfortable home and move to an apartment at the Randolph Hotel, St. Petersburg. This location has proved to be so central to churches, Williams Park, the post office and shops of all kinds that it has continued to be our winter residence. Summers have been spent in our cottage at Wawatam Beach, Mackinaw City, Michigan. Some of the children are usually near by us,

ADVENTURES OF A TRAVELING PREACHER

in two cottages we have aside from the one we occupy. We enjoy there the world's best air and water, and revel in the glorious sunsets we behold across the Straits and the head-waters of Lake Michigan.

The work of my life was not ended by retirement. Methodist bishops who cease to preside in Conferences and to appoint preachers are still in the episcopacy of the Church. They have membership in the Council of Bishops and are able to participate in its discussions, though not voting. Membership in episcopal committees and assignment to responsibilities of Commissions are given them. They may be recalled by their colleagues to active service in case of vacancies. I was present in the first meeting of the Council of Bishops of the Methodist Church, held at the Nashville Publishing House, 810 Broad Street, November 30, 1938. My relationship to the Commissions on Evangelism and Unification and to the Ecumenical Council continued after my official retirement. It was my duty to act as chairman of the former body from 1936 until the Joint Meeting of the representatives of Methodist denominations which occurred in Nashville, December 2, 1938. The Commission on Unification continued its work until the consummation of Methodist Union in 1939. Very important and somewhat prolonged meetings in Nashville and Jackson, Mississippi, especially, made it evident that all details of the Plan of Unification were being handled with most meticulous care by the various committees to whom they had been assigned by the general Commission. It was my own privilege during the later stages of the negotiations to be in charge of the special Committee on Membership and Temporal Economy. The able and efficient Secretary of this committee was Doctor, later Bishop, Costen J. Harrell. He was then pastor of the great West End Church, Nashville, where he was instrumental in the building of the present splendid edifice.

One of the first things that happened just after my release from episcopal presidencies was an invitation to Dallas, Texas, to preach the baccalaureate sermon at Southern Methodist University, May 31, 1936. This incident occurred by arrangement of President, later Bishop, Charles C. Selecman, and by Bishop John M. Moore. The institution granted me at the time its Doctor of Laws degree, and the above-named two great leaders of the Church as well as of the University jointly conferred the honor. The same degree had been previously given by Albion College and Ohio Northern. Syracuse

ADVENTURES OF

University during the years has been the source of four collegiate honors, three earned and one: Doctor of Humanities, honorary.*

The Ecumenical Council, Western Section, of the Americas and the Orient always required considerable correspondence. My cooperative secretary, the capable Dean of Duke Divinity School, Doctor, later Bishop Paul Neff Garber, contributed to all actions and resolutions of this body and of its officers and committees. An important meeting was held in Birmingham in 1938. Correspondence with the Free Methodist Church of North America, instituted by myself, with cooperation of Doctor Garber, was conducted fraternally and resulted in the representation of that excellent Methodist body in the ensuing Ecumenical Conference at Springfield, Massachusetts. It seemed best to me to resign from Ecumenical responsibilities in 1943, surrendering the presidency of the Western Council, which I had held from 1931. This was made the wiser because the World Conference, supposed to have been held in 1940, was made impossible by World War II.

The years of my retirement have not been without activities in which I have engaged at my own risk or expense, as the case might be. Most of my preaching during recent years has been done in St. Petersburg and vicinity and in Northern Michigan, in Mackinaw City, Charlevoix and at the Bay View Assembly, near Petoskey. This summer religious, educational and musical institute is a high-grade affair, staffed largely from Albion College. It has been my privilege to be on the program at Bay View at various times for many years. For the past consecutive five years the opening sermon has been assigned to me, including June 24, 1951 when I repeated the 60th Anniversary sermon of my ordination, given April 22nd, in St. Petersburg. The effective administrator, experienced in Christian work in America and Northern Europe, Bishop Raymond J. Wade, who presides at most of these occasions, is a long-time friend, as was his father before him. Doctor Cyrus U. Wade became the Nestor among leaders of North Indiana Conference, with a Bay View summer residence.

Notebooks show that since retiring from Episcopal administration I have preached in ten states, have addressed four Annual Confer-

* Any who cares to look up details of my life may find them in such books as "Who's Who," to date, "Who's Who in American Methodism," "Prominent Personalities in American Methodism" and "Methodist Bishops."

A TRAVELING PREACHER

ences and two District Conferences in four states, have preached thirty-four sermons in five Camp-meetings in Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan, have delivered six baccalaureate and college addresses, have spoken on the radio for Ministerial associations twelve times. Consent of resident bishops has been given for two church dedications, which I have conducted in their stead. Six church anniversaries and openings of new edifices have been addressed by me. No account has been made of frequent services at Communion, Bible Class sessions and services of Maundy Thursday, Good Friday, Easter and Thanksgiving. Many addresses have been given to Preachers' meetings, Men's clubs, Rotary, Kiwanis, Athenian of DeLand and others, women's societies, D.A.R., S.A.R., Phi Beta Kappa, and similar organizations. Special mention may be made of the following events: addresses at Daytona Beach Forum, January 3, 1937; at the Florida Chain of Missions, DeLand, January 21, 1937; Aldersgate Mass Meeting, Auditorium, Chattanooga, Tennessee, May 20, 1939; Aldersgate Celebration, Wesley Monumental Church, Savannah, Georgia, June 2, 1938; Fathers' Day Service, Central Avenue, Indianapolis, June 30, 1943; Union V-Day Celebration, Presbyterian Church, Mackinaw City, Michigan, 1945; National Convention of Evangelists, First Methodist Church, St. Petersburg, Florida, December 31, 1945.

ANNIVERSARY EVENTS

Several Anniversary Sermons, which I delivered by request, have been published in pamphlet form. The first was at University Church, Syracuse, New York, September 28, 1947, sixty years after the date of my first sermon, which was given at a union service in the Baptist Church, Hoosiek Falls, New York, in September 1887. The topic in Syracuse was "Convictions That Abide After Preaching Sixty Years." The talented preacher and pastor, the Reverend Wilson G. Cole, D.D., presided. The text was II Timothy, 2:19. Quite a number of children of parishioners during my pastorate there, which closed in 1906, and even a very few of the old-timers themselves, attended this service. Most of the surviving college classmates of Mrs. Leete and myself were present, and greeted us after the service. A good many of the Leete, Keefer and Fearon relatives sat near the front of the auditorium. The only one of our "great-grand" gen-

ADVENTURES OF

eration there was Philip Dean Marks, who was held by his grandfather, William Dean Keefer, during the sermon. He honored his parents and all of us, including the preacher, by sleeping most of the time and by complete silence until it was quite time for the discourse to end. He then made a discreet sound or two, not at all raucous, whereat his great grandfather wisely wound up with a brief and undisturbed peroration. The sermon I preached in St. Petersburg, April 24, 1949, was in recollection of my ordination fifty-eight years before by Bishop John Fletcher Hurst. The theme was "The First Need of Our Time" and the text St. Mark 11:22. Stronger and deeper faith in God, as emphasized by Jesus Christ, was presented as the creative power in which lies the cure for the world's ills and the hope of upward movement in the development of mankind. This discourse was delivered to the 9:30 and 10:45 congregations and over the radio by invitation and arrangement of the long-time and popular pastor, Doctor Paul R. Hortin, whose able associate, the Rev. Harold E. Buell, Ph.D., participated in the exercises. The sermon at First Avenue Church on the Fifty-ninth Anniversary of my ordination was about "The Chief Miracle of Christian Experience"—the New Birth, from the text St. John 1:12 and 13. The date was April 23, 1950, at 9:30 and also 10:45. First Avenue Church was worshipping in the Florida Theatre while its new edifice was under construction when my Sixtieth Anniversary sermon was delivered. This occurred on April 29, 1951, at 10:45 A. M. The unusual topic from St. John 1:14 was "Why Is There a Son of God?" Upon this theme it was shown that the Creator of all father and motherhood needs love from a source upon his own level, akin to Himself, that one is needed as a point of contact between a Divine Being and human beings, so that they may apprehend and contact, worship and love an unseen Spirit, infinitely greater than themselves, and that the unworthiness of man to receive divine affection is overcome by the sacrifices God has made in his behalf through Jesus Christ. We care most not for those who do most for us, but for those upon whom we have lavished our love and care in largest measure. The need of Jesus and of God's own sacrifice in Him as justification for the forgiveness of sin was not over-looked. The son of God became the sufficient substitute for the due condemnation of transgressors of divine law.

A TRAVELING PREACHER

It occurred to me as already stated that this topic would be just as timely at the opening of Bay View Assembly, June 24, 1951, in the beautiful auditorium of the popular Michigan summer resort. This building was erected by a onetime acquaintance of mine, Mr. John Hall of Detroit. An unusual number of old friends were in the large audiences present on all of these occasions. Some were former parishioners in churches of which I had been pastor in my earlier ministry. Others were preachers or laymen from Conferences in which I had presided, from New England to California and from Wisconsin to Alabama. Mrs. Leete was able to be present on this Sixtieth Anniversary, together with Mrs. Zoe A. Morrison, her personal helper and home-maker for several years. Mrs. Morrison's two fine sons, Cadet Patton North Morrison of West Point and Frank Lee Morrison, Navy Air Force, visited us often in St. Petersburg and Wawatam. An address on Methodism to young people of First Methodist Church, St. Petersburg, Doctor R. L. Allen, minister, a sermon at Allendale, St. Petersburg, Doctor J. W. Pearson, pastor; the Thanksgiving address at Bay Pines Hospital for one of the most gracious of my friends, Chaplain Philip Trigg, were among events near the close of 1950.

On February 4, I offered the prayer at the Ground Breaking Ceremony for the new greater First Avenue Methodist Church, St. Petersburg. On February 7 and 14, 1951, addresses on New Testament words were given at Westminster Presbyterian Church, St. Petersburg, Doctor H. P. Guhsé. It was once my privilege to offer the prayer at the ordination of Elders of this well administered society. One of the events of my later life of special interest to me was the Seventy-fifth Anniversary of the Founding of DeLand, Florida, early in 1951. It was my pleasure to be invited by President J. Ollie Edmunds of Stetson University to give the address at the Founders' Day Convocation in the afternoon of Sunday, February 18. The topic chosen was "Education for Freedom." My son, Frederick D., Jr., and his wife from Indianapolis came to Florida and drove me over for this event. My cousin, Miss Helen P. DeLand, surviving daughter of the Founder of DeLand and Mrs. Dorothy Walden, daughter of Harlan P. DeLand, the only son of Hon. H. A. DeLand, attended this service, and Miss Helen was given an LL.D. degree by the University. Two sons, Mr. Henry and John B. Stetson, Jr., repre-

ADVENTURES OF

sented the great friend of the founder, Mr. J. B. Stetson, whose name the University now bears by act of Mr. DeLand himself. For the first time in years some of the earliest citizens and descendants of the small group of pioneers of DeLand came again into my life at this Anniversary. Among them all I was the only person present whose vision could penetrate the entire three quarters of a century since the city's life began and recall the appearance of the first cottages and people. Through the courtesy of Mr. Paul S. Deland, managing editor, the Christian Science Monitor gave the best report of the Founder's Day Convocation and address. Mr. DeLand's family history allies him with the Florida City of his name, as his ability as a newspaperman has associated him, since its first issue, with the life of a great newspaper.

The good DeLandites whose acquaintance I was pleased to renew on the occasion of the city's anniversary included Mrs. Theodore Strawn, Mrs. W. J. Harkness, Mrs. C. W. Kinne, Mr. G. A. Drekca, Mrs. Nell Anderson Monroe, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Smith, and a banker friend, Mr. Edward B. Alling, who is a direct eighth generation descendant of Roger Alling, elected four times as Treasurer of New Haven Colony in the days when William Leete was chosen as Governor. Once, quite some years since, when Mr. Alling mentioned this history at a banquet in Orange City, my comeback was that I might have been a wealthy banker, instead of a modestly paid Methodist preacher, had my ancestor been like Mr. Alling's—Treasurer of the Colony. Mr. Alling has a complete collection of American gold coins, and this is offered as some proof of my statement at the banquet.

An invitation came to me to preach at the Cornerstone Laying Service at Gulfport, Florida, March 11, 1951. The pastor of the attractive church there is Mrs. Elsie Davies, whose husband and helper, the Reverend Thomas Davies, is a member of the North Indiana Conference, retired on account of serious heart trouble. Bishop and Mrs. R. J. Wade were in the city and attended the exercises. The bishop assisted in the ritual. A matter of interest was the fact that Mrs. Davies was ordained by Bishop Wade, and I ordained Mr. Davies some years earlier in Indiana. That all of us should be together in the Gulfport event is quite remarkable. My privilege of speaking at First Church, Gulfport, was renewed December 23, 1951, by the same pastor, when

A TRAVELING PREACHER

I was asked to give the opening sermon in the beautiful new building. The theme was "If thou knewest the gift of God." A most gracious introduction was given me by a former pastor at Gulfport. He is a good preacher friend whom I first knew as a successful minister in Pittsburgh Conference. The Reverend Doctor Thomas Charlesworth, who has a son, Arthur R., in Florida Conference and was accompanied his wife, heroic in afflictions, has done remarkable work in and about St. Petersburg and Tampa.

During the last two months of 1951 and the first month of 1952, it was my calling to conduct Sunday morning communion services from nine to nine-thirty in the new chapel of First Methodist Church, St. Petersburg. This task was assumed by request of the generous donor of the sanctuary, Mr. Ruel B. Gilbert, seconded by the pastor, R. L. Allen. The purpose was to serve the interests of those who desired more frequent observance of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and to place greater emphasis upon the spiritual use of a structure built in the love of Christ. This duty was the more congenial because during my pastorates and in the Conferences in which I presided it was always my plan and effort to exalt and keep from formalism the chief symbol of Christian faith and obedience. It was during the early days of this series that on Thanksgiving Day my long-time friend, Reverend Basil R. Gabriel and Jean Peterson were married by me in the beautiful and most hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert.

Residence in St. Petersburg has brought us relationship with many people of achievement. Among these is Mrs. Edwin Brant Frost, whose astronomer husband is mentioned elsewhere. She has written a book of "Fun in Verse." Doctor George C. Wood has had a successful career as a writer of popular science. Mr. Clyde Fairfield, photographer of Boston and Florida, has made most of the reproductions and groups in this volume and is a very able and obliging artist, with a large patronage.

Reference is made elsewhere to the books which have been written and compiled by me during retirement years. Three have been published, "New Testament Windows," "The DeLand Family in America," and "Methodist Bishops." The present "Adventures of a Traveling Preacher" may perhaps be followed by a volume about makers and leaders of Methodism.

ADVENTURES OF

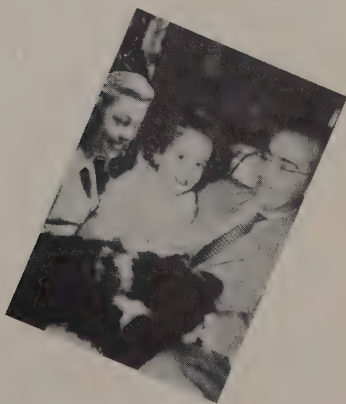
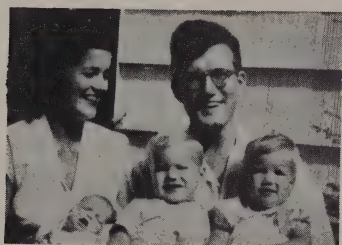
GREAT GRANDS

Sometime after the relinquishment of active episcopal duties, our family connection began to improve. Not that we were chiefly responsible for this, but it was observed with approval and satisfaction as confirmation of the remark credited to a precocious child when looking at a newcomer "out of the everywhere into the here." She said, if she did say it, "God seems to be doing better work lately."

Who can deny that children are the hope of a better world, and who has a more lovely or better lot of them, than are these who have been given to the homes of our grand-children. It has been my pleasure not only to marry the parents of some of the family, but I have had interesting experiences in baptisms, especially in case of boys. One of them, Philip Dean Marks, baptised in the home of his grandfather, W. Dean Keefer in Winnetka, Illinois, exercised his body and voice quite vigorously before the ceremony and up to the critical moment, but my face was saved when he subsided promptly in my arms. The most amusing incident occurred in a private church baptism in the Westport, Connecticut, Methodist Church in presence of quite a large group of relatives. The two-year-old Richard Williams Olmsted, "Deke" for short, running true to his descent from Roger Williams, was very active in the pew and on the floor. It was not easy for his pediatric specialist father to locate him or keep him placed. The great grand-parent spell worked remarkably well, and he submitted readily to the usual rite. Then came a surprise! As soon as the water had been placed on his head and the appropriate words spoken, the little man snapped out, vigorously enough so that all heard him, "Thank you!" Such a wave of merriment ensued that a pause for a few moments was necessary before the closing prayer and benediction could be rendered.

COLLECTING MATERIALS FOR METHODIST HISTORY

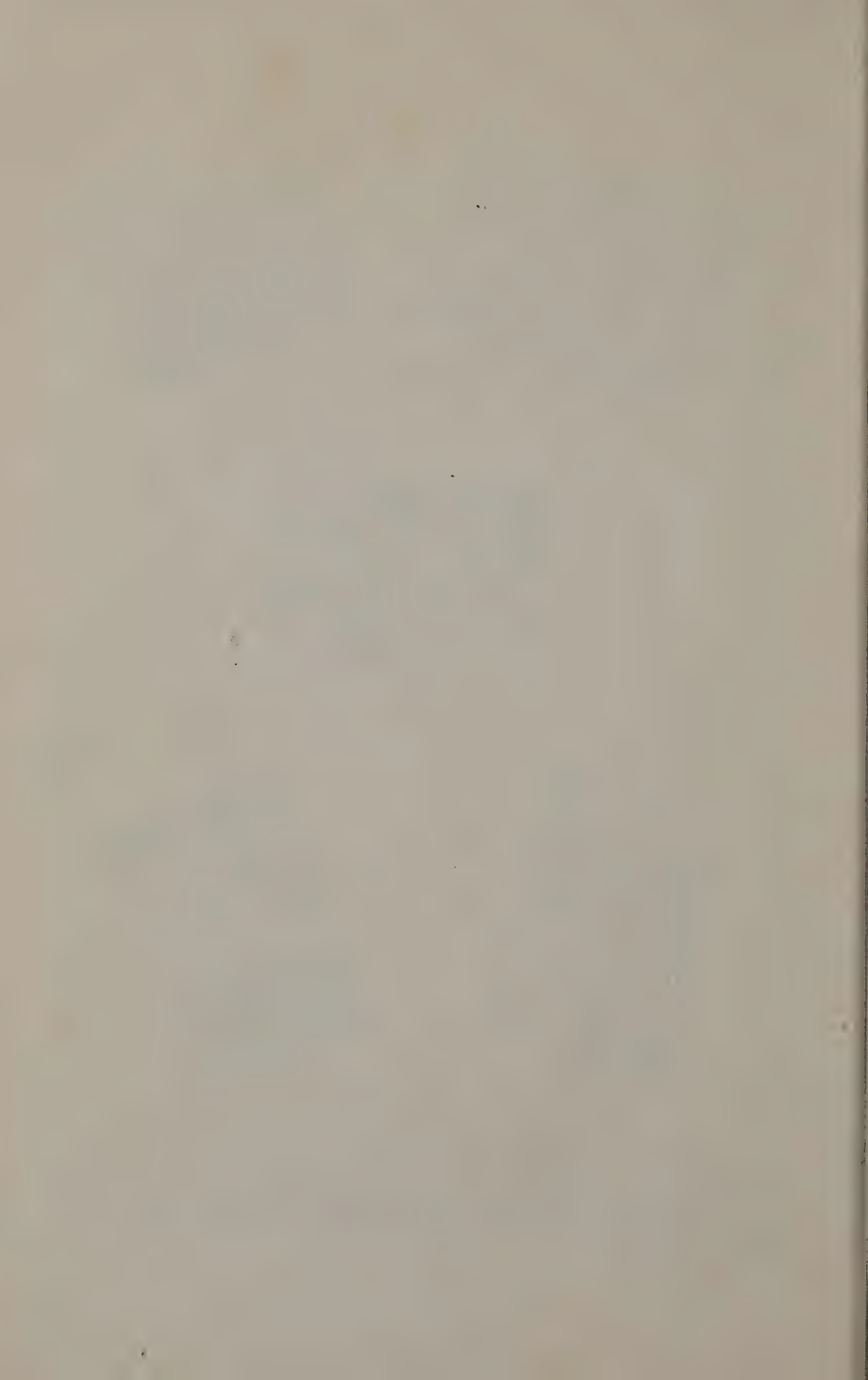
A life-long habit of saving important papers eventuated in a decision some twenty years since to gather and preserve such documents, together with suitable books, pamphlets and magazines, as material for the study and writing of Methodist biography and history. A portion of this undertaking was published in the book, "Methodist Bishops," 1948. Reports have been made from time to time to those who



OUR ASSURANCE FOR THE FUTURE

The twelve great-grandchildren of F. D. and Mrs. Leete as of January 1, 1952

At the top: Left, Mr. and Mrs. Leete Keefer, Philadelphia, Penna. Right, Mr. and Mrs. George C. Marks and children, Fayetteville-Syracuse, New York. Center: Mr. and Mrs. William H. Chambers, Bellevue-Seattle, Washington. At bottom: Left, Dr. and Mrs. R. W. Olmsted, Stratford. Right, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Andrews, West Hartford, both Connecticut.



A TRAVELING PREACHER

contributed to the effort made to save from fire, water, termites, carelessness or wanton destruction writings and publications which relate to the lives and services of Methodist leaders and useful persons. The large libraries often keep files of church papers and official journals, but the greater part of the intimate correspondence, writings and memorabilia has not, as a rule, received permanent conservation. Many splendid manuscripts and books have been lost forever because of this neglect and failure to esteem justly the value of history. It may be that mine is at present the only historical treasury in American Methodism that is fire-proof, insured and incorporated as a non-profit enterprise. A more recent outline, but only a partial account, of what has been accomplished is found in the appendix of this volume.*

It appears to me to be a deserved tribute to the leaders and churchmen of the past, and an aid to future promoters of the Kingdom of our Lord, to save and pass on as many relics and memorials as possible of Christian history. Methodism represents a recrudescence of the spiritual life and zeal of apostolic and reformatory periods. It seems safe to say that in a little over two centuries this branch of the Church has made a record of growth and of religious influence unexcelled in such a period by any other portion of the Kingdom of Christ. Every effort must be made, and this should aid, not injure, other bodies of believers, to carry on the tasks of the Methodist peoples of all lands until their mission is fully accomplished. If the time ever comes when church unity can be accomplished without loss of evangelical truth, moral earnestness or evangelistic passion, it might be well to enter a larger body of Christians. But it may be the plan of God to bring about a spiritual, rather than a numerical unity of those who seek to do His will. It has always been my effort to be on cordial terms with all followers of Christ and my friends in other denominations have been most cordial and cooperative. A number of these have been named in this history, Professor James J. Walsh of Fordham, Doctor John Timothy Stone of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, Chicago and the Theological Seminary; Professor Rauschenbusch of Rochester Seminary; Mr. M. M. Schayer, writer for the Hebrew Rocky Mountain News, and many more. A Catholic Archbishop in this country has been on cordial terms with me for a good many years,

* See Appendix F.

ADVENTURES OF

without expecting me to surrender my loyalties as a Protestant. It is better for this prelate's relationships, and also for those of a friendly bishop of the Catholic Church not to record their names. It has never seemed to me that associates and friends in other religious bodies should be expected to adopt my own convictions in order to maintain our fellowship.

LOOKING BACK AND FORTH

The time has come in this writing for a review and a preview. As I think of my boyhood and youth the great impression is that of gratitude for ancestry and parents of clean blood and high ideals. I am thankful that I was born into a humble Christian home. It was well that I was able to obtain a good education in college and in post-graduate work under full professors, really full, of wisdom and experience. A brief period under teachers who have lived long and well enough to know the world, and as the modern quip goes "how it ticks," is better than long courses under raw boys who have passed examinations in books, but have not had time to learn wisdom, nor the best methods of imparting it. The friends of earlier years were fortunately good, loyal and lasting. Some of them, still living, are as kindly and responsive as of yore, and even though far away, in some cases, are just the same in thought and deed as ever. One may be greatly favored or signally cursed by relatives. My own have been more than satisfactory as a rule, and none have been embarrassing. A few have been distinguished.

My decision to enter the Christian ministry as a life-work has never been regretted, nor has it proved to be disconcerting that some of my associates have obtained wealth and distinction. The fact that a companion was given to me with whom the ties have been drawn closer with the passage of more than sixty years, and that our descendants have been proven to be so creditable and affectionate has filled many decades with pleasure and profit. All of this has been to the good, right through my eighty-fifth year.

As I think of my five pastorates in order, in Utica, Little Falls, Rochester, Syracuse and Detroit, it pleases me to recall that I served without greed or reserve of strength. No conversations or agreements about financial compensation were ever made with committees seeking consent to accept appointments. A gratifying number of increases

A TRAVELING PREACHER

in salary were in no case occasioned by any request or hint from the preacher. Going over in mind the pastorates given me, and nearly five years of Association secretaryships in Hoosick Falls and Utica, does not bring to memory diversion of interest or toil from these fields of labor. They seemed marvelous opportunities for doing good. One never wearied of the tasks indicated, or sought other undertakings until definite propositions to go elsewhere were made and seriously urged. The only regret is that my ability and resourcefulness did not enable me to do better service and to accomplish greater results as a Christian teacher and shepherd.

A review of a quarter century of episcopal administration makes ever more clear the appropriateness of a statement which was written on a blackboard in one of the rooms reserved for my use at an Annual Conference during my presidency. Some philosophic soul, finding chalk handy, wrote, for my consideration doubtless, "Ἐπισκόπος χρῆ ἡ τοῦ Σωκράτους σοφία." "A bishop needs (ought to have) the wisdom of Socrates." How true! And one wishes he might know what astute Greek it was who imparted this sage counsel.

The record shows that my Annual Conference presidencies were 143 in number, in 31 states and Porto Rico. Besides these events it has fallen to me to preside briefly or make addresses in a good many sessions of Conferences in which other bishops were presiding. My own presidencies included the New England Conferences, and those of up-state New York, Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Nebraska, Wyoming, Utah and California. Also, in Conferences in New Mexico, Kansas, Missouri, Arkansas, Tennessee, Kentucky, and the Southeast.

The need of wisdom in conducting Conference sessions and Cabinet meetings in the territory under one's own supervision, where it is required to live with the results of administration, is quite obvious. It was my experience that the management of Conference responsibilities in the territory supervised by other bishops brought as a rule no more than the usual problems, whose solution was sought by accepted methods. Twice I found myself in serious predicaments due to prejudices of the local bishops. In one instance the Superintendents and myself were amazed when a bishop transferred a man to the Conference whose appointments we were trying to adjust. Furthermore he had offered him the most prominent and at the same

ADVENTURES OF

time difficult church in the region. It was necessary for the Cabinet and myself to notify the man at a distance not to come. A serious local disturbance was then successfully resolved.

In my only other experience of complications created by the local bishop he notified me that a certain preacher must not be appointed a Superintendent. It developed that practically the entire Conference desired such an arrangement made, and this was done. In those days the visiting bishop had charge of the affairs of a Conference for a month before and a month after the session over which he presided. When the resident bishop learned that we had made the man to whom he was opposed one of his superintendents he phoned me and, without saying any unpleasant word, he asked if I would resent his act if he were to remove the brother from office at the end of the month which covered my jurisdiction. The reply was, "It will be all right with me, but you will not do it." And he did not, finding that such a deed would be resented by the large membership of the Conference involved. The two affairs just related were evidence that there was some truth in the Greek maxim mentioned above as having been addressed to me. The result in both cases saved the face of the resident bishop, and gratified the Conference. In one of these instances a leading preacher was prevented from leaving the denomination, something that I happily remember never occurred under my administration, although it nearly occurred in Southern California. An extremely difficult brother was handled very patiently until at length he agreed to become reasonable and accept a suitable assignment which the Cabinet and I had been able to open to his coming. When I returned to the council room after the last of many interviews and announced to the waiting superintendents that the affair was settled, I presume that I did show a bit of enthusiasm such as is referred to in the kindly letter which is herewith, signed by all the members of the Cabinet of Southern California Conference. Nor was it ever necessary to change leading pastoral assignments immediately after a Conference session. Mistakes in adjusting so many hundreds of pastoral relations were made, of course, but they could be corrected a year or two later. One bishop I knew, able and zealous, but hasty in judgment and inclined to independent decisions with little or no consultation, was notified that churches were closed against men he tried to send them and some preachers greatly disaffected by their assign-

A TRAVELING PREACHER

PARADISE DISTRICT
Methodist Episcopal Church
CHARLES FRANKLIN SEITZER, DISTRICT SUPERINTENDENT
810 RIO GRANDI STREET
Pasadena, California

July 3, 1931.

Bishop Frederick DeLand Leece,
Omaha, Nebraska.

Dear Bishop and Brother:

We feel that we must express to you something of the joy and satisfaction we experienced in your presidency of the Cabinet. We liked you personally and for yourself. We liked your common sense. We liked your keen insight into men and situations. We liked your gentlemanly manner in allowing us, occasionally, to put something over on you while you were fully aware it was being done. We liked your smile, your spirit of justice, your brotherliness, and your Christlikeness. We even liked the expression of your effervescence in a graceful clog.

We shall always be grateful for the privilege of a week with you and shall think of it only with genuine pleasure. Long may you wave!

With sincere personal esteem, with every good wish, and with a prayer for you and Mrs. Leece, we remain.

Faithfully yours,

Lucius G. Allen
Will H. Watts
Walter C. Looney
Leonard DeCheli
Chas. J. Seitzer
James Allen Kissinger

ADVENTURES OF

ments. He returned to the region where he had "held" the Conference and spent some weeks straightening matters out to a comparatively satisfactory condition.

Annual Conference sessions are not without episodes of interest to a presiding bishop. The chair is not a bad place to observe human nature and the effect of addresses, discussions and appeals upon the minds of preachers and laymen. A study of faces from the front may be instructive and even illuminating. The appearance and attitude of people who are relaxed and off guard is often a sure index of character as well as of intelligence. Serious affairs of discipline sometimes bring about unexpected reactions and differences of judgment. Once in a while there comes a moment of exaltation as a high note of reason, sympathy or spirituality is struck by some speaker or event of the day. Occasionally there is a good laugh. Some Conferences have a humorist. The Savannah Conference once had such a man. He was not very literate, but had the good memory usually given to his people. He quoted wise sayings, not caring whose they were. "As some big feller said," he would begin, and the remark was worth hearing. He said that a man made a long speech. Someone who was not present asked, "What was it about?" "I don't know," was the reply. "He didn't tell us." Another example of verbosity which he reported was that of "a man who took an hour and a half to let people know he was not prepared." He told about a boy who was asked whom he wanted to see in heaven. "Samson," declared the lad, "if there isn't a bigger man." This good brother was very loyal to Methodism, and once remarked, "It takes a good deal of piety to keep from pride when speaking about a Church like ours." He rather believed in discipline, and he characterized ours as a "You must Church." Bishops say to the District Superintendents, "You must." The Superintendents say to the pastors, "You must." The pastors say to the laymen, "You must." There was always a puckish smile on his face when he rose to speak. Those present perked up at once, for they knew, most of them, that he was almost always good for something amusing. He was never unpleasant or fault-finding, though his appointments and income were poor. Fortunate is any group that has in its midst a natural good-cheer maker.

It was frequently a bishop's duty to preside in District Conferences, assisting the Superintendent there to study the problems of a field of

A TRAVELING PREACHER

from a score to fifty or more churches and to train his men for their tasks in the development of the smaller field. These events seemed often to be very profitable, and the conviction came that more such careful inspection and direction of District interests would be well for the work of the Church as a whole. This may be a fitting place to pay tribute to the helpful work of Conference Cabinets and of competent Superintendents. One of the best Cabinets which have worked with me was that of the staunch North Indiana Conference. These husky and effective men, Doctors Thornburg, Arnold, Wiant, Bentley and Bridge, with some similar groups, much larger or smaller, were helpers in making appointments and in other labors in New York, New Jersey, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, (remembering there especially Superintendents E. C. Dixon, the news of these sudden removals from earth has just saddened many, and W. F. Tomlinson), Colorado, Utah, California, and elsewhere, including the Atlanta, Indianapolis and Omaha areas, which I served eight years each. The District Superintendency was a powerful influence in the early and enterprising periods of Methodist history. There is still great value in it, where the Superintendent, like most of the Presiding Elders who preceded them, work at the task. If all they do is to conduct hasty and formal local conferences, occasionally, not quarterly as of old, preach once in a while and have some District meetings there is ground for the complaint that the office has lost its usefulness. One of the churches of which I was pastor had been refusing before I arrived to pay the full assessment for the District Superintendent. They said, "We don't need him. Why pay him so much money?" My reply was, "He knows that this strong church does not require help from him. But he works faithfully in the smaller and rural fields, instructing the church officials and the younger and inexperienced preachers, aiding in financial campaigns and revival efforts, and arousing interest in backward congregations. He refuses to preach in our pulpit, or to come to other meetings than the Fourth or other necessary Quarterly Conferences. He puts in his time in charges from which we get by transfer many valuable members." This explanation brought the reply, "We did not know all that. We will gladly pay him what is asked." They also took a new interest in our excellent overseer and in the doings of the other societies of the District. Church congregations ought not to be allowed to become self-cen-

ADVENTURES OF

tered and out of touch with the needs of weaker bodies of fellow Christians and Methodists.

The General Conferences of my official term of office were imposing assemblies, and the events of their month-long sessions were important, generally interesting, even to the public, including non-Methodists, and often thrilling. From 650 to 850 delegates, half clerical, half lay, represented the Conferences of America and of missions in many parts of the world, especially in Europe, Japan and China. Always present on the platform with the entire body of bishops were many secretaries and other assistants, while before the platform were tables for some scores of editors and reporters for the church and secular press. In all somewhere from nine to twelve hundred persons were in regular attendance, but since many delegates and officials were accompanied by one or more other members of their families for part or all of the time the gathering throughout the three or four weeks of its session was something to see and remember. The General Superintendents, that is, bishops in the home field, but not those elected for missionary supervision, presided in turns for a day. Language difficulties, unfamiliarity with the personnel of the general Church, lack of experience in conducting the details of large bodies, were some of the reasons for the absence of missionary bishops from the presidential chair. Morning sessions were devoted to business. The leading committees met afternoons. They were mainly composed of one delegate from each episcopal Area at home and abroad, with a few greater ones containing delegates from every Annual Conference and comprising membership as high as two or three hundred. The chief committees were those on the episcopacy and the State of the Church. Evening meetings were of a public nature for the greater part, at least until the latter days of the Conference, when delayed and final business claimed all the time. Missionary, temperance and social service rallies and concerts often drew mammoth evening audiences. Addresses of fraternal delegates from England and elsewhere abroad and from other denominations were usually heard at night. Conference delegates attended unofficial meetings or not, as their committee and other engagements allowed. The morning sessions found most of the Conference in their regular reserved seats. It was then that the daily devotional exercises occurred, the reports of the committees were made and acted upon, deciding

A TRAVELING PREACHER

the chief questions before the house, and officials of all kinds were elected, including bishops. Presentations and resolutions before the whole body accompanied announcements of episcopal retirements.

Anyone reading this brief account of a General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church before the union of American Methodism will understand that the duty of presiding over a morning session of such a varied, sometimes restive or even turbulent body, was something of a parliamentary and occasionally of an endurance test. A sound knowledge of established procedure and of Methodist law, precedents and customs, was a great help to the bishop in the chair, if he possessed this, which it must be confessed was not always the case. Keen perception of the state of affairs, ready decisions as to applications of procedure and law, patience, coupled with prompt realization of the proper time to put the question, ending debates and settling issues, were quite as useful in a Methodist General Conference as in any official body in America, including the Congress of the United States. Not every bishop felt equal to the responsibility and strain of such a presidency, and those who asked for it were granted release. A number of bishops who took their turn in the chair requested some colleague, supposed to be more familiar with parliamentary law, to sit beside them and assist in making decisions and in putting questions. Most of the men who presided probably felt, as did I, that aid of this kind might be more confusing or even disastrous than to trust one's own knowledge and ability to act and take the consequences. One could relate a good many interesting, some amusing and a few embarrassing or even injurious episodes that occurred during these years. One election occurred, quite some years since, which in my opinion would never have been possible had the chairman at the time known the law of the Church and applied it promptly and decisively at the proper moment.

It was my own good fortune to have health to enable me to attend every session of a General Conference from my election to the episcopacy in 1912 until my voluntary retirement in 1936, and also the Uniting Conference of American Methodism in 1939. I also was present and spoke briefly on introduction at the last session of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, held in Birmingham in May 1938. After the years just mentioned conditions at home made journeys to General Conferences and other

ADVENTURES OF

meetings at a distance impracticable, though my own health was quite equal, it seemed, to such excursions.

Two experiences during my occupation of the chair at a Methodist General Conference stand out in my thought of those days. One was the presentation of two heroes of the Church, pioneers of the glorious West. They were Doctor T. C. Iliff of Utah and "Father Van," W. W. Van Orsdell of Montana. What figures these intrepid home missionaries were, and what examples of sturdy manhood and Christian character they were, to look on and to cheer with zest! And the pair could sing! as they chose to do on this occasion, not little ditties, but stirring, soul-filling hymns of the cross and evangelism of Jesus. No wonder such men subdued savage hearts and turned saloons, gambling dens and centers of iniquity into preaching places where hundreds of wild characters were soundly converted and became forerunners of civilization and of the progress of Christianity. One of the best sources of information about the early work of these great pioneers is Doctor Edward Laird Mills' *"Plains, Peaks and Pioneers,"* and some writings sent me by this former Methodist editor and by Doctor W. W. Youngson of Portland, Oregon, an excellent historian.

A most hectic day was May 19, 1916, at Saratoga, New York. Episcopal elections were on, and the Conference was determined to complete that business. Several sessions for receiving reports, naming new tellers and for balloting were held, between which ordinary business was conducted. As this was my time to preside in the morning it became my task also to replace those who were in the chair during the afternoon and evening, but did not wish to handle the more turbulent events connected with elections. Excitement mounted with successive presentations of those who had attained a two-thirds majority of all votes cast—the requirement then, and became new members of the Board of bishops. They were to serve anywhere they might be sent, in America or abroad, and on satisfactory conduct to occupy office for life. On the memorable date mentioned, five bishops, a record in Methodism, attained the necessary suffrage. Sponsors were named by the chair, after consultation, to accompany each man elected to the platform where he was presented by the chair to standing and cheering masses of delegates and visitors. The five men whom it was my privilege to introduce as having become Methodist bish-

A TRAVELING PREACHER

ops were Adna Wright Leonard, Matthew Simpson Hughes, William Fitzjames Oldham, Charles Bayard Mitchell and Franklin Elmer Ellsworth Hamilton, all of whom were promoted into eternal service some years since. They were well known to me, and most of them had been for years close personal friends. Episcopal elections now take place in a Jurisdictional and not the General Conference. The scenes which now occur, and to a degree their significance, are altered somewhat, and there is grave danger of petty politics in regional elections, but the office of a bishop in Methodism is still unique and significant in the Christian world.

A very pleasing outcome of the most exacting experience I ever had in General Conference presidency, just outlined, was the receipt next day of a note sent to the platform which was signed personally by all the members of the Detroit Conference delegation, including two who had been competitors when I was elected to the episcopacy. A reproduction of this message, which of course was much more gratifying to receive from the delegation of my former Conference than had it come from any other source, appears on the following page.

One of the duties which devolve upon most bishops in our Church is that of raising money for church buildings, debt-paying and the support of Methodist institutions and enterprises. Some men in the episcopacy have declared that they were not, or would not be, financial solicitors. A few, Bishops McCabe and Hamilton, as examples, have been marvelous and at the same time popular gold-diggers for the Kingdom. Most of us have done a little at least at this task. No careful record of my personal appeals for funds or their results appears in my notebooks. One list of the greater part of eight years states sums raised for fifty-one churches. The two largest amounts were \$78,840 and \$45,850. The two smallest were \$126 and \$750. Some of the least of these undertakings were among the most necessary and fruitful. The total of all of these efforts is \$657,033. No figures of institutional financing appear in this sum, though a good bit of that kind of work was done. Various occasional statements in my books make it seem certain to myself that I raised personally at least two million dollars, besides being associated with substantial campaigns for endowments of colleges, improvements and debts of hospitals, homes and similar philanthropies and for Wesley Foun-

ADVENTURES OF

ADELPHI HOTEL

EUROPEAN

ARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.

J. MAGUIRE, PROP.

Bishop F. D. Smith, D. D. -

May 20, 1916

The undersigned members of the Detroit Conference delegation desire to express our great pleasure in your presidency of the General Conference in the sessions of yesterday.

A. W. Stocker

A. B. Allen

H. A. Allen

J. E. Bond

M. J. Blood

A. E. Bond

J. E. Mitchell

Wm. A. Garrison

J. H. Ransom

H. Carter Smith

M. S. Rice.

A. L. Parker

Geo. Leech

J. W. Vick

R. E. Baldwin

A TRAVELING PREACHER

dations in the fields served, amounting to over four millions more. Presidents King, Dunton, Foster and I secured in addition to these sums nearly a million dollars for colored schools. Of course in some of these undertakings my share of the task was mainly to act as chairman of campaign committees, to advise subcommittees and solicitors, to write and mail appeals and reports, and to speak at rallies, mass-meetings and other functions. Similar duties attended also a bishop's relationship to the missionary and philanthropic crusades of the general Church. However burdensome financial undertakings of the above mentioned varieties may be, the definite good accomplished by many of them seems to justify such use of time, strength and of whatever business ability bishops may possess. The time is coming when a greater proportion of these responsibilities will rest upon the shoulders of laymen, who will often take over with alacrity and with special ability.

It would not be right to bring this manuscript to a close without paying tribute to personal helpers who have served with me during the years. They have much lightened my burdens, and have given skilled aid to my undertakings. Elmer Edgar, a Syracuse student, aided me with typing at Syracuse. The best student pastor and assistant in church work there was Harry B. Belcher. Doctor Belcher retired in 1951 and has passed away after a long term as Secretary of Methodist Missions in Brooklyn and Long Island, where he brought about really outstanding progress. His good wife and he have been friends of my sister Gertrude and myself since our earliest acquaintance. The late Reverend Herbert A. Magoon was assistant pastor at Central Church, Detroit, and a more loyal, devoted and effective cooperator no one could wish. The public stenographer who gave my work a good part of her time in Atlanta was Miss Hetty Kell Phillips. The Area Secretary in Indianapolis was Miss Hazel Funk and in Omaha Miss Ruth Partridge, who is typing this book, as she has other volumes of mine. All three of these secretarial helpers proved to be capable and thoroughly useful. Miss Partridge, after several years in the employ of the Nebraska Methodist Hospital, is now with the new Veteran's Administration Hospital of Omaha in an advanced position. Miss Funk spent twenty-eight years in Area service, then took special studies at Boston University in preparation for a social service position and returned to Indianapolis for work of

this kind. The only Area Assistant in my work was the Reverend Jesse Parker Bogue, D.D., whom I first met at Pensacola where I had gone at his request to preach to men of World War I, of whom he was Chaplain. It was a surprise to me, since we had never met, to hear him say when I was introduced that when he was a student in DePauw he had lost his hold on religious faith. He saw a notice as he was passing College Avenue Church that a sermon was to be given there on "The Reasonableness of Christianity." He did not believe that, but decided he would hear what could be said for it, and did so. He remarked that since my sermon of that day he had never doubted that Christianity is a religion of reason. It was June 16, 1918, that I spoke at Fort Barrancas for Chaplain Bogue at 8:30 A.M. At 10 I spoke in the Detention Camp and at 8 P.M. at the Navy Yard Naval Air Station. After the war Chaplain Bogue came to Indianapolis and asked for work. I told him that nothing was open save a small two-point circuit, which he wouldn't care for. He said, "Give it to me." This was done and the next year he was taken out and two preachers were assigned in his place. Doctor Bogue became our Area Secretary, and then held some large pastorates, after which he was made President of Green Mountain Junior College, Vermont. Fifteen years later he was elected Executive Secretary of the American Association of Junior Colleges, and his recent book, "The Community College," is highly praised. It pleases me to remember that no conflict or difference arose between any of my associates and assistants and myself. No one of them was reproved or dismissed by me. My regard for them all continues, and it is a delight to acknowledge their ability, loyalty and helpfulness to the work we were doing together.

My days on earth are numbered and my duties here are nearly ended. It has long been my conviction that "man is immortal till his work is done." I believe also that "God hath elsewhere better work to do." Thinking of what I have undertaken and tried to do my thought is expressed by the saying of another, "Would it were worthier!" On my eightieth birthday I wrote in my sparsely kept diary that my future here seemed certainly brief, but I added, "I find no fault with this. I have had a happy life, with the dearest of companions, with splendid children and grandchildren, and now a great-granddaughter whom I baptized Sunday, Gail Alden Olmsted, followed by other miracles of grace. God has been very good to me and



HOMES OWNED BY THE LEETE FAMILY

Top: Wenniway Cottage, Wawatam Beach, Straits of Mackinac, Mackinaw City, Michigan. Home of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick D. Leete, Jr., 366 East 45th St., Indianapolis, Indiana. *Center, top:* 730 Cherokee Avenue, DeLand, Florida; *lower:* 3620 Washington Boulevard, Indianapolis. *Bottom, cottages:* Minnevanna and Musinigon, for children of the family; the Dock, which has survived all others on the tip of the Straits.

A TRAVELING PREACHER

mine. His best gift is my Lord and Saviour, in whom I trust for eternal life and joy. I am sorry not to see a better world than the present one, but will try to do a little towards making the future better before I pass on." The effort which vast numbers of people have made to this purpose has not been unavailing. What the world would be without the work of the Christian Church, the better part of it, and of good citizens who have opposed evils and have wrought righteousness, who can say? *Horresco referens!* One shudders to think of and mention it. All attempts to do right and to create a heavenly atmosphere on earth are met with indifference, human greed and hostility. Man is the most selfish, cruel and destructive being in the world. He robs nature of its treasures and humanity of its virtues. He hates, fights, corrupts and slays his fellow-man. Nothing save the cross of Christ applied to the sins of the people, men and women both, can stop the disasters caused by lust, intemperance, injustice, and their attendant losses, pains and sorrows.

How can the nation and the peoples of the world be Christianized? Or can this be done? Godless politics and government, deadly and death-dealing alcoholism, unreasonable demands for the means, not of a living merely, but for tawdry baubles, self-indulgence and licentious pleasure, if continued, will forever make impossible the conversion of masses of individuals, of society and of the state. It should be said to preachers who tipple a bit secretly, to clergy whose churches permit them to drink and who do so privately or among their constituents, to men of the "cloth" who encourage cocktail parties, saloon attendance and liquors at banquets, "Drink is your fee, and will ruin your calling and career as life-saving men. Your members who without rebuke sell intoxicants, advertise liquors in the papers and magazines they own, promote drinking in movies they control and those who vote to license the places which are mothers of all kinds of iniquities, as well as of physical and mental poisoning and drunkenness, wreck much of the work you should accomplish and defeat the purposes of Christianity. You are yourselves responsible for every evil you tolerate and do not seek to overcome, and so are your leaders, church councils, and all contributors to vice in your following." This logic has been applied to myself. It can be claimed, however, that I have planned, sought cooperation and have tried to stem the tide of wickedness and worldliness in and

out of the Church. Attacks have been made by my friends and myself against the organized traffic in alcohol, against personal and social drinking, against evil divorces and clerical panderers to libidinous marriage, against industrial injustices on the part of both capital and labor, against false economics and oppressive taxation, against dishonesties, follies and misuse of the resources of life; its money, time and talent. These efforts have sometimes been misconceived or resented. Some falsehood has been uttered and defeat has been experienced. Successes occurred often enough, however, to encourage renewed efforts to bring about betterment of conduct and environments. It has never seemed to me best for preachers to become party politicians. It appears that it is better for them to be independent enough so that they may be able to support the good and oppose the evil in all political affairs. They may often wisely help to elect clean and Christian men to office, as I have not hesitated to do, without respect to partisan or church affiliations. Especially it has been a pleasure to support candidacies of some of those elected to become Senators of the United States, not on the ground of their connection with the Church with which I have so long been affiliated, but because they have espoused and represented sound Americanism. It is high time to denounce and if possible to help defeat candidates for office or for reelection, even of one's own church membership, whose lives and official conduct are inconsistent with their professions. It must be admitted, but greatly deplored, that truth is in the claim that there are preachers and church bodies who would support the "Evil one" himself, if he were a member of their organization and added to its income. I hope and believe that this type of guilt has not intentionally attached to me.

Summing up the lessons of the years brings a pretty clear and definite opinion. This is that the method of Jesus still points out the best and surest, even if a slow and often trying way of overcoming evil and bringing about goodness. The individual is the key to success in human redemption. Jesus fed multitudes and addressed a few great sermons to crowds and to their successors in all generations. This alone would have been relatively, if not wholly ineffectual. His discourses and even His breath-taking miracles would have been forgotten early in the passage of centuries if He had not redeemed a fisherman who became the spirit-filled preacher on the



Mrs. Frederick D. Leete with her comrade of sixty years taken by Coast Guard Ensign **F. D. Leete III**, in his father's launch, **Wenniway**, Straits of Mackinac, in front of family cottage Wawatam Beach, Michigan, 1950.

A TRAVELING PREACHER

Day of Pentecost, a haughty Pharisee who acted as an intrepid and powerful evangelist to the Gentiles, and a publican who left the receipt of customs for the business of the Lord. Preaching the Gospel in purity and sincerity is a great and profitable undertaking, but the world will never be saved from the pulpit. The more learned and eloquent the preacher is the more ineffective he may be in reaching the hearts and in changing the manners and conduct of men and women. Scholasticism, ritualism, orthodoxy and oratory avail little in the presence of iniquity; personal, social and national. If every minister in alleged Christian service would bring Christ as Saviour to one individual a year, thereby creating in him newness of life and full consecration to the mind, spirit and work of God, the Church would be invigorated, masses of people would be alerted to their danger as sinners against the truth, and a wide-sweeping spiritual transformation would take place to the far-reaching profit of mankind.

I salute the future! I do not dwell always on the past, though there is much in it to remember and to inspire us to go forward. I wish to remain in the United States of America, more political than democratic and very imperfect, but best nation on this sphere, as long as there may be something for me to do, or as divine wisdom requires. As he neared the end of his life; my friend Doctor W. C. S. Pellowe has shown this in a remarkable book; Mark Twain's faith in man was so greatly impaired that he thought that God, Who became much more impressive and real to his mind, cannot possibly have much if any regard for humanity. I have not surrendered my own faith in good people, while appreciation of the nature and goodness of God has ever seemed to grow greater. Indeed it seems to me that through the recent terrible years a strain of moral heroism has ennobled humanity in striking instances. It would be good to continue to associate with the many whom I know and love. And truly it is in part because I have found my friends and comrades, and relations with them, so satisfactory that I look forward with eager delight to eternal fellowships. Many years since I wrote some lines which still represent my attitude and final word:

I find life good, from childhood up,
And covet all its draught—no less!
And then I fain would fill my cup
With everlastingness.

PART IX

APPENDIX

APPENDIX A. THE LEETE COAT OF ARMS

A competent genealogist, Mr. Victor Bruce Grant, once sent me the following statement, based in substance upon the investigations of his Art Studio:

LEETE ARMORIAL BEARINGS

The Coat of Arms and Crest of the ancient family of Leete are described in the official register of Armorial Bearings, as follows—

“Argent, a fess gules between two rolls of fuses sable, fired proper, a martlet of the field. Crest—on a ducal coronet an antique lamp, or, fired proper.”

The language of heraldry being Norman French and Persian, the above blazonment is repeated, with explanations.

Argent—(silver) the field.

A fess—(bar across shield)

Gules—(red)

Rolls of fuses—(ancient fuse torches)

Sable—(black)

Fired—(lighted)

A martlet of the field—(silver)

Or—(gold)

Fired proper—(lighted naturally)

The Arms of Leete are a noble and elegant heraldic symbol of an ancient and distinguished family. It is a proud achievement without bar or blemish on the escutcheon.

The Leetes are an old family of Cambridgeshire, England, and the family Armorial Bearings are recorded in the official register of the College of Heralds, London. The Leete Arms are also described in heraldic language in Burke's "General Armoury," page 595.

From a heraldic, as well as from a historic standpoint, the Leete Arms are among the most notable in baronial history.

That the family enjoyed great privileges, and acquired high distinction, is manifested in the charges on the escutcheon. The fuses bespeak

APPENDIX

acts of great daring, and the fess symbolizes their service and sacrifice for the realm.

The presence of the ducal coronet on the family Crest manifests aristocratic kinship with ducal rank. Altogether the Leete Coat-of-Arms and Crest are as noble and historic as any family arms in history.

APPENDIX B. BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

Descent of Mrs. F. D. Leete from her first American ancestor, Edward Fuller, of the Mayflower: Edward and Ann, 1620; Samuel, who married Jane Lothrop; John and Mehitable Rowley; Joseph and Lydia Day; Abraham Fuller (lieut. in Colonial wars, capt. in Revolution, guardian of Scatacook Indians) and Lydia Gillette; Ashbel (fifer in father's company in Rev.) and Lorain Millard; Ashbel and Catherine Dawley; Spencer Riland Fuller and Sarah Horr.

JOSEPH LEETE, author of "The Family of Leete," 1881, with revised and enlarged edition, 1906, was born 1831 in Royston, border of Cambridgeshire and Hertfordshire, where his family had resided since 1768. He became a factor, and his firm, Joseph Leete & Sons, handled the continental business, especially credits and accounts, of large English firms. In connection with this work he was made a Chevalier de la Légion d'honneur of France. He employed two experts for some years to secure records of his family through the centuries from the crusades. Heralds' Visitations and the Domesday Book were consulted and quoted, together with many pictures of old churches, tombs and tablets. My first copy of the great book, beautifully printed in red morocco, a crown octavo volume, was sent to me by the author. A second one was purchased for a large price. The American family account is on pp. 161-177, with references to books in this country. Mr. Leete resided in Eversden, S. Norwood Park, Surrey, The Warren, Royston, Herts., and St. Mary-at-Hill, London, E.C. A first edition copy, 1881, has been acquired.

FERRIS SMITH, M.D., F.A.C.S. Plastic Surgeon. This son of the author's beloved cousin, Alida DeLand Smith, b. Pontiac, Mich., 1883. Ed. U. of M., Vienna and Berlin. He had three brothers: Col. Edwin DeLand served in West Point and World War I, and died in service, 1920; Dr. Wendell Tracy, gold medalist, Chicago Vet. Col., Harlan Samuel, 14 mo. overseas, World War I. Their father, Sam'l W., was member of U. S. Congresses, 55th to 83rd. Dr. Ferris, Capt. Royal Med. Corps, England, 1917. Facial Plastic surgeon, Queen's Hosp., London, World

APPENDIX

War I. Prof. Plastic surg., Intern. Clinic, Paris, 1923. Author many works on surgery; "Reconst. Surg. Head and Neck," official manual U. S. Army, and Plastic & Reconstr. Surg., Phila. and London, 1950. Dr. Smith has practiced in Grand Rapids, Mich., since 1913, and resides there.

PAUL STANLEY DELAND, Editor and Manager. Paul Deland has been with the Christian Science Monitor since a fortnight before its first issue in 1908. b. N. Brookfield, Mass. Ed. Worcester and Williston. Student of economics; newspaper work in Worcester, New Haven and Boston; American, Traveler and King's Tribune. Member, Adv. Council Mass. Temperance League, Exec. Com. for Peace Day, U.N., Gen. Com. Amer. Field Service. Pres. Alumni and Trustee, Williston Acad. Author of papers and booklets. Managing Editor, Christian Science Monitor since 1945.

WILLIAM WHITE LEETE, Windsor, Conn., 1854. d. New Haven, 1946, aet 91. Congregational preacher, denominational Secretary for New England, Boston, and National Secretary at New York. Educated Amherst and Yale Seminary. Pastor, Ridgefield, Connecticut, Rockford, Illinois and New Haven. Athlete; crew and baseball, Amherst; member New Haven Skating Club in his 80s; winner Golf Association trophies, Rye Country Club, New York. Gifted in French, German and Italian. "A preacher of religious joyfulness."

CALVIN MINER LEETE, Judge of Probate, Guilford, Conn. for twenty years, and holder of various local offices. Born Jan. 11, 1867, he passed away Sept. 1, 1949. A splendid half million dollar educational building in Guilford, "The Calvin M. Leete School," has recently been erected. Judge Leete was an outstanding member of the Congregational Church, a trustee of the State Historical Museum, of the Savings Bank and of the Sanatorium. His home was on the historic Leete's Island, and the papers said that he was "respected by all who knew him"; and that "he rendered distinguished service to the community." He is said to have been reelected several times by the combined votes of both political parties.

CHARLES HENRY LEETE, M.A., Ph.D., 1857-1936. Son of Charles Ward Leete of Potsdam, N. Y., and grandson of The Reverend Charles Leete of the Northern New York Methodist Conference. Educated at Yale and Leipzig. President Board of Education, Potsdam State Normal School. He published a World Atlas and textbooks in geography, his specialty. Contributor to the Encyclopaedia Britannica. Headmaster for

APPENDIX

years of Doctor Sach's Schools, New York City. Later head of the Leete School for Girls, New York and of the Lehman-Leete School, now Highland Manor, New Jersey.

EDWARD H. LEETE, b. 1894, Deputy Superintendent of Banks, New York State. Only son of Charles Henry and Isadore Kelton Leete. Educated Yale, Phi Beta Kappa, and Columbia Law School. Five years with Chase National Bank, New York City. Appointed as an examiner in the New York State Banking Department in 1924. Deputy Superintendent of Banks, 1941. Twice President National State Savings and Loan Associations. Since April, 1951, Secretary National Association of Supervisors of State Banks.

THEODORE LEVI DELAND, b. Kirkland, N. Y. on land bought from Indians by his grandfather before the Revolution. Lived in early life near Springfield, Ill., and knew and was greatly influenced by Lincoln. In U. S. Treasury forty years, and Examiner for Civil Service. He was special aid to President Theodore Roosevelt in promoting classified government assignments. Mathematical author.

EUGENIE DELAND SAUGSTAD, artist, teacher of art McKinley High School, Washington, D. C., for many years. Painted oval ceiling panel in National Headquarters, Order of Eastern Star, memorials in Foundry Church and portraits in William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Va. Shown here painting her father's likeness. Resides on part of George Washington Estate, on the Potomac in sight of the Capitol Building.

Extract from "The Long Road to Methodist Union," by Bishop John M. Moore, chief leader in the planning and achievement of the Union of American Methodism, p. 128:

Bishop Frederick D. Leete was one of the most valuable members of the Commission. He spoke always with directness and understanding, and his suggestions, motions and decisions contributed greatly to working out the plan of union. By his long ministry in prominent pastorates in the North and his discerning Episcopal service in the Atlanta Area, he had acquainted himself not only with the mind of his own Church but with the necessary position and requirements of the Church South. He set himself sympathetically and resolutely to that kind of "reorganization" which would bring out the most acceptable plan of union, and he never swerved one particle from it. He served on every Commission that dealt with union, and he served most effectively. He met the issues with deep insight, clear vision,

APPENDIX

broad churchmanship, calm courage and genuine statesmanship. Such men make and keep union.

APPENDIX C. DEDICATIONS IN INDIANAPOLIS AREA

Following is a list, probably not quite complete, of new churches dedications in the Indianapolis Area during the period from 1920 to 1928: 1920, September 5, Second Church, Newcastle. 1921, April 3, Fowler; May 28, Attica; November 13, Scott. 1922, February 12, Griffith; March 12, Heath, Indianapolis; June 18, Wiley, Newcastle; September 10, McCordsville; October 8, Trinity, Ft. Wayne. 1923, February 11, Clermont; May 6, Main Street, New Albany; June 3, N. Salem; June 10, Robindale; September 23, Brownsburg; October 7, Montpelier; October 14, Milan; October 28, Morgantown; December 9, Lowell Heights, South Bend; December 16, First, Marion; December 16, Larwell; December 23, Whiting. 1924, January 20, South Side, Elwood; January 27, Tell City. 1925, January 18, Lowell; January 25, Colfax; February 15, Fountain Street, Indianapolis; February 22, Main Street, Alton, Ill.; March 1, Garfield Avenue, Indianapolis; April 12, Central, Evansville; April 26, Fallon, Ill., May 3, Fairview, Bloomington; May 17, Sellersburg; May 24, Bloomfield; May 31, Howell, Evansville; June 14, Corydon; November 22, Flora; December 20, Memorial, Princeton. 1926, January 9, Reynolds; June 13, Madison Street, Muncie; June 20, Signal Hill, East Saint Louis, Illinois; June 27, 51st Street, Indianapolis; September 12, Irvington, Indianapolis; October 10, First, Gary. 1927, January 23, Boswell; July 10, Maywood, Indianapolis; July 17, Grace, Anderson; September 11, Fourth Avenue, Terre Haute; September 11, Beech Grove, Indianapolis; October 9, Chesterton, October 30, Broadway, Indianapolis; December 11, Hartford City. 1928, February 12, Saint Marks, Goshen. Several churches, including some of the largest, were nearly finished at the end of the quadrennium, and were dedicated after our removal from the Area.

APPENDIX D

Omaha Area Anniversaries

An addition to the list of anniversaries printed in the text, celebrated in the Omaha Area, 1928-1936, is as follows: Ninetieth, First Church, Fairfield, Iowa, March 9, 1930; Tipton, Iowa, November 29, 1931; Knoxville, Iowa, home church of President C. N. Pace of Hamline University,

APPENDIX

December 8, 1935. Eighty-fifth anniversaries were recognized at Woodward, Iowa, September 4, 1932; Van Metre, Iowa, September 11, 1932 and Winfield, Iowa, February 2, 1934. Chariton, Iowa's 84th date was October 26, 1935. An eightieth anniversary took place at Albion, Iowa, June 5, 1933. Seventy-five years of history were celebrated at Maquoketa, Iowa, September 6, 1931, representing Upper Iowa Conference also; at Tecumseh, Nebraska, October 15, 1932; Denison, Iowa, April 9, 1933; Harlan, Iowa, December 2, 1934. Grace Church, Waterloo, Iowa, was seventy years of age, November 10, 1935; sixty-five years were remembered at Fairbury, Nebraska, December 9, 1934 and Humboldt, Nebraska, April 5, 1936. Many half century or more anniversaries were observed while we resided in Omaha Area.

APPENDIX E

Church Papers and Magazine Writings

Following is a very incomplete list of articles furnished to church periodicals during some of my busiest years and typical of the themes considered and discussed during that period of time.

In the Northern Christian Advocate, April 21, 1904, "Intensity the Power of Spiritual Victory"; Ibid., December 22, 1904, "The Kingdom of God in Power"; Epworth Herald, December 1, 1906, "The True Calvary"; The Institute Tie, October, 1907, "The Power of Christian Joyfulness"; The Michigan Presbyterian, August 26, 1908, "The Enforcement of Law"; The Michigan Christian Advocate, June 26, 1909, "Glimpses of Methodism in Italy"; Epworth Herald, December 11, 1909, "The Message of Christmas"; The Michigan Advocate, July 30, 1910, "Robbing Peter to Pay Paul"; Detroit Journal, February 13, 1911, "The Compassion of Jesus"; Michigan Advocate, July 15, 1911, "The Marriage and Divorce Problem"; Michigan Advocate, October 24, 1914, "Journeyings in the South"; Northern Advocate, May 6, 1915, "Does the South Need Help?"; Methodist Advocate Journal, July 27, 1916, "Favoring Methodist Union"; New York Christian Advocate, March 18, 1917, "Our New West Indies"; Ibid., April 26, 1917, "Americanizing Porto Rico"; Ibid., July 11, 1918, "The Kingdom Triumphant"; The Western Christian Advocate, April 28, 1920, "Protect the Weaker Members"; Winona Echoes, 1920, "The Dynamic of Christianity"; The Central Christian Advocate, November 30, 1921, "As Goes America"; Adult Bible Class Monthly, December, 1922, "Men and the Church"; Central Advocate, December 20, 1922, "The Puissant Spirit of Christ"; Adult Bible Class Monthly, March, 1924,

APPENDIX

"Every Day Evangelism"; Western Advocate, January 8, 1925, "The Challenge of 1925"; The Call to the Colors, September, 1926, "The Age-Long Conspiracy Against Jesus Christ"; Central Advocate, March 3, 1927, "The Road Ahead for Methodism"; Western Advocate, June 2, 1927, "The Land of the Sunrise"; Epworth Herald, April, 1928, "A Journey to Emmaus"; Moody Institute Monthly, May, 1928, "The Reasonable Basis of Christian Evangelism"; Zion's Herald, Jan. 9, 1929, "Two Great Scientific Christians"; The Pacific Christian Advocate, April 17, 1930, "Science and Immortality"; Methodist Review, September, 1930, "Ethics of the Christian Commonwealth"; Epworth Herald, March 26, 1932, "Easter in Jerusalem"; Michigan Advocate, November 24, 1932, "Princes of Christian Literature"; Epworth Herald, December 21, 1932, "A Japanese Christmas"; New York Advocate, April 13, 1933, "Easter in Its Birthplace"; Church School Journal, December, 1933, "The Land of His Birth"; Zion's Herald, December 27, 1933, "The Next Step in Evangelism"; Western Advocate, January 31, 1935, "A Thrilling General Conference"; Adult Bible Class Monthly, November 1935, "National Responsibility to God"; Church School Journal, February, 1936, "The Personal Value of Bible Study"; New Century Leader, April, 1936, "A Parable of Ins and Outs"; Florida Christian Advocate, July 1, 1937, "Creative Christianity"; New Century Leader, July, 1937, "God Cares, Hears, Answers"; Christian Advocate, Nashville, January 7, 1938, "The Good People of Japan"; Christian Advocate, March 16, 1944, "Wanted: Better General Conferences"; The Virginia Methodist Advocate, June 29, 1944, "When the Warriors Return."

APPENDIX F

A Library of Methodist History, Incorporated International

Five Methodist Collections, rather than one, make up the result to date of toil and expenditures made by the writer of this book in the task of seeking and saving documents of all kinds, especially original writings and first edition publications from the pens of founders and leaders of Methodism in all parts of the world. The whole of these treasures, including general literature of the Church, insured and incorporated as a non-profit organization, are to be housed in the center of American and Methodist population. The officials of Broadway Church, Indianapolis, under the leadership of its brilliant pastor, Doctor Robert B. Pierce, are providing for the Historical Library commodious fire-proof quarters, with vault, in the splendid building they are erecting for church activities.

APPENDIX

When the structure is completed and the library installed in steel and glass cases, provision will be made for the use of its treasures by competent students and scholars, with supervised privileges to the general public.

Following is an outline of the present contents of the Methodist Historical Library:

I. Episcopal Books and Papers:

More than 4000 letters, written or typed, and signed by 250 out of 265 bishops of all times and lands and of all branches of Methodism, save the Negro denominations, with some of the latter.

Books and pamphlets printed by or about Methodist bishops, more than 1,140 out of 1,350, printed from 1773 to date, in English, German, Japanese, Chinese, Hindi, Urdu, Spanish, etc. Among the most valuable are the works of Thomas Coke, first of all to make appeals for Methodist missions, including his "Address to the Pious and Benevolent, Proposing an Annual Subscription for the Support of Missionaries," London, 1786. The collection also has Doctor Coke's reports of Methodist Missions, 1804-1816, the first of such authorized documents.

Published biographies of Methodist bishops total 126. All save 17 are in hand.

Personal papers and literary effects of more than 60 bishops-journals, notebooks, sermons, endorsements, clippings, etc. Dean Earl Cranston of the theological school of the University of Southern California contributed the large quantity of papers and memoriae left by his grandfather, Bishop Cranston.

Ordination certificates; their own more than 50, signed by them, 100 or more. Also some episcopal election certificates, rituals numerous autographed, military commissions, diplomas, such relics as gavels, seals, watches, Scriptures, and large numbers of photos, group and individual.

Among many items of special interest is the 75 pp. hand-written account of John Emory's trip to England in 1820 as first American delegate to the British Conference. Also there are Bishop O. C. Baker's date-book and journal, Bishop Simpson's address at Springfield, funeral of Lincoln, Bishop Scott's written Voyage to Africa, the Augusta diploma of the son of Bishop Soule, signed by H. B. Bascom; the New Testament of Bishop Leonard, carried to Iceland where he, General Andrews, head of American Air Forces and a dozen other officers crashed on a mountainside, World War II. An appeal to retired preachers of the Methodist Church made by

APPENDIX

use of addresses, furnished by the cooperative Executive Secretaries of the Board of Pensions, Doctors T. A. Stafford and A. T. McIlwain, produced some good results, but also disclosed the failure of many to preserve even the most valuable documents once possessed.

II. *British and Foreign Collection:*

All chief Lives of Wesley, beginning with Coke and Moore, Whitehead, H. H. Moore, Hampson, Southey, Tyerman, Nast and many others. The rarest of the books, pamphlets, etc., written by the Founder. Among these are his Natural Philosophy, 5 Vols.; the first three editions of Notes on the New Testament, the third and best having 3 Vols.; History of England, 4 Vols.; Collection of Moral and Sacred Poems, 3 Vols.; Doctrine of Original Sin; many sermons and other separate pamphlets, nearly all first editions. The "Christian Library," a famous series of religious books by eminent authors, edited and published by Mr. Wesley for the education of early Methodists. The full set of 50 volumes is firmly bound in original leather, in fine state.

Wesley's Journal in several editions, including the 21 early blue pamphlets, 1751-54, preceding regular book publications. Most of the latter are first editions.

The great "Wesley Book"; when printed, the largest sheets ever issued in book form, 31 and three fourths by 23 inches. Reproductions of the 40 tablets in John Wesley's Chapel, Broadhead, Bristol, called by Wesley "The New Room in the Horsefair." These are personally drawn and initialed in red by the famous designer, Percy Delft Smith, R.D.I. Ten copies only were printed at the expense of Mr. E. S. Lamplough, wealthy British layman and organist. The artist was allowed two copies, the last of which was secured by me through the aid of Editor Sydney Walton, C.B.E., of the British Weekly. The distinguished letterer and engraver of this costly work died while the book was on the way to America. It had been exhibited at the First Edition Show in London.

More than 40 letters of John Wesley, a few unpublished. Numerous letters by Charles Wesley and his sons, by Whitefield, Moore, Bunting, Arthur and many more, including modern noble Lords, parliamentarians, mayors, preachers and laymen.

The Morley Punshon Collection, saved by Mrs. Punshon and contributed by her grand-nephew, the Rev. J. W. Vickers, with many autographs and correspondence.

APPENDIX

Autograph Letters, Portraits and Sketches of Wesleyan Presidents, a massive morocco and leather bound volume, was secured at Sotheby's London auction of June, 1950, at no slight cost. It represents the Presidents of the Wesleyan Conference from John Wesley, 1791 to 1880. The contents are not pasted in, thanks be, and additions have been or are being completed to the present time. They consist of photos, personal sketches and in most instances one or more letters, A.L.S.

Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, called by Abel Stevens Methodism's greatest woman, is represented in the collection by 77 letters, covering 25 years of correspondence. Another expensive addition to these treasures. A remarkable find is a letter to George Washington in June, 1791, by Robert Bowyer of London, who signs himself, "Miniature Painter to his Majesty." He declares to one whom he addresses as an "exalted character." "I have taken the liberty to give your Excellency this trouble to inform you of the decease of your most worthy and respected relation, The Right Honorable, the Countess Dowager of Huntingdon—an event which must be regretted by every friend to real Religion on the face of the earth." The writer was her ladyship's portrait painter. Lady Huntingdon and the first President of the United States were both descendants of Lawrence Washington. The Library of Congress possesses copies of Mr. Washington's reply to Bowyer and of letters of his to the Countess, his kinslady. Photostats of this correspondence have been obtained and are in the Methodist Library.

Adam Clarke's hand-written notes on the Book of Exodus, a marvelous piece of work and the complete manuscript of his "Commentary on the Book of Exodus." This is a most impressive writing, with the great scholar's perfect Greek and Hebrew lettering. The personally penned Memoirs of Methodism's greatest linguist are also in this collection.

Henry Moore's written 75 pp. account of the duplicity of John Whitehead, M.D., with respect to the use of Mr. Wesley's papers, left to Coke, Whitehead and Moore as trustees. Publication of this manuscript was suppressed on the departure of the Founder because of the weakness of Methodism at that time, and in order to avoid divisions in the infant Church.

Books by British authors, biographies, histories and various writings. Good copy of the heroic poem on the "Life of Christ" by Samuel, father of John Wesley, 1693. Finely bound "Centenary of Wes-

APPENDIX

leyan Methodism," Thos. Jackson, with *rare fore edge painting* of old Oxford. An Album of Jane Wilkinson, 1827-1836, contains many poems, letters of notables and a large number of beautiful hand paintings of most gorgeous birds and flowers.

III. *American Methodist Biography and History:*

Autobiographies and Lives of very many early American Methodists—Asbury, Embury, Wm. Watters, Henry Boehm, Jesse Lee, Peter Cartwright, Littleton Fowler, W. B. Joyce, Jacob Young, George Peck, Wilbur Fisk, John Baldwin and more.

Most general and many local histories of Methodism in all times and lands. Records of the Church in sections of the country, States, Conferences, and in many local communities.

General Minutes. Two copies of 1773-1813 and other early editions. Most succeeding volumes, and many Minutes of the Church, South, Protestant and Free Churches, and of Churches in Japan, China, Asia, Africa and South America. Aid in this department came from W. C. Hyde of the Methodist Publishing House, son of an old friend, the Reverend W. J. Hyde of Rock River Conference.

Arminian, Methodist Magazines, and Quarterly Reviews. Methodist almanacs, memorial albums, anniversary volumes and papers.

Some 4,000 letters of preachers and laymen; pastors, editors, educators, authors, missionaries, statesmen, soldiers. Among eminent laymen are Presidents of the United States, Vice-Presidents, Cabinet Secretaries, Senators, Governors, members of Congress, et al. The Psalter used by President McKinley in his pew at Metropolitan Church. Among foreign leaders, aside from British, mentioned above, are Baron Sato and Mrs. Sugimoto of Japan; Madame Chiang Kai-shek and General Feng of China, Italia Garibaldi of Italy, daughter of the Liberator. A vast quantity of Ninde documents contains writings, scrap-books and photos of all members of the family of Bishop W. X. Ninde, including the great missionary of China, Doctor F. D. Gamewell, who married the Bishop's daughter Mary. F. W. Ninde, M.D., son and last remaining member of Bishop Ninde's family presented these relics, the gift being a whole collection in itself.

Works by Methodist authors, mainly those on biography, history and religion. Proceedings of educational, missionary and State Conventions. Journal of Robert Emory, son of Bishop Emory and author of "The History of the Discipline." Notebooks of O. M.

APPENDIX

Willets and Clara Cushman, missionaries to China, Mr. Almer Pennewell's "Life of Jesse Walker," "450 Years of Methodist Preaching," account of the Gregory Family, typed by the author, Reverend W. A. Gregory.

Photographs in large numbers, and engravings, some quite rare, of leaders of the Church in all lands, including nearly all the bishops of Methodist history. A set of 4 volumes, "National Portraits," published 1834-1839 by Longacre and Herring, Philadelphia, their own work and that of others, contains engravings and sketches of American leaders from Washington to General Winfield Scott. Among groups of letters are 25 from Andrew Longacre, pastor of the American Church in Paris, sent during the War of '61-'65 to his brother J. B. Longacre, layman of St. George's, Philadelphia.

IV. *Discipline and Law Books:*

More than 100 histories of the Discipline, manuals, discussions of the Methodist Constitution, laws, etc.; works of Robert Emory, Sherman, Merrill, Cooke, Denny, Peterson, and various legal cases and decisions.

Typed and printed lists and descriptions of early Disciplines; Robert T. Miller, Bishop Tigert and others recent.

Important reprints of the first five Disciplines by Nutter, Ketcham and Ingham.

A copy of the so-called "Large Minutes," London, J. Paramore, 1780, Green 344, said to be the "best edition of the book regarded as the fore-runner of American Disciplines."

"The Sunday Service—Recommended to the Societies in America, by the Reverend John Wesley." The copy in this collection is of 1788, beautifully bound in modern blue morocco and gilt covers and including Wesley's "Collection of Psalms and Hymns for the Lord's Day." 1784.

A complete collection of Methodist Episcopal and Methodist Disciplines from 1785 to date, including prints of New York and Cincinnati, annual reprints, unauthorized and unique copies, would number at least 148 books. Of these, this Collection has 135. The very rare 1st and 3rd are in hand. Most of the Disciplines of the Church, South, Protestant and Free Churches are present and a large number from all parts of the world, all those of Japan, some from China, India, Africa, South America, Canada. This may be the greatest lot of Disciplines in one place.

APPENDIX

The Journals and writings of Bishop Johnson, when Sec'y. of the General Conference, with much correspondence of his work in South Africa.

Special Items in the Methodist Collection and Contributions

It seems well to call attention to certain items in the Collection outlined above. Among writings shown are some of President and Mrs. Hayes, President McKinley, Vice-Presidents Fairbanks, Curtis and Barkley; Secretaries Thompson, Shaw, Daniels and Roper; Senators Harlan, Beveridge, Glass, Holland, Smathers; Governors Claflin, Hanley, Harris; Gen. and Mrs. Logan, Gen. Joseph Hooker; Phoebe Palmer, Madeline Hamline, Frances Willard, Fanny Crosby, Mary Reed, Ada Lee; Philip Phillips, Ira D. Sankey, Edward Eggleston; missionary leaders F. D. Gamewell, James Calvert, H. C. Tucker, the principal Methodist pastors in home fields and abroad. Bishop J. M. Springer is well represented.

Many unique letters in what Mr. Sydney Walton, C.B.E. calls a "Methodist Granary," might be mentioned, but a very few only will be indicated. One of these is an unpublished letter of John Wesley to Francis Asbury while Thomas Coke was on his way to America the first time. The great man indicates some part of his advices to and hopes for his people in the colonies. A letter of Bishop Asbury, also unpublished, was written to his parents to tell them why he could not come to see them and why it would not do for them to come and live in America. He says that Dr. Coke would soon be in England and would minister to their needs. A message of the eminent scholar, Adam Clarke, to the leaders of American Methodism, Bangs, Emory, Waugh, et al., contains excellent advice for their tasks. John Sunday, "Sha-Wun-Dais," a converted Ojibway Indian, and a Methodist preacher for fifty years, was taken to England by Reverend William Lord to stir up interest in the cause of missions. A letter in Sunday's own hand-writing describes British Methodism in 1836. A long message was written by Robert Paine to Robert Emory in 1844. It indicates reasonable attitudes of some participants in the division of our Church at that critical time. Then we have an account of the problems of Bishop Hamline after the great split in American Methodism, penned to Phoebe Palmer; General Logan's congratulation to C. H. Fowler on his appointment to Metropolitan, Washington, and Vice-President Curtis' statement of his early prohibition loyalties. Scriptures owned and much used by Bishops Shepherd and Birney contain spiritual comments of deep importance.

Ordination certificates have much significance in the history of Methodism. Many in the Collection are those of old stalwarts of the Church,

APPENDIX

of the type of Glezen Fillmore, William Hosmer and John Little-John, of Alanson Cooper and A. B. Leonard, father of Bishop Adna W. Those of the bishops themselves include the following, among others; Andrews, Bascom, Bickley, Birney, Brown, Chitambar, Cranston, Gowdy, Granbery, Griffith, Hart, E. H. and M. S. Hughes, W. A. C. Hughes, the brevity of whose episcopal life was a distinct loss to the Church, Johnson, B. R. Jones, Kavanaugh, Leonard, McMurry, Nicholson, Ninde, Nuelsen, J. W. Robinson, Valencia, Walden, Waldorf, Seth Ward.

Credit should be given to donors of large amounts of material for the four Collections above outlined. Many of the British items have been obtained by purchase through the cooperation of Editor Walton of the British Weekly, the Rev. Frank Baker, of Cleethorpes., Lincs., Secretary of the Wesley Historical Society, Mr. Frank Cumbert, of the Epworth Press, London, Mr. L. E. S. Gutteridge of the Methodist Book Store, and the noted pastor of Westminster Central Hall, London, this year's President of the British Methodist Conference, Doctor W. E. Sangster, not only aided my search for valuable works but presented me with a first edition copy of the very rare sermon of Dr. Coke on the death of James Richardson. Purchases of desiderata through secular firms in England have not been too satisfactory. Mr. Baker's expert aid and some gifts have been gratifying, as also the interest shown in the work being done by Dr. F. F. Bretherton, of the Wesley Society.

It has been fortunate that some parts of Collections made by others have been gathered into this treasury. Some have been contributed. One was made by Mr. P. A. Welch, New York business man, father of the donor, Bishop Welch. Another was the work of Doctor Henry Slicer, author of "Slicer on Baptism," a most distinguished Baltimore preacher and close friend of Bishop Levi Scott. His granddaughter, Miss Henrietta Slicer, living in the old Maryland residence, in advanced age and even after experiencing a broken hip, labored through the mass of papers left by her eminent ancestor, and contributed many letters and other valuable documents. Mrs. Margaret Muckenfuss, daughter of the able Bishop Galloway, gave to the cause more than 60 letters and other memoriae. The Morley Punshon Collection of British autographs, saved by Mrs. Punshon and given by her nephew, the good Rev. J. W. Vickers of Michigan Conference, has been supplemented by purchase of several volumes of the orator's biography and writings. A special treasure is the hand-written ms. with corrections, of the famous Punshon Lecture on John Bunyan. At the close of the first delivery of this eulogy in Exeter Hall, a vast audience of rather staid hearers rose en masse, cheered, shouted, threw hats and other objects in the air and continued for a

APPENDIX

long time to applaud and rejoice in a mighty biographical and oratorical achievement.

It has been possible to get hold of a good portion of the historical savings of the noted engraver, James Barton Longacre, referred to previously, layman of Old St. Georges, Philadelphia, for 25 years engraver with the United States Government, as well as a noteworthy portraitist. Some of his own artistic work is represented in the Library. Doctor Henry J. Fox, preacher in Hartford, Brooklyn, New York and Charleston, and later of the faculty of the University of South Carolina, gathered historical material, as did Doctor Charles E. Rice, of Ohio Wesleyan. A part of the accumulations of both of these men has come to us. Secretary James R. Joy of the New York Historical Society has been helpful.

The best source for the Episcopal Collection has naturally been that of families and personal friends of bishops. Among those whose papers have all or mostly been secured are the following: Bishops Ainsworth, Andrews, Atkins, Bickley, Birney, Bristol, Brown, Carman, Chitambar, Clair, Cranston, Galloway, Granbery, Griffith, J. W. Hamilton, M. C. Harris, Haygood, M. S. and E. H. Hughes, Hurst, Johnson, Key, Leonard, Locke, McTyeirs, Nicholson, Ninde, Nuelsen, Wm. Pearce, J. W. Robinson, I. B. Scott, Sellew, Shepherd, Soule, Tarboux, Waldorf, Seth Ward, Warne, H. W. Warren. Many others are well represented, Abe, Badley, Bradford, Berry, Burt, Candler, Cooke, Dobbs, Duncan, O. P. Fitzgerald, Foss, Fowler, Hartzell, Keeney, Mallalieu, Marston, Martin, McCabe, McCoy, McDowell, Merrill, Miller, Mitchell, D. H. Moore, J. M. Moore, Quayle, Levi Scott, Selecman, Simpson, A. F. Smith, Vincent, Wade, Welch. It should be mentioned that among the largest donors have been Mrs. S. H. Ardis, daughter of Bishop Haygood; Miss Grace Andrews, daughter of Bishop Andrews; Francis M. Hughes, Att'y, son of Bishop E. H. Hughes; Mr. E. E. Overholt, friend of Bishops Key, Haygood and Pierce; Mrs. E. O. Fisk; Mrs. Bishop J. H. McCoy; Doctor H. G. Budd, son-in-law of Bishop Leonard; Rev. E. R. Kildow; Rev. W. E. Lake; Admiral J. D. McNair; Mrs. B. F. Lewis; Miss Ethelwyn Maloney; Mrs. Bishop G. W. Griffith; Mrs. Bishop Nicholson; Doctor H. C. and Mrs. Tucker, daughter of Bishop Granbery and his son, Professor J. C. Granbery; Doctor Leverett B., son of Bishop Bristol; Mrs. Bishop F. B. Fisher; Mrs. Evangeline Hendrix Waring, daughter of Bishop Hendrix; Doctor A. C. Boggess; the late Reverend H. S. Shangle; Professor J. R. Van Pelt, son-in-law of Bishop H. W. Warren; daughters of Bishop Locke; Professor Orville, son of Bishop Shepherd; Mrs. G. B. Beitzel, daughter of Bishop Bickley and her husband; Doctor Vernon S. McCombs; Miss Frances Tarboux: among other helpers have been the Reverends C. H. S.

APPENDIX

Koch; J. H. F. Boese and G. F. Hubbart; Mrs. G. H. Mettler, daughter of Bishop M. S. Hughes; Mrs. L. T. Gray; Miss Florence Teague, great granddaughter of Bishop Soule; Mrs. C. W. Turpin and Miss L. G. Kendall, descendants of Edward Dromgoole; Mr. C. M. Goethe, California historian and philanthropist; Mrs. Bishop W. F. McMurray, Mrs. Theodore Strawn, Miss Edith, daughter of Bishop Burt; Miss Edith Dennett, Doctors W. W. Youngson and A. D. Betts, President J. J. Tigert, son of Bishop Tigert and grandson of Bishop McTyeire. Of course individual gifts of a few papers or books, often of great value, have been made by many persons. Helpful letters came from Mrs. René Marie Leete.

As this book was going to press a most unique volume was secured from England, at no slight cost. It is a "grangerized" book, the size of a large dictionary, "Holograph Correspondence of John Wesley and Other Distinguished Divines with Rev. Brian Bury Collins of Bath; 1772-1799." It contains many autographic treasures, including letters of the Wesleys, Whitefield, the Countess of Huntingdon, Clarke, Pawson, Hawais and many others. There are also letters of such eminent non-Methodists as Toplady, and William Wilberforce. Historically, this work with its fine engravings and sketches is worth its weight in gold. It is remarkable that the portrait engraving made of the Countess of Huntingdon by Robert Bowyer, referred to on p. 436, is contained in this book.

ADVENTURES OF A TRAVELING PREACHER

INDEX

A

Abe, Bishop Yoshimune, 307-9
Adams, B. F., 217
Ainsworth, Bishop W. N., 175, 178, 254
Akazawa, Bishop M., 306, 308
Alden, John and Priscilla, 222
Aldrich, Bess Streeter, 250
Allen, C. E., 225
Allen, Charles B., 141, 144, 420
Allen, Maria Orme, 251
Allen, R. L., 405
Alling, E. B., 406
Amstutz, H. B., 312
Anderson, F. L., 117
Anderson, Bishop W. F., 212, 248
Andrews, Barbara Jean. *See* Olmsted
Andrews, Bishop E. G., 441
Andrews, Elizabeth, 186
Andrews, Frederick Leete, 186, 221
Andrews, Grace, 441
Andrews, Harlow, 122
Andrews, Helen King, 186
Andrews, M. M., 102, 186, 198
Andrews, Myron Richard, 222
Andrews, Rae Storer, 123
Andrews, Susan Butler, 186
Andujar, Manuel, 274
Antrim, E. M., 390
Ardis, Mrs. M. Haygood, 441
Arnold, Sir Edwin, 89
Arnold, George W., 170
Arnold, W. T., 415
Asbury, Bishop F., 168, 437, 439
Athearn, Walter, 117
Athlone, Earl of, 328
Atkins, Bishop James, 441
Austin, Mrs. H. B., 48, 52
Avery, A. H., 70

B

Bacon, C. E., 195
Badger, Charles H., 197, 217, 224
Badley, Bishop B. T., 320-1, 346
Baggerly, Henry, 122
Baker, Mr. & Mrs. E. A., 251
Baker, Frank, 440
Baker, Bishop J. C., 305
Baker, J. H., 364
Baker, Bishop O. C., 434
Baker, Smith, M.D., 90
Baldwin, Charles W., 135, 153, 158
Baldwin, D. C., 314
Baldwin, Howard C., 136, 158
Baldwin, John, 437
Bangs, Nathan, 140
Banghart, F., 311
Bascom, Bishop H. B., 434
Bashford, Bishop J. W., 310, 316
Bast, Bishop Anton, 300
Beatty, J. A., 216
Beck, B. D., 216
Beebe, Dr. Minnie, 122, 147, 251
Beitzel, Mr. & Mrs. G. B., 441
Belcher, H. B., 421
Bek, Gideon, 367
Bell, Alexander G., 43
Bennett, C. W., 217
Bentley, L. C., 415
Berry, A. D., 305
Berry, Bishop J. F., 127, 141, 155, 239, 350, 361
Betts, A. D.
Beveridge, Sen. A. J., 205-207
Bickley, Bishop G. H., 441
Biles, John M., 145
Birney, Bishop L. J., 316
Black, Gov. J. D., 165, 364
Black, J. M., 271

INDEX

- Bliss, Mrs. M. C., 154
 Blood, W. J., 420
 Boehm, Henry, 437
 Boese, J. H. F., 442
 Boeye, J. F., 230, 237
 Boggess, A. C., 441
 Bogue, Jesse P., 184, 196, 219, 422
 Bond, G. H., 257
 Boole, W. H., 71
 Booth, Bishop N. S., 377
 Bovard, W. S., 216
 Bowen, J. W. E., 171
 Bowen, Bishop, 171
 Bowman, Bishop Thomas, 377
 Bowyer, Robert, 436, 442
 Boyd, P. M., 378
 Brace, W. H., 129
 Brasher, John L., 166, 378
 Bready, Charles J., 231
 Bretherton, F. F., 440
 Bridge—U.S.A., 415
 Briggs, Charles L., 12
 Bristol, Bishop F. M., 227
 Brooks, Dean James B., 60, 121
 Broomfield, Bishop J. C., 252
 Brown, John J., 61
 Brown, Robert B., 108
 Brown, Bishop W. E., 69
 Brownell, W. A., 57, 260
 Bryan, President W. L., 208-210, 226
 Bucher, A. J., 352
 Buckley, J. M., 94, 123, 127-141, 155, 171
 Budd, H. G., 441
 Buell, Harold E., 378, 404
 Burghstahler, H. J., 238, 380
 Burns, Bishop C. W., 187
 Burrell, David H., 99, 361
 Burrell, David H., Jr., 100
 Burrell, Loomis, 100
 Burris, Benj., 208
 Burrows, Andrew A., 361
 Burt, Miss Edith, 442
 Burt, Bishop William, 441
 Butler, William, 316, 318, 321
- C
- Cadman, Samuel Parks, 211
 Callen, M. M., 140
 Callfas, W. F., M.D., 231, 365
 Calvert, George T., 145, 305
 Calvert, James, 274
 Campbell, R. J., 378
 Campbell, Walter S., 129
 Candler, Asa G., 163-4, 183
 Candler, Bishop W. A., 252
 Capers, Bishop William, 168
 Carder, O. J., 165
 Carman, Bishop Albert, 441
 Carson, H. R., 378
 Cartwright, Peter, 437
 Case, William, 140
 Cass, Gov. Lewis, 212
 Cavaleri, E. E., 378
 Chambers, Helen Keefer, 223, 307
 Chambers, Nancy Leete, 223
 Chambers, Ronald Matthew, 223
 Chambers, Scott Hampton, 223
 Chambers, William Hampton, 223
 Chapman, Mr. & Mrs. Levi S., 69, 74, 362
 Chappell, C. A., 122
 Chappell, Charles E., 122, 368
 Chappell, Clayton, 122
 Chappell, Clovis, 251
 Chappell, Donald E., 122
 Chappell, Marion Sykes, 122
 Charlesworth, A.
 Charlesworth, Thomas
 Chiang Kai-Shek, Madam, 27
 Chitambar, Bishop J. R., 366, 377
 Christie, W. M., 294, 328
 Clark, J. Scott, 60, 63
 Clark, W. Dale, 231, 366
 Clarke, Adam, 436, 439
 Cleveland, Grover, 367, 369
 Clippinger, H. C., 203-4
 Clippinger, H. Foster, 203
 Clowminzer, John, 83
 Cocker, Benjamin F., 127
 Coddington, W. P., 62
 Coe, J. H., M.D., 67
 Coke, Bishop Thomas, 434, 435, 439-40
 Cole, Wilson G., 403
 Colvin, D. Leigh, 70
 Coman, F. H., 111
 Comfort, Dean G. F., 61, 65
 Comfort, Martha, 340

INDEX

- Comfort, Will Levington, 137-139
 Compton, Arthur H., 380
 Condé, Miss Bertha, 348
 Cone, Sally, 20
 Congdon, L. F., 378
 Conklin, E. G., 353, 354, 379
 Cook, F. A., 70
 Cook, Miss Maie, 281
 Cooke, Festus, M., 166
 Cooke, Bishop R. J., 441
 Coolidge, President & Mrs. Calvin, 370
 Cooper, Alanson, 440
 Copeland, Benj., 111
 Cox, Judge Alfred C., 89
 Crabb, Lenton, 141
 Craig, President Alfred E., 214, 219, 239
 Craig, W. E., 378
 Cranston, Bishop Earl, 140, 377, 434
 Cranston, Dean Earl, 434
 Crosby, Fanny, 114, 366
 Crowley, John, 95, 99, 366
 Crowley, Katherine F., 99
 Cumbert, Frank, 440
 Curran, Edward, 85
 Curtis, Vice Pres. Chas., 254
 Cushman, Bishop R. S., 248
 Cushman, Clara, 438
- D
- Dart, John, 384-5
 Davidson, R. M., 289, 323
 Davies, Mr. & Mrs. Thomas, 406
 Day, Chancellor J. R., 60, 86, 123-4, 155, 368
 Dean, Rowena, 53
 Deland, Paul S., 26, 406, 429
 DeLand, Alida Electa, 26, 428
 DeLand, Amelia, *See* Leete, Amelia
 DeLand, Benjamin, 357
 DeLand, Charles E., 26, 246
 DeLand, Charles J., 25
 DeLand, Charles Victor, 26
 DeLand, Clyde Osmer, 26
 DeLand, Daniel B., 25, 42, 74
 DeLand, Dorothy, 405
 DeLand, Edwin Tracy, 26
 DeLand Electa Tracy, 15, 25, 359
 DeLand, Eugenie, 26, 268-9, 430
 DeLand, Harlan P., 405
 DeLand, Harold H., 26
 DeLand, Helen P., 47, 405
 DeLand, Henry Addison, 39, 42, 46, 50, 53, 74, 161, 390, 405
 DeLand, James Omar, 97
 DeLand, James S., 26
 DeLand, Joel Levi, 26, 74
 DeLand, John, 357
 DeLand, Sergeant Levi, 16, 25, 74, 221
 DeLand, Maria Adeline, 25
 DeLand, Martha, 25
 DeLand, Philip, 16, 357
 DeLand, Theodore Levi, 26, 269, 430
 DeLand, William Rufus, 20, 26
 Dennett, E. P., 352
 Denton, Miss Florence, 308
 Denny, Bishop Collins, 178
 Dickie, Samuel, 132, 140, 154, 159-60
 Dingley, Harvey E., 85, 361
 Dinsmore, J. E., 328
 Dixon, E. C., 267, 415
 Dobbs, Bishop H. M., 441
 Dodd, Albert, 31
 Dodsworth, M., 313
 Dooman, Mrs. E. H., 305
 Dougherty, F. K., 219
 Downey, D. G., 352
 Dreka, G. A., 406
 Dromgoole, Edw., 442
 DuBose, Bishop H. M., 377
 Duncan, Bishop W. W., 441
 Dunham, George E., 89, 366
 Dunton, L. M., 168
 Duren, W. L., 352
 Durham, Plato, 163
 Dye, William, 319
- E
- Eagan, John J., 361
 Earhart, Harry B., 145
 Edgecomb, Justice E. I., 69, 362
 Edmunds, President J. O., 405
 Edwards, C. C., 218
 Eggleston, Edward, 212
 Ellenburger, C. A., 344

INDEX

Elliott, George, 127, 352, 420
 Elliott, William J., 378
 Ellis, J. B., M.D., 383
 Ellis, T. D., 254
 Ellsworth, E. M., 219
 Emory, Bishop John, 434-437
 Emory, Robert, 337-8
 Esterline, J. W., 195
 Estes, Isaac, 82
 Everett, W. M., 173, 364
 Everett, Col. W. M., Jr., 173, 356
 Ewing, W. L., 197, 219, 257

F

Fairbanks, Vice Pres. C. W., 247
 Fairbairn, Bishop C. V., 14
 Fairfield, Clyde, 407
 Farmer, W. B., 197
 Farrington, Major H. W., 374
 Fearon, Carroll Dana, 73
 Fearon, Charles F., 73
 Fearon, Doris, 73
 Fearon, Gladys Dana, 73, 281
 Fearon, Henry Dana, 73
 Fearon, Henry D., M.D., 73
 Fearon, Mary Fuller, 67, 73, 333
 Fearon, Robert Henry, 73
 Fearon, Spencer Fuller, 73
 Feng, General Yu Hsiang, 437
 Ferrari, Doctor C. M., 300
 Few, W. P., 381
 Fillmore, Glezen, 440
 Finley, J. B., 140, 341
 Fisher, Mrs. F. B., 441
 Fisk, Mrs. E. O., 441
 Fisk, Wilbur, 437
 Fitzgerald, Bishop O. P., 441
 Fleming, Artemisia, 33
 Flick, A. C., 63
 Flint, Bishop C. W., 60
 Florent, F., 328
 Flynn, Clarence E., 208, 216, 230
 Foley, Arthur L., 209, 253, 353
 Foote, J. B., 378
 Foote, Lemuel T., 111
 Foreman, Robert, 378
 Foreman, W. H., M.D., 217, 285, 291,
 303

Foss, Bishop C. D., 377
 Foster, W. W., 381
 Fowler, Bishop C. H., 113, 127, 155,
 439
 Fowler, Littleton, 437
 Fox, Henry J., 441
 Fragnati, Vincente, 343
 Francisco, Mrs. 387
 French, E. L., 362
 French, John R., 61
 French, W. F., 262
 Frost, Edwin B. & Mrs., 380, 407
 Frye, John H., 129
 Fuller, Charles M., 303
 Fuller, Charles Spencer, 73, 223
 Fuller, Edward, 72, 271, 428
 Fuller, Jeanette Gertrude, 72. *See*
 Leete
 Fuller, Mary, 73. *See* Fearon
 Fuller, Sarah Horr, 67, 73, 85, 185, 428
 Fuller, Spencer Riland, 72, 250, 428
 Funk, Miss Hazel, 421

G

Gabriel, A. H., 119
 Gabriel, B. R., 119, 407
 Gaddis, B. H., 111
 Galloway, Bishop C. B., 168, 440
 Gamble, James N., 361
 Gamewell, F. D., 316, 437
 Garber, Bishop P. N., 176, 255, 377,
 402
 Gardner, W. A., 378
 Garibaldi, Italia, 140, 437
 Garner, James, 216
 Gary, Judge E. H., 200, 217, 358, 361,
 392-397
 Gilbert, Levi, 352
 Gilbert, Ruel B., 407
 Gilmore, J. H., 74, 117
 Glass, Hon. Carter, 439
 Glide, Mrs. Lizzie, 251
 Gobin, H. A., 204
 Godfrey, Marshall H., 129
 Goethe, C. M., 251, 442
 Goman, C. G., 230
 Gong, Lue Gim, 24
 Goode, Mrs. W. H. C., 250

INDEX

Goodman, Moses, 384
 Goodsell, Bishop D. A., 91-2
 Gordon, General C. G., 292
 Gordon, General John B., 114
 Gordon, J. M., 147, 151, 257
 Gowdy, Bishop John, 440
 Graham, W. P., 60, 381
 Granbery, Bishop John C., 441
 Granbery, J. C., 441
 Grant, Elihu, 328
 Grant, President U. S., 43, 368
 Gray, Mr. & Mrs. Carl R., 366
 Gray, Charles B., 129
 Gray, Charles W., 109
 Greaves, J., 284
 Green, Augustus H., 378
 Gregory, Will A., 438
 Griffith, C. A., 103
 Griffith, Bishop G. W., 441
 Griffith, Colonel W. M., 85
 Gross, John O., 165
 Guest, Edgar A., 139
 Gushć, H. Paul, 405

H

Hall, F. A., 219
 Hall, George A., 75
 Hall, Judith, 224
 Hall, Mr. & Mrs. R. S., 224
 Hallagan, S. E., 362
 Hamilton, Bishop F. E. E., 419
 Hamilton, Bishop J. W., 144, 153, 178, 283, 302, 419
 Hamline, Bishop L. L., 439
 Hamline, Madeline, 439
 Hammond, Edmond J., 172
 Hancher, John W., 381
 Hanley, Governor J. F., 216
 Harding, President W. G., 370
 Hare, A. A., 129
 Hargett, I. M., 378
 Hargitt, Charles W., 121, 353
 Hargitt, George T., 380
 Harkness, Mrs. W. J., 250, 406
 Harlan, Senator James, 439
 Harmon, Cameron, 216
 Harrell, Bishop Costen J., 401
 Harrington, K. P., Mus.D., 114

Harris, Bishop Merriman C., 316
 Harris, Governor N. E., 179, 256, 359
 Harrison, S. J., 381
 Hart, W. J., 360
 Hartman, Bishop Lewis O., 352
 Hartzell, Bishop J. C., 220, 361
 Hartzell, Morton Culver, 220
 Hascall, E. F., Jr., 150
 Haven, Bishop E. O., 60
 Hawley, J. W., 251
 Hayes, President R. B., 368-9
 Hayes, Mrs. R. B., 368, 370
 Haygood, Bishop A. G., 168
 Heinz, H. J., 361
 Helms, E. J., 290-1
 Henderson, Bishop T. S., 155
 Hendrix, Bishop E. R., 441
 Herkimer, General N., 267-8
 Herman, C. W., 70
 Hess, H. E., 241
 Hicks, Frank B., 388-390
 Hicks, R. Clarke, 390
 Hill, C. B., 318
 Hillman, President J. L., 230, 238, 381
 Hillman, Paul M., 230, 381
 Hilmer, Mr. & Mrs., 321
 Hirohito, Emperor, 306-7
 Hoffman, J. A., 380
 Hoke, A. Fred, 195
 Holland, Senator S. L., 256
 Holman, The Misses C. L., 318
 Holmes, President Merrill J., 381
 Hooker, General Joseph, 272
 Hopson, Charles H., 171, 196
 Horley, W. E., 312
 Horr, Elijah, Jr., 86
 Hortin, Paul R., 327, 378, 404
 Hosmer, William, 440
 Hough, Lynn H., 212
 Howard, General O. O., 88
 Hubbell, Mrs. W. S., 113
 Hubbardt, G. F., 378
 Huckle, T. O., 367
 Hudson, Joseph L., 131-2, 136, 152
 Hudson, Marshall A., 362
 Hughes, A. F., 219
 Hughes, Bishop Edwin H., 251
 Hughes, Francis M., 441
 Hughes, J. Winifred, 251

INDEX

Hughes, Bishop M. S., 419, 442
 Hughes, Bishop W. A. C., 440
 Hull, D. C., 230
 Hulme, T. Ferrier, 252
 Huntingdon, Countess Selina, 436
 Hurd, DeWitt C., 84
 Hurst, Bishop J. F., 114, 119, 404
 Hussein, King Abdullah Ibn, 325, 327
 Husseini, Grand Mufti, 325-6
 Hutchinson, H. E., 257
 Hyde, W. C., 437
 Hyde, W. J., 437

I

Iglehart Brothers, 214
 Iliff, T. C., 418
 Irwin, S. W., 287
 Ishak, Khaim, 327
 Ivey, B. F., 218

J

Jackson, Thomas, 437
 James, Edward, 311
 Janes, Bishop E. S., 23
 Jarvis, Harold, 141
 Jenkins, John S., 161-2, 254
 Jessup, President W. A., 226-7, 255
 Jewett, Mayor C. W., 196
 Johansen, Bernhard, 230
 Johns, A. R., 151, 257
 Johnson, Bishop E. S., 377, 439
 Jolley, Mrs. W. T., 30
 Jones, B. M., 314
 Jowett, J. H., 378
 Joy, James R., 272, 352, 441
 Joyce, W. B., 437

K

Karunanatne, Professor W. A. E., 354
 Kavanaugh, Bishop H. H., 440
 Keefe, John D., 68
 Keefer, Charles Fuller, 223, 302, 307
 Keefer, Dean Leete, 221, 306
 Keefer, Elizabeth Jeanette, 185. *See*
 Marks

Keefer, Helen DeLand Leete, 86, 185,
 281, 400
 Keefer, Helen Leete. *See* Chambers
 Keefer, Jay Randall, 222
 Keefer, Jean Leete, 222
 Keefer, Jean Riedel, 222, 306
 Keefer, William Dean, 86, 185, 335,
 404, 408
 Keen, W. W., M.D., 74, 380
 Keenan, Tom, 96
 Keeney, Bishop F. T., 37, 38, 68, 154,
 199, 227, 362
 Keith, Sir Arthur, 324
 Kelley, E. M., 111
 Kendall, Miss L. G., 442
 Kenna, James Brett, 232, 249
 Kennedy, Howard S., 362
 Kensit, J. W., 257
 Kern, Bishop Paul B., 311
 Ketcham, Heber D., 219, 248
 Key, Bishop J. S., 441
 Keyser, C. J., 354, 380
 Kildow, E. R., 441
 Kimball, A. E., 156
 King, C. H., 219
 King, Harry A., 168, 216, 228, 303
 King, Bishop W. J., 377
 King, W. P., 352
 Kinne, Mrs. C. W., 406
 Kirk, A. E., 282
 Knight, Nicholas, 380
 Knudson, A. C., 353
 Koch, C. H. S., 442
 Kohlstedt, E. D., 245
 Krause, O. J., 311
 Kresge, Mrs. S. S., 250
 Kretchmer, Julius, 386

L

Laird, Esther J., 343
 Lake, W. E., 441
 Lamplough, E. S., 435
 Larkin, F. M., 352
 Lathrop, James B., 212
 Lawson, M. E., 364
 Lazenby, M. E., 352
 Lea, General Homer, 315
 Lee, Mrs. Ada, 316, 366

INDEX

- Lee, Bishop and Mrs. E. F., 312-3, 346
 Lee, Jason, 244-5, 342
 Lee, Jesse, 29, 245, 437
 Lee, Dr. Samuel, 311
 Leech, C. W., 420
 Leeson, H. A., 420
 Leet, George K., 200-203, 394
 Leete, Alexander, 20, 21
 Leete, Amelia DeLand, 15, 16, 25, 51, 127, 128, 185, 390
 Leete, Andrew, 19, 20
 Leete, Callie Slater, 185
 Leete, Judge Calvin M., 429
 Leete, Charles H., 429-30
 Leete, Edward H., 430
 Leete, Edwin L., 17
 Leete, Frederick DeLand
 Leete, Frederick DeLand, Jr., 114, 146, 281, 405
 Leete, Frederick DeLand, III, 224
 Leete, George, 24
 Leete, Gertrude M., 56, 147, 281, 303, 333
 Leete, Helen DeLand, 86, *See* Keefer
 Leete, Helen Grace, 56, 57
 Leete, Herbert, 283
 Leete, Henrietta Spatcher, 114-5
 Leete, Henry S., 56, 164, 185
 Leete, Jared, 20
 Leete, (Jean) Jeanette Fuller, 101-2, 186, 222
 Leete, Jeanette Fuller, 67, 72, 73, 91, 101, 125, 326, 339, 405, 422, 428
 Leete, John, 17, 19
 Leete, John M., 57
 Leete, Joseph, 17, 283, 298, 340, 428
 Leete, Judith Hall, 224
 Leete, Marigold W., 21, 224
 Leete, Menzo Smith, 15, 21-29, 34-41, 50, 56, 70, 78-80, 86, 128, 146-148
 Leete, Samuel, 20
 Leete, Thomas, 19
 Leete, William, 19
 Leete, Governor William, 17-20, 222, 283
 Leete, W. W., 133, 429
 Leete, W. S., 17
 Leonard, A. B., 420
 Leonard, Bishop A. W., 242, 419, 434
 Lesh, C. P., 196
 Levee, Adam H., 100, 101
 Levington, J. W., 137
 Lewellen, Emery W., 145
 Lewis, Mrs. B. F., 441
 Lewis, Ida Belle, 311. *See* Main
 Lewis, Bishop W. S., 316
 Ling, J. Henry, 145
 Littell, F. H., 353
 Little, Charles J., 60, 63
 Littlejohn, John, 440
 Lo, R. Y., 311
 Locke, Bishop C. E., 441
 Lockwood, E. J., 257
 Lodge, Senator H. C., 370
 Lodge, Sir Oliver, 379
 Logan, General John A., 439
 Logan, Mrs. John A., 250, 439
 Longacre, Andrew, 438
 Longacre, J. B., 438, 441
 Lord, William, 439
 Lowther, E. A., 378
 Luiggi, Senator, 286-7
 Lyle, B. O., 241, 337
 Lyons, E. S., 312
 Lyons, Jesse, 378

M

- MacArthur, General Douglas, 307
 MacArthur, Mrs. Douglas, 307
 MacNair, Admiral J. D., 378
 Mace, William H., 63, 122
 Magee, Bishop J. R., 248
 Magoon, Herbert A., 421
 Magruder, Mrs. Deborah Coe, 67
 Main, W. A., 311
 Mallalieu, Bishop W. F., 441
 Maloney, Miss Ethelwyn, 441
 Mangiacapra, Agostino, 281
 Manker, O. P., 352
 Manley, D. H., 315
 Mann, Isaac, 347
 Marion, Frank J., 68
 Markham, Edwin, 371-374
 Markham, W. F., 91-2
 Marks, Elizabeth Keefer, 186, 221, 304
 Marks, George C., 186
 Marks, Gerald DeLand, 186

INDEX

- Marks, Phillip Dean, 186, 404, 408
 Marks, Stephen Rickert, 186
 Marsh, Daniel L., 381
 Marston, Bishop L. R., 111
 Martin, Bishop W. C., 441
 Mason, E. C., 366
 Maveety, Patrick J., 140
 Mavis, W. C., 111
 Maxwell, George H., 67, 69
 McCabe, Bishop C. C., 419
 McCann, Miss Mary, 344
 McCaskill, C. W., 242-4, 256, 289
 McCaskill, Mrs. Lucile, 245-6
 McClure, S. S., 286
 McCombs, V. M., 441
 McCoy, Bishop J. H., 356
 McCoy, Mrs. J. H., 441
 McCutchen, R. G.
 McDowell, Bishop and Mrs. W. F., 140,
 175, 196, 250
 McDougall, William, 253, 380
 McFall, J. W., 219
 McGerald, Samuel, 352
 McIlwain, A. T., 435
 McInness, Bishop, 293, 328
 McIntosh, D. C., 353
 McKinley, President William, 369, 439
 McMurry, Bishop W. F., 440
 McNeill, Doctor, 301
 McTyeire, Bishop H. N., 441
 Mead, Bishop C. L., 175, 248
 Means, Paul B., 312-3
 Melear, J. M., 352
 Melle, Bishop F. H. O., 377
 Merrill, Bishop S. M., 438
 Mettler, Mrs. G. H., 442
 Miller, Bishop G. A., 258-9
 Miller, O. P., 256
 Miller, Robert T., 363, 438
 Millikan, R. A., 353, 379
 Mills, Edward L., 352, 418
 Mills, Walter T., 71
 Milner, J. S., 328
 Mitchell, Bishop C. B., 419
 Moody, Dwight L., 88, 137
 Moon, Edward Winter, 245
 Moore, Bishop Arthur J.
 Moore, Bishop D. H., 441
 Moore, Henry, 435-6
 Moore, Bishop John Monroe, 176, 401,
 430
 Morehouse, J. W., 380
 Morrison, Frank L., 405
 Morrison, Patton N., 405
 Morrison, Zoe A., 405
 Morrow, Joseph, 215
 Mott, John R., 88
 Muckinfuss, Mrs. M. Galloway, 440
 Mullin, Jean Leete, 102
 Mullin, John M., 102
 Mumby, Ted, 318
 Munhall, L. W., 123
 Murphree, W. A., 166
 Murphy, A. O., 378
 Murr, J. Edward, 215-6
 Murray, J. O., M.D., 145, 383
 Murray, W. S., 303
 Myers, B. D., M.D., 209
 Myers, F. H., 293, 378
 Myers, Julian H., 102
- N
- Nall, T. Otto, 352
 Nash, Arthur, 361
 Nast, A. J., 352
 Neal, Arthur G., 216
 Neesima, Joseph, 308
 Neely, Bishop T. B., 97
 Newman, Bishop J. P., 88
 Nicholson, Mrs. Evelyn R., 250, 441
 Nicholson, Bishop Thomas, 160, 250
 Ninde, Bishop W. X., 126, 310, 377,
 437
 Ninde, F. W., M.D., 377, 431
 Norris, Senator G. W., 370
 Norris, Samuel, 33
 North, Frank Mason, 378
 Norton, H. S., 201
 Norton, Thomas H., 69
 Nottingham, Wm., 362-3
 Nuelsen, Bishop J. L., 377
- O
- Ogden, Homer, 218
 Ogden, Hon. J. M., 217
 Oldham, Bishop W. F., 419

INDEX

Oldroyd, Miss, 318
 Olmstead, N. D., 366
 Olmsted, Barbara Andrews, 222
 Olmsted, Gail Alden, 222, 422
 Olmsted, Mr. & Mrs. H. B., 222
 Olmsted, Jonathan Leete, 222
 Olmsted, Peter Andrews, 222
 Olmsted, Richard W., M.D., 222
 Olmsted, Richard Williams, Jr., 222, 408
 Ormston, Bishop M. D., 111
 Osborn, Governor C. S., 156, 256
 Overholt, E. E., 441
 Owen, W. Moreton, 87

P

Pace, C. N., 431
 Paine, Bishop Robert, 439
 Palmer, Phoebe, 439, 439
 Parish, Miss Rebecca, 312
 Parker, A. A., 318
 Partridge, Miss Ruth, 421
 Patten, John A., 272, 364
 Peach, P. L., 314
 Pearce, Bishop Wm., 441
 Pearse, Mark Guy, 376
 Pearson, J. W., 405
 Peck, George, 437
 Peck, H. A., 122
 Pellowe, W. C. S., 425
 Penn, I. Garland, 170
 Pennewell, Almer, 438
 Pepper, J. R., 364
 Peritz, Ismar J., 64, 120, 353
 Perks, Sir Robert, 283, 377
 Perrill, F. M., 318
 Pfeiffer, Mrs. Henry, 250, 366
 Phillips, Mrs. E. L., 250
 Phillips, Miss H. K., 421
 Phillips, Mr. & Mrs. R. G., 110
 Pickett, Bishop J. W., 377
 Pierce, Robert B., 199
 Pierce, R. M., 199
 Pilcher, E. H., 127
 Pinchot, Governor G., 367
 Platt, Ward, 140

Pond, Andrew H., 122
 Pond, Chaplain C. R., 379
 Pond, Colonel N. P., 108-9, 217, 366
 Pond, Robert A., 122
 Pond, Roland, B., 122
 Poote, Elizabeth, 387-8
 Porter, J. E., 204
 Potts, J. H., 140, 144, 156
 Powers, Moses, 97
 Pratt, M. J., 365
 Pratt, Steven S., 365
 Prentice, G. H., 254
 Pringle, James, 145
 Pulliam, Eugene, 367
 Punshon, Morley, 274, 435, 440
 Pupin, M. I., 379
 Pyke, Frederick M., 311, 346

Q

Quayle, Bishop W. A., 188

R

Race, John H., 378
 Radcliffe, Lawrence, 213
 Ralston, Senator S. M., 205
 Ramsdell, D. H., 420
 Ramsey, W. W., 127
 Raney, Dalcia, 343
 Rauschenbusch, Walter, 74, 113, 409
 Rector, Edward, 205-6
 Reed, Mary, 439
 Reed, Seth, 127, 140
 Reisner, C. F., 126
 Remington, Eliphalet, 362
 Rice, Charles E., 441
 Rice, Merton S., 144, 251, 420
 Rich, Captain John, 46
 Ridley, Makepeace, 335-6
 Riedel, Jean F., 306. *See* Keefer
 Riggs, C. H., 314
 Riley, J. W., 371-2
 Roberts, Bishop B. T., 111
 Roberts, Bishop R. R., 215-6
 Robertson, E. A., 215-6
 Robertson, Nathan, 215-6
 Robinson, G. A., 135
 Robinson, G. O., 140, 144, 145, 363

INDEX

- Robinson, Mrs. Jane B., 140, 145, 250, 363
 Robinson, Bishop J. W., 319, 321, 346-7
 Rogers, Judge H. W., 177
 Rogers, Wallace, 254
 Roosevelt, Archie, 368
 Roosevelt, President F. D., 370
 Roosevelt, Quentin, 368
 Roosevelt, President Theodore, 98, 269, 367-8, 430
 Roosevelt, Gen. Theodore, Jr., 368
 Root, Elihu, 367, 370
 Roper, Sec. D. C., 364, 439
 Rorer, Virgil E., 218
 Rosenwald, Julius, 394
 Rowe, James W., 361
 Rowley, C. W., 82
 Royse, C. D., 219
 Russell, H. N., 353
 Ryan, A. L., 312
 Ryang, Bishop Ju Sam, 309, 310
- S
- Sager, A. Park, 122
 Sahhar, Abdallah, 324, 326
 Salisbury, Stephen, 365
 Sangster, W. E., 301, 440
 Sankey, Ira D., 439
 Sato, Baron Shosuke, 305, 309
 Saugstad, Mrs. Eugenie D. *See* DeLand, Eugenie
 Sawyer, J. E. C., 352
 Schachtel, William, 90
 Schayer, Milton M., 353, 409
 Schneider, M., 294
 Schofield, C. E., 248
 Schreckengast, I. B., 239-240
 Scott, Charles F., 253
 Scott, George R., 88, 366
 Scott, Bishop I. B., 434
 Scott, Bishop Levi, 440
 Scull, John T. Jr., 219
 Seaman, W. G., 199, 219, 393
 Seaton, J. L., 381
 Selecman, Bishop C. C., 401
 Sellew, Bishop W. A., 441
 Seltzer, Leonard, 145
 Shangle, H. S., 441
 Shanklin, W. A., 381
 Shannon, Miss, 318
 Sheard, Hon. Titus, 98, 268, 361
 Sheffield, Reverend R. K., 57
 Shepherd, Bishop W. O., 439
 Shepherd, Orville, 441
 Sherman, Vice Pres. J. S., 90
 Sherman, Jireh, 83, 100
 Sherman, Margaret, 83, 100
 Shipman, R. M., 378
 Shipton, Geoffray, 328
 Short, Bishop R. H., 161
 Shurtliff, Glen K., 85
 Sibley, Henry O., 62
 Simpson, Judge Alexander, 177
 Simpson, Bishop M., 441
 Simpson, J. W., 378
 Simpson, J. Y., 379
 Sims, C. N., 60, 381
 Slicer, Miss Henrietta, 440
 Smalley, Dean Frank, 62, 124, 213
 Smathers, Sen. George, 439
 Smith, Bishop A. F., 441
 Smith, B. W., 218
 Smith, Mr. & Mrs. Charles H., 406
 Smith, The Rev. C. H., 219
 Smith, Ferris, M.D., 26, 428
 Smith, Frank Herron, 309
 Smith, George M., 219
 Smith, Gipsy, 253
 Smith, Bishop H. L., 144, 420
 Smith, Merle H., 70
 Smith, Percy Delft, 435
 Smith, W. F., 218
 Smith, W. H., 111
 Snyder, H. N., 177, 364
 Sockman, Ralph W., 227
 Sooy, J. L., 154, 378
 Soule, Bishop J., 434
 Spafford, "Brother Jacob" E., 292, 328, 347
 Spatcher, Mrs. E. W., 114
 Spatcher, W. R., 114
 Spellman, D. D., 145, 277
 Spence, W. H., 230
 Spencer, C. B., 350-352
 Spooner, R. N., 245
 Springer, I. H., 151
 Springer, Bishop J. M., 439

INDEX

St. John, Gov. John P., 71
 Stafford, T. A., 435
 Stalker, A. W., 420
 Stamp, Lord Josiah, 355-6
 Starr, Mrs. Lillian Terry, 52
 Steele, F. A., 218
 Steininger, J. S., family, 150
 Stetson, John B., 50, 406
 Stevens, Abel, 436
 Stevenson, Marion A., 357
 Stock, Arthur J., 145
 Stone, F. D., 378
 Stone, John T., 173, 359, 409
 Stone, Loren, 36
 Stooddy, John H., 110
 Stooddy, Ralph W., 110
 Stout, J. L., 219
 Stowell, J. S., 245
 Strawbridge, Robert, 251
 Strawn, Mrs. Theodore, 250, 406
 Strong, Philip, 113
 Stuart, C. M., 178
 Studebaker, Col. George, 225
 Studley, W. S., 127
 Stuntz, Bishop H. C., 227, 319
 Sugarman, Sam, 384
 Sugimoto, Mrs. E., 250, 309
 Sullivan, F. H., 314
 Sunday, John, 439
 Sunday, W. A., 137, 162
 Sutherland, G. F., 344
 Swadener, Madison, 218
 Swart, R. E., 146
 Swearingen, Peter, 171
 Sweet, John, 144, 153
 Sykes, W. Clyde, 122

T

Taft, President William H., 369
 Talmage, T. DeWitt, 378
 Tarboux, Bishop J. W., 441
 Tarboux, Miss Frances, 441
 Tarkington, Booth, 375-6
 Taylor, C. Howard, 204, 208, 219
 Taylor, Dean, 366
 Taylor, W. R., 113, 378
 Teague, Miss Florence, 442

Tees, F. H., 237
 Terry, Miss Lillian. *See* Starr
 Terry, Marc DeLand, 53
 Terry, Martha DeLand, 25, 51, 390
 Terry, Oliver Perry, 42, 52
 Thaliath, Joseph, 354
 Thoburn, Bishop J. M., 186, 316, 321
 Thoburn, J. M., Jr., 127, 141
 Thom, W. R., 378
 Thomas, Frank, 195
 Thomas, Gen. G. H., 272
 Thomson, E. H., M.D., 343
 Thompson, F. L., 97
 Thompson, J. M., 145
 Thompson, John, 236
 Thompson, Secretary R. W., 439
 Thompson, William B., 156
 Thompson, W. J., 171
 Thomson, Bishop Edward, 126
 Thornburg, F. F., 415
 Throckmorton, J. S., 248
 Tigert, Bishop J. J., 428, 442
 Tigert, Pres. J. J., 442
 Tinkham, Charles, 378
 Tipple, B. M., 282
 Tipple, Ezra, 153
 Titus, B. E., 352
 Tolley, William P., 60
 Tomlinson, W. F., 415
 Topping, E. B., 147
 Tory, John A., 145
 Tracy, Lt. N., 16
 Trathen, Samuel, 145
 Traue, Captain, 276
 Treadwell, J. J., 378
 Tribou, Chaplain, D. H., 378
 Trigg, Chaplain, P. B., 378, 405
 Trimble, J. B., 257
 Tucker, H. C., 439, 441
 Tucker, P. A., 145
 Turner, Governor Dan., 255-6
 Turpin, Mrs. C. W., 251, 442
 Twain, Mark, 425

U

Underwood, L. M., 60
 Usaki, Bishop T., 377

INDEX

V

Valencia, José L., 377
Valentine, W. G., 171
Valentyne, George G., 81
Van Orsdell, W. W., 418
Van Pelt, J. R., 441
Vickers, J. W., 435, 440
Vincent, Bishop J. H., 350
Vosburg, W. S., 30

W

Wade, Cyrus U., 402
Wade, Bishop R. J., 402, 406
Walden, Dorothy DeLand, 405
Waldorf, Bishop E. L., 441
Walker, Jesse, 438
Wallace, Mrs. F. B., 363
Wallace, Frank B., 363
Wallace, James F., 363
Wallace, J. J., 352
Wallace, W. L., M.D., 68
Walsh, James J., 310, 353, 379, 409
Walters, Ensor, 253
Walters, H. C., 257
Walton, Sydney, C. B. E., 435, 439-40
Wang, Bishop C. P., 377
Wang, S. T., 311, 346
Wanless, E. A., 184
Ward, Bishop and Mrs. R. A., 230, 308
Ward, Bishop Seth, 441
Wareing, E. C., 352
Warne, Bishop F. W., 316, 321
Warner, A. N., 320
Warren, Bishop H. W., 441
Warren, Homer, 133-4
Warren, O. H., 352
Washington, President George, 269, 436
Watson, Ella M., 250
Watters, William, 437
Watts, James H., 397-399
Webster, M. R., 111, 154, 378
Weeks, A. J., 235
Welch, Doctor C. E., 361
Welch, Bishop Herbert, 272, 305, 440
Welch, P. A., 440
Wellons, R. D., 318

Wells, Edward L., 85, 90
Wells, H. G., 304
Werner, Bishop H. G., 145
Werner, S. E., 145
Wesley, Charles, 284, 435
Wesley, John, 280, 284, 377, 435-6, 438-9
Wesley, Samuel, 284, 436
Wesley, Susannah, 280, 284
West, Roy O., 206
Wheeler, Clark S., 151
Wheeler, Edward, 104-5, 110
White, H. H., 364
Whitefield, George, 435
Whitehead, J., 435-6
Whyte, Alexander, 378
Wiant, Warren W., 216, 219, 415
Wilbor, Albert D., 111, 127
Wilbor, C. C., 67, 378
Wilkinson, Mrs. Harriet Whitcomb, 150
Willard, Frances, 72, 250
Willets, O. M., 437-8
Williams, A. K., 235
Williams, A. L., 218
Williams, J. E., 111
Williams, Roger, 408
Wilson, C. C., 225, 230, 233, 235
Wilson, Pres. Woodrow, 88, 370
Winchell, Alexander, 57, 60, 260
Wood, C. P., 145
Wood, George C., 407
Wood, Sir Kingsley, 377
Wood, Sarah A., 112, 251
Woolever, H. E., 176
Worden, L. E., 74
Wragg, John P., 170
Wright, Mrs. J. E., 326
Wynn, F. B., M.D., 266

Y

Yang, Y. L., 310
Yardley, Capt. G. W., 304, 343
Young, Dinsdale T., 378
Young, Jacob, 437
Youngson, W. W., 418

Z

Zimmerman, W. B., 360

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